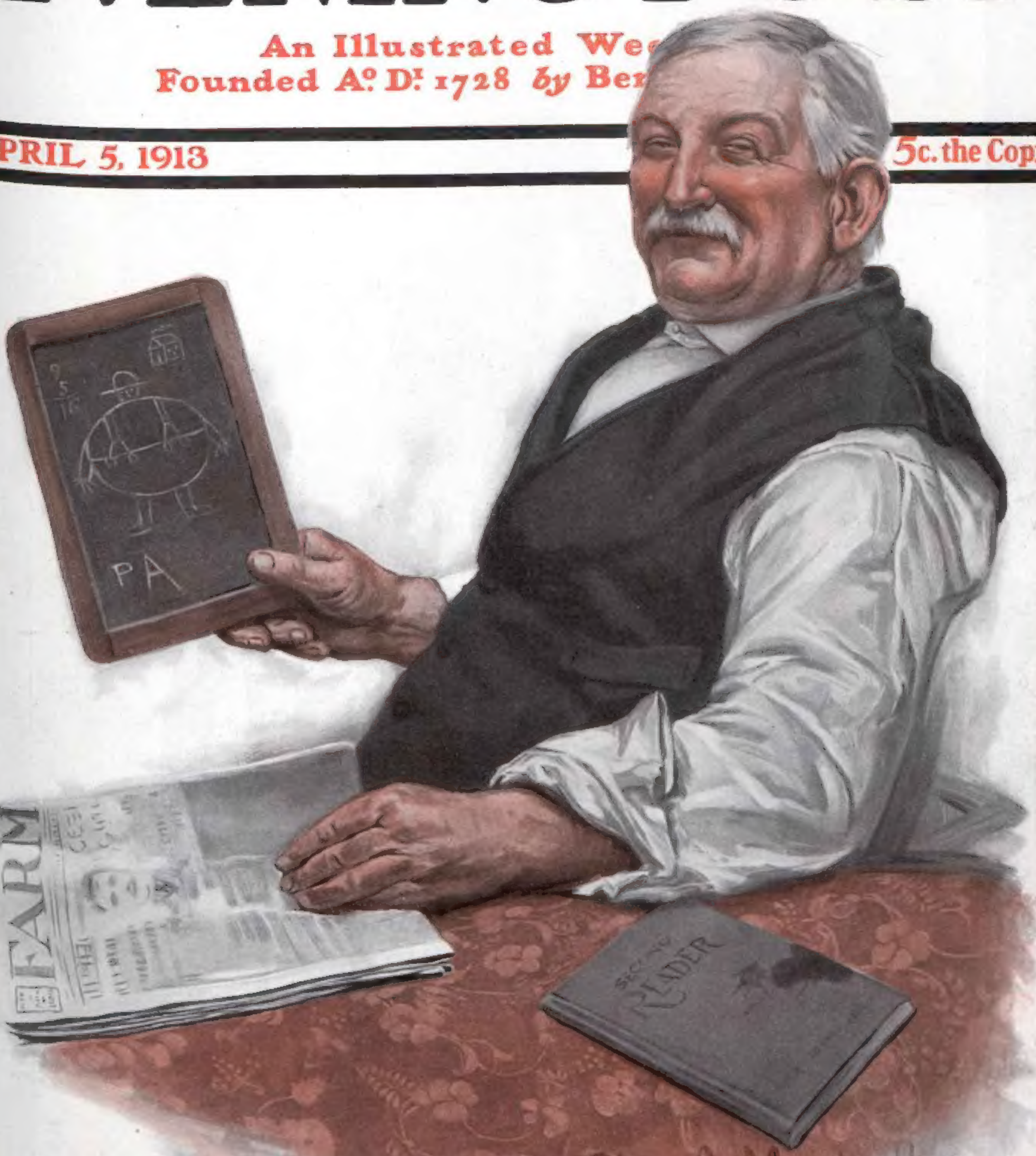
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Wee
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Ben

APRIL 5, 1913 — 5c. the Copy



In This Number

The God of Coincidence—By Richard Harding Davis

Kuppenheimer Clothes

Copyright, 1913. B. Kuppenheimer & Company

IT'S the amount of thought and care we put into the making of Kuppenheimer Clothes that relieves *you* of thought and care about their style, fit and wear.

It's worth a lot to the particular man to be a leader in the new ideas. You'd better send for our book, "Styles for Men."

You'll find our garments available for instant wear,
in the stores of high-class clothiers everywhere.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Klaxonized

A. E. C.	Broc Electric	King	Nyberg	Staver
Alco	Charon (European)	Knickerbocker	Oakland	Stearns
American	Chicago Electric	Knox	Oldsmobile	Sternberg
Armleder	Church-Field	Lancia (European)	Orson	Stevens-Duryea
Autocar	Electric	Locomobile	Packard (Special)	Stoddard-Dayton
H. H. Babcock	Cole (Special)	Lozier	Peerless	Touraine
Bailey Electric	Columbia	Marmon	Pierce-Arrow	Guy Vaughn
Benz	Davis	Matheson	Pope Hartford	Walker Electric
Borland Electric	F. I. A. T.	Metallurgique	Pratt	Ward
Buffalo Electric	Flanders	Multiplex	Schneider (European)	White
Roadster	Hudson (Special)	National	Simplex	

These cars are Klaxonized.
This fact is widely advertised. Car buyers know it.
They look for and expect a Klaxon on the car they buy.

If the car happens to be one that is still equipped only with the bulb horn, it is natural for the buyer to demand a Klaxon. Usually the agent will meet this demand himself, taking the cost out of his commission.

This is unfair. The manufacturer knows that the bulb horn is not adequate warning signal equipment. The agent knows it. The motorist knows it.

The electric warning signal is the signal of the day. Aside from its efficiency and the fact that its operation costs nothing (since the up-to-date car makes its own electric current); one reason alone is enough for its use—the handiness of the push button over the awkward bulb.

Many car manufacturers have discarded the bulb horn entirely; others are rapidly doing so. Safety demands—and the laws are constantly being enacted to REQUIRE—a signal of greater reliability and warning-power.

If the car you buy isn't Klaxonized, you can probably obtain a Klaxon from the agents without cost by insisting.

KLAXONET

Lovell-McConnell Mfg Company Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

KLAXON

"The Public Safety Signal"

KLAXON

Children will eat pastry.

Make it with CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

and it will be as wholesome as it is delicious

THAT is the surprising two-fold superiority of the new shortening—Crisco.

It enables the cook to surpass herself in the making of pies, puddings, etc. Makes the crust flakier, tenderer, lighter than ever before. Makes pie so much more delicious that it is in greater demand than ever. But—

At the same time, unlike many things which make foods good to eat but hard to digest, Crisco *improves* the digestibility. This is because Crisco is a pure, wholesome, vegetable product—not an indigestible animal fat—and of the highest quality, absolutely clean in origin and manufacture, the most delicate shortening known.

Have your cook try Crisco for pie, for pudding or for any other pastry where she now uses lard or butter. The whole family will be so delighted that you will have Crisco used immediately in the preparation of other foods requiring a cooking fat.

For making cake you will find that Crisco, though it costs much less, is the equal of creamery butter; this, because of its richness in addition to its delicacy.

For frying doughnuts, potatoes, griddle cakes, etc., you will find that Crisco is a great improvement over lard and lard substitutes because it not only is more wholesome but because it cooks the food so much more quickly that the usual greasy flavor is eliminated. And since it can be used again and again without imparting the flavor of one food to another, its unusual economy is further evident.

The next time you have pie try Crisco in the following recipe:

1 cupful flour
½ teaspoonful salt
5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls ice water
(Use level measurements.)

Sift flour and salt together. Chop in Crisco very fine and add water slowly. Handle lightly. Put the dough on a board, roll three-eighths inch thick, line pan and bake in a hot oven. Have all ingredients cold except Crisco which should be warmed, if necessary, but not melted.

Thousands of women have sent for this Free Cook Book. Have you?

Its 100 tested recipes not only show you the best way to use Crisco from soup to dessert but give you many excellent dishes which you will be glad to add to your own list. Write for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MAKING A MILLION

By WALTER E. WEYL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

Who Remembered the Millionaires of History?

WHEN I was twenty I set fifty thousand dollars as my financial limit. Fifty thousand dollars in Government bonds would bring in two thousand a year; enough to support a man and his family—if he had one—in comfort. I wanted to reach the blessed Harbor of Enough. I did not wish—I thought no sane man could wish—to sail beyond and beyond on the infinite sea of money-making.

I had been brought up to believe that money-grubbing was ignoble. My father, a devout Congregationalist minister, insisted that wealth was not to be despised or to be worshiped. "A good servant," he said, "but an evil master."

His practice agreed with his precepts. His minister's salary and the returns upon his shrewd investments in Sparta real estate amply sufficed for our small family. Katharine and I, born on the same April day in '55, were given the customary comforts of childhood and went to school together and to college. At twenty she was graduated into teaching and I into a broker's office.

With Katharine pedagogy was a religion—almost a superstition. In the new teaching she saw a lever to uplift the whole human race. She knew Pestalozzi, Frœbel and Rousseau as I never knew Union Pacific or Amalgamated Copper. For forty years Katharine has remained constant to her ideal. She is a teacher today and a poor woman; but her name is known from ocean to ocean.

From School Books to Ledgers

FOR me money-making was to be merely a détour—a way about. My true vocation, I believed, was natural science. At Quincy College I sat at the feet of Amos Baldwin, the long-legged, loose-jointed, shaggy young biologist. For hours and hours, in the laboratory and in our long afternoon walks, Baldwin preached to me ardently of the new-taught lore of evolution; of Darwin and Tyndall and Huxley; of moths and crustaceans and weevil beetles; of natural selection, and adaptation, and the surmised origin of man in the measureless past. I wanted to study life from its beginnings. But to study life one must live, must pay for board and lodging, and books and shoes. I would earn just enough at business to enable me to make biological researches for the rest of my life.

I remember the day when I told the professor I was going into business.

"I will make fifty thousand dollars and quit," I explained. "It'll take ten years."

The horror in his face stopped my explanations.

"John," he begged, "don't! Don't give up the biggest thing in life for money-making. You'll get the fever like all the rest. What if you do become a Vanderbilt! Why, man, you might be a Darwin!"

Katharine took the same view.

"What's the use, John? You can get a professorship and have plenty; but once in business always in business."

There was really no defense for my determination, because my wants were next to nothing and I had inherited from my father, who had just died, ten thousand dollars. What I lacked in logic, however, I made up for in obstinacy. I resented Katharine's advice. I assured myself that I knew better—in those days I always knew better.

Today, when I am almost forty years older, though perhaps not forty years wiser, I begin to understand the impulse that drove me to business. It was not the desire for money, but that spirit of adventure which from the dawn of history has animated the young men who marched to the wars or went down to the sea in ships. The fire that fires the young poet, inventor, patriot, saint, also fires the young business adventurer. It was this spirit that brought me straight to the shabby oak desk of old Hannibal Dawson, the redoubtable banker and promoter, and prompted me to speak up and ask for a job. "I want to learn the business," I explained.

The fierce old man leaned back in his chair and stared at me much as the ogre in the fairy tale stared at the little prince, undecided whether to play with him or gobble him up.

"Learn the business!" he spluttered. "Why, boy, I don't know it myself."

He went off into a paroxysm of laughter, roaring until his scattered teeth threatened to fall from his gums.

"Besides," he added, still convulsed, "if you want to learn anything, my young gentleman, you should pay us, not us you."

My good genius came to my aid.

"I should prefer it that way, sir," I answered respectfully.

Old Dawson stopped laughing.

"Good!" he said suddenly. "Tell the cashier you're engaged at minus ten dollars a week—minus, minus!—and then copy these letters."

At the end of that year the firm of Dawson & Dawson offered me a salary of fifty dollars a week. I refused. There had been rumors of big glass establishments coming to Sparta. I believed that the town, which was rapidly becoming one of the biggest cities of the Middle West, would now grow east toward the hills instead of west toward the river. If this guess was correct it was worth thousands. I plunged into real estate.

My First Big Killing

THE first year I just covered expenses. I was feeling my way, studying the local situation. Gradually, however, my business grew and I began on my own account to speculate in real estate. In three years I cleared twenty thousand dollars. Then I made my first coup.

A year before, Martin Gluck, a prosperous German butcher, had bought through me a big empty lot near the freightyard. This lot, called Ararat, because of its huge rocks, was obtained for a trifle under fifty thousand.

One spring evening Gluck rushed into my office, his gross, corpulent body heaving with excitement and his big red face redder than ever. "*Gott im Himmel*, John," he shouted in my ear, "Fowler offers sixty thousand for old Ararat. I say: 'No; eighty thousand.' 'Seventy,' he says—'seventy-five.' I say: 'No; eighty.' Now he telephones. It's eighty thousand sure. *Gratuliere mir?*"

In a flash I saw that the movement east had begun. Clearly the glass syndicate was coming to Sparta and Fowler—my leading competitor—was acting in its interest. The syndicate would willingly pay big for a suitable site and Ararat was perfect. The time had arrived for a plunge.

"Gluck," I said, "you're a fool to sell Ararat for eighty thousand. Look here! I can make this deal and you can't. Let me sell Ararat; I'll guarantee you eighty thousand, and we'll divide even above that."

Three times I had to repeat the proposition before I could get it through the thick head of that German butcher. He asked for a week's delay.

"One hour," I answered; "just one hour!"

That same evening the papers were signed, and then followed the thirty longest days of Gluck's life. Every hour of every one of those days he appeared at my office, his perspiring face frantic with anxiety, and his loud, confident voice sunk to a hoarse whisper. The day I refused a hundred thousand dollars he lost ten pounds; the day we passed one hundred and fifty thousand his face became gray. In his belief that I had gone clean crazy he allied himself with the anxious Fowler. What Gluck did not see was this—that however high Fowler bid, his principals in New York would always go higher. Even while we dickered in Sparta, negotiations were on with a New York agent; and one day, to Gluck's hysterical delight, I showed him a wire from the syndicate accepting my offer of Ararat for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. We had boosted the price one hundred and eighty thousand. My share of the profits was ninety

"Tell the Cashier You're Engaged at Minus Ten Dollars a Week"

thousand dollars. After only five years of work I was worth not fifty thousand but one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Had I been single I should have thrown up business forever and entered—a youth of twenty-five—into Professor Baldwin's laboratory. During the Gluck negotiations however I had married, and an income sufficient for the son of a Congregationalist minister was not enough for the daughter of old General Lathrop. The mere mention of my project of retiring deeply offended my father-in-law.

"John," he protested, "you surely do not expect the daughter of a Lathrop to live like a charwoman!"

I should have liked to argue the matter—for I was a valiant and voluble debater in those days—but argument was a prohibited thing on the old gentleman's diet list and I was forced to refrain. So I consulted not only his but what were unconsciously my own wishes and continued in business. After all it was absurd to think of living on a few thousand dollars. We could not do it on less than five; in fact, before the year was out our expenses had run up to ten. It seemed a princely allowance; yet somehow even this was never quite enough. Edith had no sense of money. Occasionally in a spurt of economy she would discontinue her hairdresser or my morning paper, but the next week she might order the entire house redecorated.

In time I became acclimated. I soon accustomed myself to the upward swing of our necessities and I viewed my life as a race between an ever-increasing spending and an ever-increasing getting. I saw that I could not yet retire. Besides, it would be foolish to do so; I had just struck my gait. I would make more in the next year than in the last five. Let me but repeat the Gluck success and I should soon own a quarter of a million. Then the very logic of the situation would force me to cease.

The next four years formed a period of steadily expanding business. The city, as I had anticipated, developed toward the hills, and some open lots that I had bought cheap netted me a considerable profit. Gradually I became a factor in Sparta real estate, and by the time I was thirty I was spoken of as one of the rising young men of the city. I was nearing my quarter of a million, at which point—so I had promised Katharine—I would drop out of the game.

An Alliance With Portugal

THERE was really nothing to keep me in. The old general had died and Edith was too much engrossed in the babies—Robert and Margaret—to care whether I was a biologist or a chiropodist. Of course I was fond of the game; but I was also afraid of it, as a sober man may be afraid of a latent love of drink. Besides I occasionally passed Baldwin on the street—he had not been to our house since my marriage—and I felt uncomfortable. I wanted to justify myself to him and to Katharine. I would remain in business two years more; and on my thirty-second birthday I would invest my two hundred and fifty thousand and retire to the laboratory.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Just at this time the electric railroad struck the country. It had come to stay and I began to study it in relation to its probable effect on Sparta's future development. Real-estate values in the business center and in the outlying districts must inevitably rise, and my first impulse was to invest in these sites. It was then I dreamed a dream. The scattered horse-car lines of Sparta should be united, electrified and reorganized. I would do it, and then in a blaze of glory forever disappear from the local financial firmament.

It was not difficult to secure a six months' option on the principal street railroads and, armed with these and a controlling interest in the Walnut Street line, I went to New York to see Jim Portugal, the suave, plausible promoter who was already making a name in the street-railroad world.

In the next six months I learned that I knew nothing at all about street railroads. Portugal and I worked out a plan of coöperation and for several months he seemed metaphorically to sit, with pen poised in air, ready to sign the agreement that would double my wealth. But something always intervened. First, his lawyer contested the legality of our options; then his engineer, much to Portugal's seeming disgust, made a lukewarm report on our properties. The Sparta councils and the state legislature threatened me with ordinances, laws and investigations, and money passed. I did not give it, or authorize it, or justify it; yet I knew the bribers and did not expose them, and Portugal and I were the beneficiaries.

I began to distrust my New York ally, but it was now too late to make arrangements elsewhere. My options were about to expire and, though I had offered treble the old price for a renewal, I was meeting with delay and evasions. On the day my options fell through Jim Portugal bought the whole system right under my nose. I had been fooled to the top of my bent.

For the Walnut Street line, which had cost me one hundred thousand dollars, Portugal now offered me thirty thousand. If I did not accept he would, he intimated, strew my financial remains over the whole of Sparta.

I was mad clean through and I chose to fight. That was my second mistake. It is wise to fight if you are likely to win; it is stupid to do so just because you are mad.

The day I refused Portugal's offer his lines served notice that they would discontinue the interchange of transfers. This cut my business down to almost nothing, but I had to run my cars—full or empty—at ten-minute intervals or lose my franchise. The entire transportation system of the city was disorganized; and both the Sparta Citizen, which was honest, and the Sparta Free Press, which had sold out to Jim Portugal, held me up to general opprobrium for my alleged dog-in-the-manger policy. In my first year of operation I lost thirty thousand dollars.

I believe that in the end Jim Portugal and his crowd and their big purses would have got me, but for Ed Blicker, of Cleveland. Blicker was the boldest, adroitest, most systematic briber I have ever met. He was at this time negotiating for an ordinance that would hand over to him the principal Sparta streets not already occupied by railroads. All that winter Jim Portugal and Ed Blicker fought for the control of councils. Blicker won and got his franchise; but without my Walnut Street property his system was of little value. He offered me one hundred, two hundred, and at last three hundred thousand. Finally I sold—but not to Blicker. My old friend Portugal, who had contemptuously offered thirty thousand, was now glad to settle for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Again I might have retired, but sheer inertia kept me in the game. Things went well with me. I got in on the ground floor of a telephone deal, and when the reformers were beaten in the city councils I cleared fifty thousand dollars on my gas-company holdings. When in 1890 I celebrated my thirty-fifth birthday I found myself worth over six hundred thousand dollars.

"And when will you stop?" Katharine asked, as we celebrated this joint anniversary with a little dinner served in her Elm Street flat.

"In one more year—or two," I promised. "In two years, or at the most three, I shall have a million—fifty thousand a year! That will be ample for Edith and Bobby and Margaret—and I shall have earned my leisure."

There was a sort of finality about a million. It had so many round ciphers; it was a natural halting-place.

However, the train of my wealth-getting swept by that station so swiftly I never saw it. In 1892, when I was worth about seven hundred thousand dollars, I took a flyer in a little branch railroad line that carried a few passengers and a few tons of freight from nowhere to nowhere, and piled up a pleasant annual deficit. The locomotives and cars were dilapidated; the employees, underpaid and superannuated; the rails, fit only for the scrapheap. On a basis of earning power the road was worth less than nothing; as junk it might sell for fifty thousand dollars. Nevertheless, we four—Cole, Lewison, Kemble and myself—bought the controlling interest for six hundred thousand dollars.

It sounds foolish—but wait a moment! Kemble's brother-in-law was engineer for the Huron Railway, which was about to construct a new line to join the two cities of Patola and Albemarle. You could not build that road—except over our right-of-way! All we had to do was to sit tight for a year and realize big.

We executed a voting trust and made an ironclad agreement providing that any stock offered for sale by one of the four might be purchased at the original price by the other members. Then we sat down and waited—waited for the Huron to come to us. While we were waiting the panic of '93 came crashing into our plans, and one morning at breakfast I read the news that the great Huron Railway was bankrupt. Our problem was no longer how to wait for a huge price, but how to save the line from foreclosure.

A Line With More Troubles Than Ties

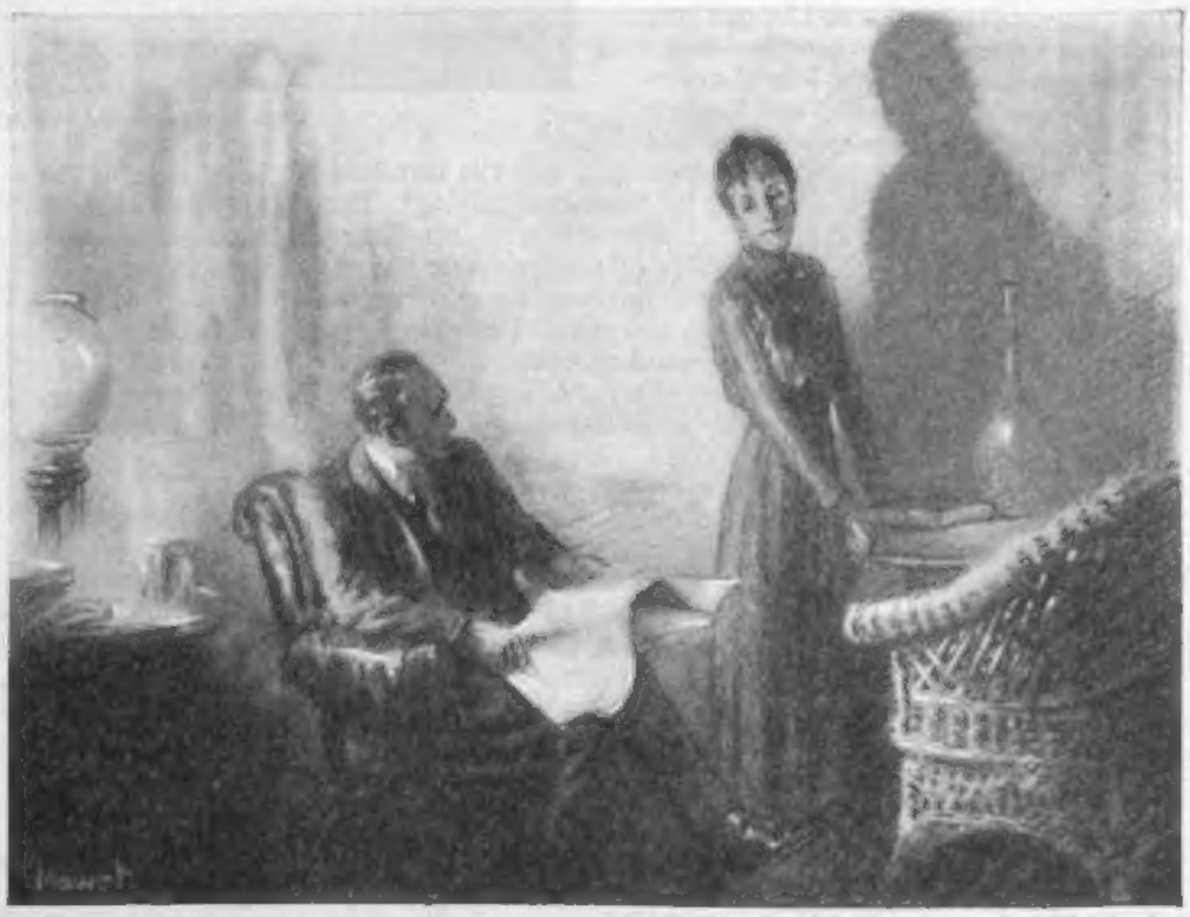
FOR three years we stood pat. Then Lewison threw up his end, and Cole his; and since Kemble could not buy this stock I was forced to do it. The next year my share in the deficit was eighty thousand dollars. A new company might at any moment take up the Patola and Albemarle project, but meanwhile Kemble and I were holding a red-hot poker. It was not comfortable.

At this auspicious moment, late in the summer of '96, our brakemen took it into their superannuated heads to strike for a thirty-per-cent increase in wages. Simultaneously certain damage suits were instituted; the state attorney-general threatened trouble; and an old and half-forgotten lawsuit with one of the towns along the route was renewed with vigor. The Patola Sun, which we had always soothed with passes and similar considerations, fell victim to a paroxysm of public spirit and began to give headlines and editorials to every twopenny accident that occurred on the line. We were assailed on all sides.

It was too bad to be true. Bad luck we had always had. It was the rule of the road. So many attacks, though, all of them capable of being instigated—it was suspicious! Somebody wanted us to let go. If any one wanted that we could afford to hold on.

I did hold on, month after month, though Kemble got discouraged and unloaded on me. At last I stood alone—the full owner of a controlling interest. That interest,

(Continued on Page 72)



"Close Up Your Business! Surely, Surely You've Enough Now!"

THE GOD OF COINCIDENCE

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"If We Wait Until You Earn Three Thousand a Year We May be Dead"

THE God of Coincidence is fortunate in possessing innumerable press agents. They have made the length of his arm a proverb. How at exactly the right moment he extends it across continents and drags two and two together, thus causing four to result where but for him sixes and sevens would have obtained, they have made known to the readers of all of our best magazines. For instance, Holworthy is leaving for the Congo to find a cure for the sleeping sickness, and for himself any sickness from which one is warranted never to wake up. This is his condition because the beautiful million-heiress who is wintering at the Alexander Young Hotel in Honolulu has refused to answer his letters, cables and appeals.

He is leaning upon the rail taking his last neck-breaking look at the Woolworth Building. The going-ashore bugle has sounded, pocket-handkerchiefs are waving; and Joe Hutton, the last visitor to leave the ship, is at the gangway.

"Goodby, Holworthy!" he calls. "Where do you keep yourself? Haven't seen you at the club in a year!"

"Haven't been there in a year—nor mean to!" is the ungracious reply of our hero.

"Then, for Heaven's sake," exclaims Hutton, "send some one to take your mail out of the H box! Every time I look for letters I wade through yours."

"Tear them up!" calls Holworthy. "They're bills."

Hutton now is halfway down the gangplank.

"Then your creditors," he shouts back, "must all live at the Alexander Young Hotel in Honolulu!"

That night an express train shrieking through the darkness carried with it toward San Francisco ——

In this how evident is the fine Italian hand of the God of Coincidence!

Had Hutton's name begun with an M; had the H in Hutton been silent; had he not carried to the Mauretania a steamer basket for his sick aunt; had he not resented the fact that since Holworthy's election to the Van Sturtevant Club he had ceased to visit the Grill Club—a cure for sleeping sickness might have been discovered; but two loving hearts never would have been reunited and that story would not have been written.

Or, Mrs. Montclair, with a suitcase, is leaving her home forever to join handsome Harry Bellairs, who is at the corner with a racing car and all the money of the bank of which he has been cashier. As the guilty woman places the farewell letter against the pincushion where her husband will be sure to find it, her infant son turns in his sleep and jabs himself with a pin. His howl of anguish resembles that of a puppy on a moonlight night. The mother recognizes her master's voice. She believes her child dying, flies to the bedside, tears up the letter, unpacks the suitcase. The next morning at breakfast her husband, reading the newspaper, exclaims aloud:

"Harry Bellairs," he cries, "has skipped with the bank's money! I always told you he was not a man you ought to know."

"His manner to me," she says severely, "always was that of a perfect gentleman."

Again coincidence gets the credit. Had not the child tossed—had not at the critical moment the safety pin proved untrue to the man who invented it—that happy family reunion would have been impossible.

Or, it might be told this way:

Old man McCurdy, the Pig-Iron King, forbids his daughter Gwendolyn even to think of marrying poor but honest Beef Walters, the baseball pitcher, and denies him his house. The lovers plan an elopement. At midnight Beef is to stand at the tradesman's entrance and whistle Waiting at the Church; and down the silent stairs Gwendolyn is to steal into his arms. At the very same hour the butler has planned with the policeman on fixed post to steal Mother McCurdy's diamonds and pass them to a brother of the policeman, who is to wait at the tradesman's entrance and whistle Waiting for the Robert E. Lee.

This sounds improbable—especially that the policeman would allow even his brother to get the diamonds before he did; but, with the God of Coincidence on the job, you shall see that it will all come out right. Beef is first at the door. He whistles. The butler—an English butler—with no ear for music, shoves into his hands tiaras and sunbursts. Honest Beef hands over the butler to the policeman and the tiaras to Mother McCurdy.

"How can I reward you?" exclaims the grateful woman.

"Your daughter's hand!"

Again the God of Coincidence scores and Beef Walters is credited with an assist. And for preventing the robbery McCurdy has the peg-post cop made a captain; thus enabling him to wear diamonds of his own and raising him above the need of taking them from others.

These examples of what the god can do are mere fiction; the story that comes now really happened. It also is a story of coincidence. It shows how this time the long arm was stretched out to make two young people happy; it again illustrates that, in the instruments he chooses, the God of Coincidence works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. This time the tool he used was a hat of green felt.

The story really should be called The Man in the Green Hat.

At St. James' Palace the plenipotentiaries of the Allies and of Turkey were trying to bring peace to Europe; in Russell Square, Bloomsbury, Sam Lowell was trying to arrange a peace with Mrs. Wroxton, his landlady. The ultimatum of the Allies was: "Adrianople or fight!" The last words of Mrs. Wroxton were: "Five pounds or move out!"

Sam did not have five pounds. He was a stranger in London; he had lost his position in New York and that very morning had refused to marry the girl he loved—Polly Seward, the young woman the Sunday papers called The Richest Girl in America.

For any man—for one day—that would seem to be trouble enough; but to the Sultan of Turkey that day brought troubles far more serious. And as his losses were Sam's gain we must follow the troubles of the Sultan. Until, with the aid of a green felt hat, the God of Coincidence turns the misfortunes of the Sultan into a fortune for Sam, Sam must wait.

From the first days of the Peace Conference it was evident there was a leak. The negotiations had been opened under a most solemn oath of secrecy. As to the progress of the conference, only such information or misinformation—if the diplomats considered it better—as was mutually agreed upon by the plenipotentiaries was given to a waiting world. But each morning, in addition to the official report of the proceedings of the day previous, one newspaper, The Times, published an account which differed from that in every other paper, and which undoubtedly came from the inside. In details it was far more generous than the official report; it gave names, speeches, arguments; it described the wordy battles of the diplomats, the concessions, bluffs, bargains.

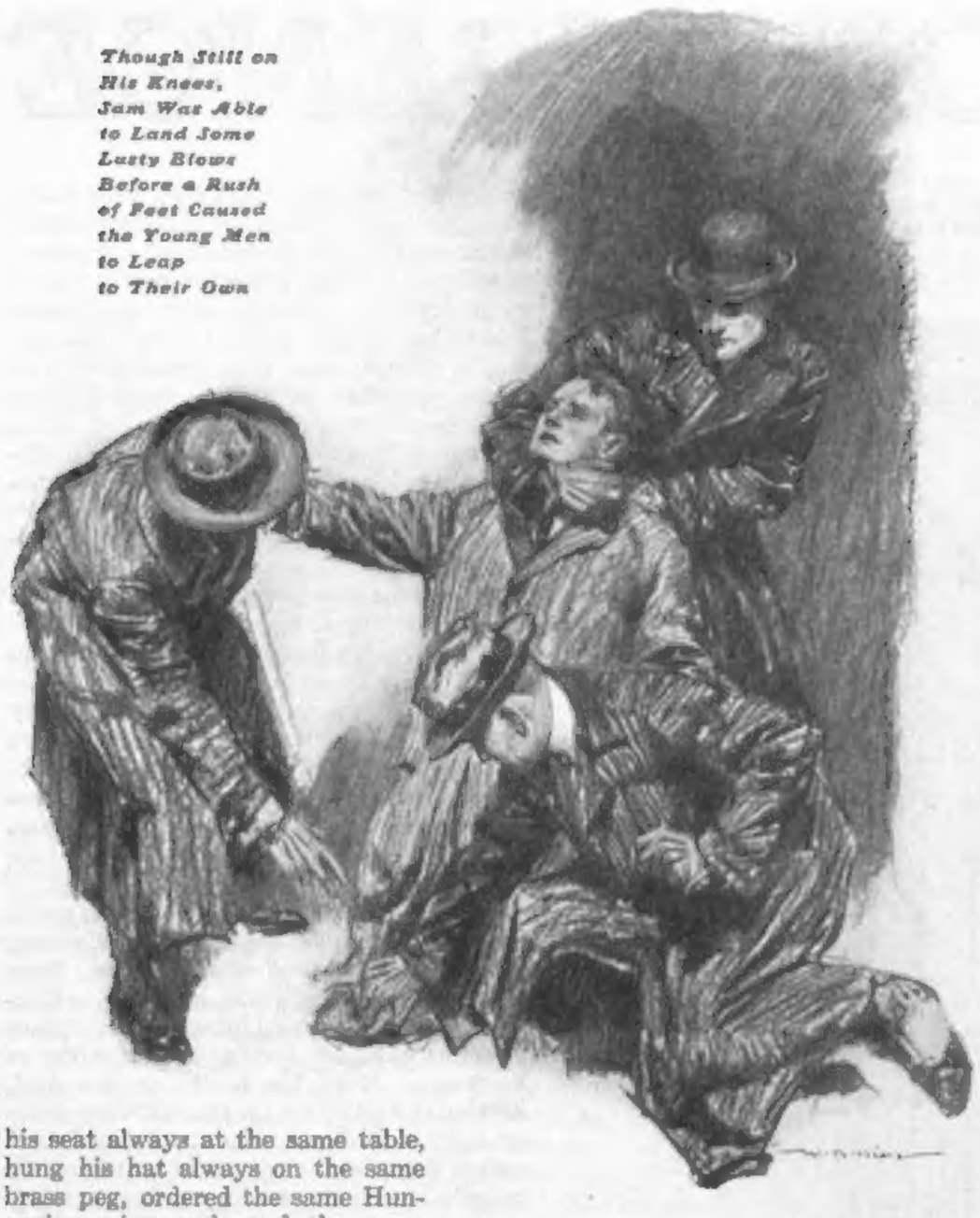
After three days the matter became public scandal. At first, the plenipotentiaries declared the events described in The Times were invented each evening in the office of The Times; but the proceedings of the day following showed the public this was not so.

Some one actually present at the conference was telling tales out of school. These tales were cabled to Belgrade, Sofia, Athens, Constantinople; and hourly from those capitals the plenipotentiaries were assailed by advice, abuse and threats. The whole world began to take part in their negotiations; from every side they were attacked; from home by the Young Turks, or the On to Constantinople Party; and from abroad by peace societies, religious bodies and chambers of commerce. Even the armies in the field, instead of waiting for the result of their deliberations, told them what to do, and that unless they did it they would better remain in exile. To make matters worse, in every stock exchange gambling on the news furnished by The Times threatened the financial peace of Europe. To work under such conditions of publicity was impossible. The delegates appealed to their hosts of the British Foreign Office.

Unless the chiel amang them takin' notes was discovered and the leak stopped, they declared the conference must end. Spurred on by questions in Parliament, by appeals from the great banking world, by criticisms not altogether unselfish from the other newspapers, the Foreign Office surrounded St. James' Palace and the office of The Times with an army of spies. Every secretary, stenographer and attendant at the conference was under surveillance, his past record looked into, his present comings and goings noted. Even the plenipotentiaries themselves were watched; and employees of The Times were secretly urged to sell the government the man who was selling secrets to them. But those who were willing to be "urged" did not know the man; those who did know him refused to be bought.

By a process of elimination suspicion finally rested upon one Adolf Hertz, a young Hungarian scholar who spoke and wrote all the mongrel languages of the Balkans; who for years, as a copying clerk and translator, had been employed by the Foreign Office, and who now by it had been lent to the conference. For the reason that when he lived in Budapest he was a correspondent of The Times the police, in seeking for the leak, centered their attention upon Hertz. But, though every moment he was watched, and though Hertz knew he was watched, no present link between him and The Times had been established—and this in spite of the fact that the hours during which it was necessary to keep him under closest observation were few. Those were the hours between the closing of the conference and midnight, when the provincial edition of The Times went to press. For the remainder of the day, so far as the police cared, Hertz could go to the devil! But for those hours, except when on his return from the conference he locked himself in his lodgings in Jermyn Street, detectives were always at his elbow.

It was supposed that it was during this brief period when he was locked in his room that he wrote his report; but how, later, he conveyed it to The Times no one could discover. In his rooms there was no telephone; his doors and windows were openly watched; and after leaving his rooms his movements were—as they always had been—methodical, following a routine open to observation. His program was invariably the same. Each night at seven from his front door he walked west. At Regent Street he stopped to buy an evening paper from the aged news-vender at the corner; he then crossed Piccadilly Circus into Coventry Street, skirted Leicester Square, and at the end of Green Street entered Pavoni's Italian restaurant. There he took



Though Still on His Knees, Sam Was Able to Land Some Lusty Blows Before a Rush of Feet Caused the Young Men to Leap to Their Own

his seat always at the same table, hung his hat always on the same brass peg, ordered the same Hungarian wine and read the same evening paper. He spoke to no one; no one spoke to him.

When he had finished his coffee and his cigarette he returned to his lodgings, and there he remained until he rang for breakfast. From the time at which he left his home until his return to it he spoke to only two persons—the news-vender to whom he handed a halfpenny; the waiter who served him the regular table-d'hôte dinner—between whom and Hertz nothing passed but three and six for the dinner and sixpence for the waiter himself.

Each evening, the moment he moved into the street a plainclothes man fell into step beside him; another followed at his heels; and from across the street more plainclothes men kept their eyes on every one approaching him in front or from the rear. When he bought his evening paper six pairs of eyes watched him place a halfpenny in the hand of the news-vender, and during the entire time of his stay in Pavoni's every mouthful he ate was noted—every direction he gave the waiter was overheard.

Of this surveillance Hertz was well aware. To have been ignorant of it would have argued him blind and imbecile. But he showed no resentment. With eyes grave and untroubled he steadily regarded his escort; but not by the hastening of a footstep or the acceleration of a gesture did he admit that by his audience he was either distressed or embarrassed. That was the situation on the morning when the Treaty of London was to be signed and sealed.

In spite of the publicity given to the conference by The Times, however, what the terms of the treaty might be no one knew. If Adrianople were surrendered; if Salonika were given to Greece; if Servia obtained a right-of-way to the Adriatic—peace was assured; but, should the Young Turks refuse—should Austria prove obstinate—not only would the war continue, but the Powers would be involved, and that greater, more awful war—the war dreaded by all the Christian world—might turn Europe into a slaughter-house.

Would Turkey and Austria consent and peace ensue? Would they refuse and war follow? That morning those were the questions on the lips of every man in London save one. He was Sam Lowell; and he was asking himself another and more personal question: "How can I find five pounds and pacify Mrs. Wroxton?"

He had friends in New York who would cable him money to pay his passage home; but he did not want to go home. He preferred to starve in London than be vulgarly rich anywhere else. That was not because he loved London, but because above everything in life he loved Polly Seward—and Polly Seward was in London. He had begun to love her on class day of his Senior year; and, after his father died and left him with no one else to care for, every day he had loved her more.

Until a month before he had been in the office of Wetmore & Hastings, a smart brokers' firm in Wall Street. He had obtained the position not because he was of any use to Wetmore & Hastings, but because the firm was the one through which his father had gambled the money that would otherwise have gone to Sam. In giving Sam a job the firm thought it was making restitution. Sam thought it was making the punishment fit the crime; for he knew nothing of the ways of Wall Street, and having to learn them bored him extremely. He wanted to write stories for the magazines. He wanted to bind them in a book and dedicate them to Polly. And in this wish editors humored him—but not so many editors or with such enthusiasm as to warrant his turning his back on Wall Street.

That he did later when, after a tour of the world that had begun from the San Francisco side, Polly Seward and her mother and Senator Seward reached Naples. There Senator Seward bought old Italian furniture for his office on the twenty-fifth floor of the perfectly new Seward Building, Mrs. Seward tried to buy for Polly a prince nearly as old as the furniture, and Polly bought picture postcards which she sent to Sam.

Polly had been absent six months, and Sam's endurance had been so timed as just to last out the half-year. It was not guaranteed to withstand any change of schedule, and the two months' delay in Italy broke his heart. It could not run overtime on a starvation diet of postcards; so when he received a cable reading "Address London, Claridge's" his heart told him it could no longer wait—and he resigned his position and sailed.

On her trip round the world Polly had learned many things. She was observant, alert, intent on asking questions, hungering for facts. And a charming young woman who seeks facts rather than attention will never lack either. But of all the facts Polly collected the one of surpassing interest and which gave her the greatest happiness was that she could not live without Sam Lowell. She had suspected this, and it was partly to make sure that she had consented to the trip round the world. Now that she had made sure, she could not too soon make up for the days lost. Sam had spent his money, and he either must return to New York and earn more or remain near Polly and starve. It was an embarrassing choice. Polly herself made the choice even more difficult.

One morning when they walked in St. James' Park to feed the ducks she said to him:

"Sam, when are we to be married?"

When for three years a man has been begging a girl to marry him, and she consents at the exact moment when, without capitulation to all that he holds honorable, he cannot marry anybody, his position deserves sympathy.

"My dear one," exclaimed the unhappy youth, "you make me the most miserable of men! I can't marry! I'm in an awful place! If I married you now I'd be a crook! It isn't a question of love in a cottage, with bread and cheese. If cottages were renting for a dollar a year I couldn't rent one for ten minutes. I haven't cheese enough to bait a mousetrap. It's terrible! But we have got to wait."

"Wait!" cried Polly. "I thought you had been waiting! Have I been away too long? Do you love some one else?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Sam crossly. "Look at me," he commanded, "and tell me whom I love!"

Polly did not take time to look.

"But I," she protested, "have so much money!"

"It's not your money," explained Sam. "It's your mother's money or your father's, and both of them dislike me. They even have told me so. Your mother wants you to marry that Italian; and your father, having half the money in America, naturally wants to marry you to the other half. If I were selfish and married you I'd be all the things they think I am."

"You *are* selfish!" cried Polly. "You're thinking of yourself and of what people will say, instead of how to make me happy. What's the use of money if you can't buy what you want?"

"Are you suggesting you can buy me?" demanded Sam.

"Surely," said Polly—"if I can't get you any other way. And you may name your own price too."

"When I am making enough to support myself without sponging on you," explained Sam, "you can have as many millions as you like; but I must first make enough to keep me alive. A man who can't do that isn't fit to marry."

"How much," demanded Polly, "do you need to keep you alive? Maybe I could lend it to you."

Sam was entirely serious.

"Three thousand a year," he said.

Polly exclaimed indignantly.

"I call that extremely extravagant!" she cried. "If we wait until you earn three thousand a year we may be dead. Do you expect to earn that writing stories?"

"I can try," said Sam—"or I will rob a bank."

Polly smiled upon him appealingly.

"You know how I love your stories," she said, "and I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world; but, Sam dear, I think you had better rob a bank!"

Addressing an imaginary audience, supposedly of men, Sam exclaimed:

"Isn't that just like a woman? She wouldn't care," he protested, "how I got the money!"

Polly smiled cheerfully.

"Not if I got you!" she said. In extenuation, also, she addressed an imaginary audience, presumably of women. "That's how I love him!" she exclaimed. "And he asks me to wait! Isn't that just like a man? Seriously," she went on, "if we just go ahead and get married father would have to help us. He'd make you a vice-president or something."

At this suggestion Sam expressed his extreme displeasure.

"The last time I talked to your father," he said, "I was in a position to marry, and I told him I wanted to marry you. What he said to that was: 'Don't be an ass!' Then I told him he was unintelligent—and I told him why. First, because he could not see that a man might want to marry his daughter in spite of her money; and second, because he couldn't see that her money wouldn't make up to a man for having him for a father-in-law."

"Did you have to tell him that?" asked Polly.

(Continued on Page 34)

"Five Pounds or Move Out!"

A VENTURE IN BEANS

By Walter V. Woehlke

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

ON THE eleventh day of March, 1905, when I celebrated my forty-sixth birthday anniversary, I owned four elevators and as nice a little grain-and-bean business in Southern Michigan as any reasonable man could want. The twins that day presented me with a fuzzy white-and-brown bathrobe, produced in the domestic-science class of the high school. Ed trotted in with a sheepish grin and a sterling silver matchbox; and Vernon, the baby of the family, proudly thrust a fountain pen into my stubby fingers. The dinner, a rib roast of pork stuffed with apples and raisins, was flawless. There was not a cloud in the sky except my firm conviction, based on first-hand knowledge, that wheat was worth considerably more than the quotations indicated.

This conviction, growing into an obsession, called for action.

In May my line of wheat—four hundred thousand bushels—was closed out. Everything—business, cash, real estate, elevators—dropped into the pit. The little flier—it started modestly with twenty-five thousand bushels, doubled to decrease the loss when the market sagged; expanded, pyramided beyond my means when the bears got wheat under their feet—left me stripped after the last note was canceled. Only the home was safe!

Still, President Harris of the First National need not have been so nasty about it. I wanted six thousand dollars—I got a lecture on the evils of speculation. And the other banks, taking their cue from Harris, likewise turned me down.

Maybe the penalty was deserved. If, however, every country grain-dealer who occasionally goes bear-baiting on the strength of his conviction that wheat is not bringing what it ought to should be deprived of his credit, ninety-nine per cent of the trade would immediately be stricken with financial locomotor ataxia. It's in the nature of the business. The grain-dealer must of necessity watch the market, must try to forecast its probable trend from his own knowledge of the factors that determine prices. Every time he buys grain from the farmer he takes a chance, but the risk is small so long as the grain, bought and paid for, is in his elevator; nor is the profit very large.

While the dealer has the actual grain his fate is in his own hands; he himself determines when, where and at what price to sell. But when he yields to temptation, when he takes a long chance and backs his forecast with a purchase of grain on margin, control of the deal is taken out of his hands. He becomes a passive spectator—a mere pawn in the other fellow's game. The outcome no longer depends on his judgment, but rather on his purse. All he can do is to sit still, hold his breath and answer the calls for more margin. Sometimes he wins; but if he plays long enough he is bound to go to the wall. Only the man who starts with nothing stands a show of breaking even in the grain pit.

"There's Two Hundred Tons of Beans in Those Cars—Four Hundred Thousand Meals!"

A Fresh Start on the Coast

THIS is not a sermon on the blessings of plodding thrift and frugality. If he would gain, the man in business must be willing to assume risk—big risk sometimes. After the wheat experience I did not take the pledge to pass up long odds in the future; but I firmly resolved never again to take a chance unless I myself could get into the fray, do some real two-fisted fighting, buck the line with my own head, and see that chance safely home instead of just matching my little white chip against the big operators' stacks of blues. I have lived up to that resolution and found it a mighty good one.

The bears got me in May. Early in June I mortgaged the home for fifteen hundred dollars, left twelve hundred to my wife's credit, told her to keep up appearances, and departed for California to sell bean-cleaning machinery.

The manufacturers were right—there was not one modern outfit on the Coast; but, nevertheless, the San Francisco firms handling beans would not buy. They were perfectly satisfied with the mills that had come round the Horn and cleaned the Argonauts' beans. Against this wall of contented indifference and implied superiority I bumped my head until it was sore. At the end of the second week the bean man of the Armstrong Company, one of the largest fruit and produce houses in the West, touched that sore spot. He was a native Californian—"Never been out of the state and don't want to go!"—a six-footer, who looked and talked down to the short, squat native of merely Michigan. If I had been a salesman instead of a grain-and-bean dealer I should not have lost my temper; but I did—bellowed and banged the door behind me.

"What's the rumpus about?" inquired a sharp-pointed Vandyke beneath a sharp nose, two sharp eyes taking my measure from the fringe of alfalfa round the alkali spot to the broad-toed number tens. The sharp party was half in, half out of the adjoining room. Even the pencil behind his ear had a sharp point.

"Beans!" I exploded. "Do you know beans and how to clean 'em? Say yes, like the other ones! Please, mister, tell me you've lived here all your life; tell me that bean wisdom filtered through your skin with the California sunshine! If you want to do something for a man who's only from Michigan and wants to get back there quick lead me to a person that doesn't know all there is to be known about beans; who ——"

"Come in here!" said the sharp one. "Sit down! Cool off! When you're rational tell me your business. I'm Gregg, the vice-president."

Sobered, I sat down, pulled out blueprints, bean samples and waded in. I told him that California was still using bean-cleaning apparatus discarded in Michigan and New York fifteen years ago—plain fan-mills whose screens could not remove dust, grit, large particles of dirt or imperfect beans. He listened with interest when I explained the blueprints of a modern mill; when I pointed out that the beans, after passing through the screens, were graded automatically by rubber rolls that, turning as in a wringer, allowed the smooth, perfect beans to go on their way unchallenged, seizing only imperfect specimens with broken skins, rot spots or wrinkles, and dropping them into the pan below. Gregg's unflagging interest followed the perfect beans along the conveyor to the corkscrew tubes filled with moist sawdust, which washed every bean all over, to the second set of spiral tubes filled with soft bran, which dried and polished the beans, delivering them clean, smooth, perfect and shining.

When I left Gregg had the plans, samples and price-lists. The next afternoon he signed the contract for a complete equipment to cost eight thousand dollars. And that same evening, while I was packing my trunk, he called me up and canceled the order.

"Glad I caught you before you left," snapped Gregg the following morning. "There isn't a man in town who can set up or operate the machinery. It looks good, though. Tell you what I'll do: You take a half-interest in the mill and manage it. Otherwise the deal's off. Will you take it?"

"I'd like to, but I haven't the capital. I'm broke!"

Gregg eyed me suspiciously.

"If the mill is as fine a thing as you say it is, why don't you borrow the money?"

I grinned.

"You're right. I surely would borrow the money—all of it—and start a real bean-cleaning mill in this town; but my credit went down the street arm in arm with my cash. The bears got both. A deal in wheat put the kibosh on me!"

"How much did you pay on the dollar?"

"One hundred cents!"

"Can you prove it?" Gregg looked straight into my eyes. "If you squared up, the fact that you lost your money in speculation does not count against you—out here. Give me satisfactory references and I'll give you a half-interest in the mill. You can pay for it out of the earnings."

I gave him five names and addresses. He pressed a button.

"Take these wires, Miss Ellis, and file them at once. See you in the morning, Mr. Gower."

When the Walls Quadrilled

I WHISTLED as I walked down Battery Street. After all, these Californians were not so bad. Because a man had once strayed off the path of legitimate business and stumbled, they did not assume that he was morally color-blind. The steady trade-wind, hitherto a dusty, swirling nuisance, suddenly became a bracing stimulant. For the first time I detected the sparkle and glitter that distinguishes the San Francisco sunshine from the Michigan brand. By the opening of the bean season in September the new mill was ready. We—the replies to Gregg's telegrams had been satisfactory—had located it close to the waterfront at North Beach, on a spur of the belt line. All of the Armstrong Company's beans came to us, at two dollars a ton as against one dollar asked by the old-style fan-mills. Results and the trade's eagerness for the polished beans justified the increased expense. Outside business came slowly at first, but in November we settled down to capacity runs. Day after day we cleaned four carloads of beans, twenty tons to the car. Since our daily expenses for power and labor averaged about twenty dollars, I was cleaning up a profit of sixty dollars a day, besides my salary as superintendent. On April seventeenth, 1906, I owed less than two hundred dollars on my half of the mill, and that indebtedness would be cleaned up at once. I had four hundred dollars, all silver and gold, in the office safe, having collected the money after banking hours. Though I did not know it then, that gold was to be the club with which I cleared a path for the longest chance I ever hooked up with in all my business life.

I slept soundly that night. Shortly after dawn I sat up in bed wideawake. The house seemed to have the ague. It was trembling in every joint. Windows and doors rattled; pictures swayed. The shivering increased. Something laid violent hands upon the foundation of the house, jerked at it so fiercely that the shocks shifted the bed, bowled chairs over and knocked me flat on my back. In that position I remained while the four walls danced a quadrille. The ceiling had me hypnotized. I stared at it fixedly, wondering calmly when it and the two floors above would come down. Chunks of plaster fell, filling the room

with a haze of dust. Over on one side the ceiling began to sag. With wide-open eyes I watched it, unable to move, waiting for the rush of bricks and timber.

The rafters held. The swaying ceased. A babble of high-pitched voices arose in the hall. I got up, shaved, dressed and sauntered forth in search of breakfast. Except for a few broken trolley wires, shattered windows, cracked walls, fallen cornices and chimneys, the town in the neighborhood of Union Square had suffered small harm. The skylines of the streets were unchanged; the little café on Geary Street served my ham and eggs as usual. At half past six, with my breakfast stowed away, the excitement of the population seemed unwarranted by the extent of the damage.

I changed my mind and hurried my leisurely steps when I reached Market Street.

At its lower end, toward the waterfront, thin brown columns rose into the still air. More of the ominous pillars hung above the South Side. Right behind the Call Building dense clouds ascended. But the full extent of the impending catastrophe did not dawn upon me until I reached the wholesale district. In three short blocks I counted five fires, uncontrolled, unfought; yet the streets were empty save for a few strolling sightseers. Alone, a solitary spectator, I stood for a minute in front of a tall warehouse, the three upper stories burning fiercely. Bales of carpets, rugs and matting, boxes of drygoods, were stacked high on the ground floor; a fortune was slumbering peacefully under the blazing torch above, yet no one cared enough to unlock the front door. The entire district, honeycombed with isolated fires, was practically deserted. I could hear the echo of my steps, the crackle of the flames, as I walked along the silent streets. The weirdness of the scene gave me the creeps! I hurried on to the waterfront, round the foot of Telegraph Hill to the mill.

Playing Tag With the Flames

IT WAS safe. No damage had been done except to the feelings of Riordan, the night watchman, who informed me tremulously that his landlady, fearing a repetition of the shocks, had departed for Golden Gate Park without preparing breakfast for the boarders. After sending him out to buy provisions, to ransack the vacated buildings for an oil-stove, cooking utensils and dishes, I settled down to the task of watching San Francisco burn from a revolving armchair. We carried an insurance policy of seven thousand dollars on the mill. Whatever happened, the insurance money would give us a new start. Insurance also covered the firm's beans in the warehouse; but Helger, the big Berkeley potato-trader, would be hard hit. Twelve carloads of his beans, wholly unprotected, were piled up in the warehouse. He could stand the loss though. His potato deal in winter and spring must have cleared him sixty thousand at least. Just the same, those uninsured beans continued to keep worrying me.

The columns of smoke to the east had merged into a single cloud when Clancy, the yard foreman, passed by in the cab of a switch-engine. Keeler, the engineer, waved a gloved hand at me. I had made friends with the switching crews as soon as we opened the mill. Their good-will, even if it had to be cultivated with a silver plow now and then, was worth having when cars were needed in a hurry. The locomotive, with a single car in tow, vanished in the direction of the gasworks. Beneath the pall of smoke to the east the flames were plainly visible now.

It was a shame that Helger carried no insurance on his beans!

Keeler came back, running light, Clancy still in the cab. As the engine approached, interrupting my meditations on fires and uninsured beans, the cloud of bewildered, purposeless inactivity that had descended upon the city, that kept half the population wandering round seeing the sights, that had kept me sitting on a chair twiddling my thumbs for three precious hours, suddenly seemed to lift. The chance to turn the calamity to account came to me in a flash. Running out on the track, I flagged the engine and climbed into the cab.

"We need some empties in a hurry," I explained. "If you will spot twelve of 'em alongside the warehouse fifty bucks are yours. There'll be another fifty waiting when you pull out with the string. When can I have 'em?"

Clancy shook his head.

"Can't let you have twelve. If nine box cars and an open gravel car will do I have 'em up the track a way."

"All right. They'll have to do. Hustle 'em along!"

The game was on. If I wanted to win I had to move speedily. After filling my pockets with coin I called the watchman from the purloined oilstove, on which he was cooking an immense mess of beans.

"There'll be ten empties here in an hour, Riordan. Have them lined up on both tracks, door against door; get some planks out of the lumber-yard; run them through the first line of cars into the second row; get a dozen men and start loading these beans"—I indicated Helger's property—"as fast as the Lord will let you! I'll be back in a couple of hours. Don't let grass grow under your feet. Get busy as soon as the cars are here."

As I sprinted along the waterfront toward the Ferry Building I saw with joy that the progress of the fire, which, coming from the east, had been eating its way rapidly toward the mill, was nearly checked by a gentle west wind and by the streams of salt water pumped from the bay. The firemen were effectively resisting its advance through the narrow pass flanked on one side by the barren, rocky face of Telegraph Hill, and on the other by the bay. If wind and water could hold the fire from the mill for six hours more—and if Helger was willing—twenty thousand dollars' worth of beans would be mine by night. I lost interest in the spectacle of Market Street, ablaze on both sides for a mile, elbowed my way to the front end of the crowded ferry, jumped on the apron as soon as it was lowered from the Oakland mole and climbed into the smoker of the Berkeley local. It was three in the afternoon when I rang the bell at Helger's big house.

Crouching, We Stared at the Side-Wheeler's Onrushing Hull

Helger, hands and feet tied by a hysterical wife, gladly traded his beans, already given up as lost, for an instrument transferring my interest in the insurance policy covering the mill to his name.

"I'm afraid you'll repent of your bargain before morning," he said, glancing significantly out of the broad library window at the pall of smoke hovering above the doomed city. He signed the bill-of-sale and stepped out on the porch with me. "Good luck to you, Gower! Wish I could be with you."

A trace of wistful envy was in his voice. I waved the bill-of-sale at him as I ran down the hill.

All Berkeley seemed to be headed for San Francisco. The jammed cars of the little train buzzed like a beehive disturbed by a whiff of smoke. At the mole a tremendous mob was packed round the runways leading to the boat. My hat was crushed, the buttons were torn off my coat and my elbows were calloused when I reached the rope and prepared to dive under it. Three cops laid hands upon me at the same time.

"Where's your pass?"

I stared at the officers, mouth wide open.

"Pass! What pass?"

"Can't go to the city unless you've got a pass. Get back of the rope!"

The jolt lifted me off my feet, dazed me for a minute. When the shock had passed I turned round and parted the jam as a swimmer goes through the breakers with left and right overhand strokes, paying curse with snarl, kick with shove and blow. The train back to Oakland was slow in coming, slower in starting. At the city hall a thousand applicants for passes stood in line. The man in front of me dropped out, swearing.

"I'll take root if I stand here any longer!" he growled. "Guess I'll have to hire a launch if I want to get across before midnight."

"Let's go together, friend," I suggested, trying to keep up with his long stride.

"All right, Shorty!" said he. "We'll go halves. Limber up and step lively! The supply of seagoing cabs will be short if we don't hurry."

It was. Everything that could float and make a noise like a gasoline engine was over on the other side. A converted rowboat, with a tarpaulin stretched over the bow and a toy engine in the stern, was the best we could find. The fare was twenty dollars each. When we had left the black water and the black mud of Oakland Creek, with its clusters of rusting hulls and rotting windjammers, I crawled under the tarpaulin. I am afraid of water if it is too wide to jump across. Eight miles of open bay and the memory of the big waves in the wake of the ferries made my teeth chatter.

The engine stuttered; the launch was slow. After an interminable period of choking and coughing the motor stopped, gave one more gasp and died. Crawling forth, I peered round. We were in the middle of the bay and dusk was falling. The rat-faced skipper, bent over the engine, was priming the cylinder with gasoline—softly, incessantly, horribly cursing spark and batteries. Blood was spreading over the sky, over the darkening water—the red blood of burning San Francisco! Dull, muffled booms, like the firing of distant cannon, came from the blazing hills between bloody sky and bloody water. The tall one gulped.

"She's great—glorious even in her death!" he whispered, his eyes glued to the burning city.

"And we'll die too—but not so gloriously," I snapped, "if that fool doesn't start the engine pretty soon. Look at the tower of the Ferry Building! We're drifting, man, straight into the ferry lane—drifting without a light!"

It Rains Ashes

MY HANDFUL of hair tried to stand on end. Right behind us the deep roar of the Solano's foghorn split the air. A black speck on the red surface of the bay, the launch must have been discerned by the big ferry's pilot. Again the foghorn's sonorous bass roared threateningly, insistently, until the air trembled with the prolonged blast. We were helpless. She was not fifty yards from us. I saw the glistening bow wave, heard the crash of the giant paddles as they hit the water, and shuddered. Would they be able to swing her over far enough to save us from those smashing blades? Crouching with hands on the gunwales, every muscle taut, we stared at the side-wheeler's onrushing hull. Her bow fell off; she swerved; for a moment the launch stood straight on end as the bow wave struck us, in spite of valiant efforts with one oar. I leaned far back as the white paddle-box, big as a house, glided by almost within reach of my hand. On the bottom of the tossing, careening boat, which was half filled with water, I lay with wabbly knees and closed eyes until the tall one's foot touched me.

"Get up!" he laughed. "You ain't drowned yet. Get up and shake yourself. Help us bail her out!"

The strong tide had carried us beyond the lane of the ferries. There was no immediate danger. I looked at my watch. It was near seven. The wind was dying; a slow rain of fine ashes was descending. In the stern the skipper and my fellow passenger were refilling the batteries, paying not the slightest attention to me. Why should they? On the water I am about as useful as shifting ballast. Nautical heroism never was in my line. If I felt hurt by their contempt the grief was rapidly dispersed by the growing anxiety concerning the fate of my beans.

The launch grazed the piles beneath the dock shortly after nine o'clock. Under normal circumstances I would have firmly declined to climb the slimy, horizontal ladder even in broad daylight; but that red-and-black night I ambled up with the agility of an overfed monkey. Starting in the direction of the mill at a trot, I saw with deep satisfaction that the fire had not penetrated far beyond the pass. It was still burning here and there, but its progress to the west had been blocked. To the south, however, beyond the black ridge of the Telegraph, Nob and Russian hills, the whole world seemed to be ablaze; the glare of the burning

city painted the sable smoke a lurid red clear to the zenith. Winded, puffing and wet, I arrived at the mill.

The door of the office stood wide open. Riordan was gone. No cars were in sight!

One night in March, the year I was sent to school, I dreamed that Santa Claus had come down the chimney and left a real Indian bow with a full supply of feathered arrows alongside the fireplace. So vivid was the dream that I jumped out of bed at the break of dawn to try the bow.

The bitter disappointment of that gray March morning came back to me as I stood in front of the mill, staring at the empty tracks. My dream of a fortune in beans was shattered! The full weight of my forty-seven years suddenly dropped down on me like a mantle of lead. Stumbling into the revolving armchair I had left full of hope and determination nine hours before, I cursed myself for an old fool, who would all his life let go the bird in the hand and chase after the ten in the bush.

With the insurance I could have obtained the machinery for a new mill on credit. Gambling again! What good was the twenty thousand dollars' worth of beans, traded for the policy, if I could not move them out of the path of the fire raging just beyond the crest of the hills? Clutching at a straw of hope, I looked up. Against the ruddy sky the dark bulk of the houses on the ridge stood out sharply, black silhouettes on a background of red. Flames were not visible yet; but I did not deceive myself. No power on earth could stop the charge of the red brigade over the hill. San Francisco was doomed! Chin on breast, I sagged down into the chair ——

New Troubles at Every Turn

AFTER a long, dreary hour the faint clanging of a locomotive bell broke into the round of my self-reproaches. Suddenly alert, I sat up, listening. The clanging came nearer. Could it be Keeler with the empties? A wave of hope lifted me out of the chair, carried me to the tracks. Far up the line to the west I saw the headlight of the approaching engine; it stopped just beyond the end of the lumber-yard. Trembling lest it recede, I raced along the ties, stumbling, shouting. As I puffed up to the pilot the fireman stepped out of the black shadow of a box car on the siding, carrying a long-necked bottle in each hand.

"Where's Keeler and the empties?" I gasped, clutching at the running-board.

"Say, you got one peach of a watchman!" chuckled the fireman. "Hear him snore? Gee, but he must've lapped it up! There's four of 'em in that car, and what they didn't do to them bottles with the fancy labels isn't ——" Angrily interrupting his flow of talk, I repeated my question. "Keeler? Oh, he and Clancy got scared an' went home to the kids about three. Say, that bunch in — "

The House Seemed to Have the Ague. It Was Trembling in Every Joint

"But the cars! Why the devil didn't you bring the cars?"

"Keep your shirt on, boss! This ain't one of them mountain-climbing engines that go up Tamalpais. There's ten tons of bricks piled up on the siding in front of the string you wanted. A wall caved in and blocked the track!"

That piece of news failed to stagger me. Its effect had been discounted. No more twiddling of thumbs. This was not a bean deal on margin. I had the actual beans. It was up to me to move them to a safe place. Unlike the intangible forces of the grain pit, the brick pile was a very palpable foe. Market quotations could not be lifted by a little margin trader—but bricks might. I turned to the fireman.

"See here, Bud, I just got to have those cars! There's a hundred dollars in it all for yourself if we get 'em out, shove the beans into them and haul 'em away! It's worth trying. Let's run up to the siding."

As the fireman leaned out of the window I hurled the bottles of wine far into the darkness. This was no time for refreshments.

A jumbled pile of bricks covered the side track three feet deep for a distance of five yards. Bud obligingly assisted. Despite frantic, back-breaking haste, we cleared but half a yard in an hour. Through a depression in the black ridge I could see bright yellow flames where there had been a dull glow when we started at the task.

"We can't make it! Get back to the engine, Bud. Don't you move a foot, though, until I get back. I'm going to get some help."

In the broad, open space of the newly made land round the gasworks at North Beach hundreds of refugees were camping; but among them there was none willing to pitch bricks. Though I begged and pleaded, wheedled and bullied, my entreaties fell on deaf ears. As a last resort I approached the lieutenant in charge of a detachment of regulars, explaining the situation to him, with proper emphasis on the importance of the bean as a filling article of food.

"Can't help you, sir," he replied courteously. "Not one of my men can be spared from patrol duty."

"Captain, you misunderstand me. I don't want your men to pitch bricks. I was thinking that these people here"—I indicated the campers—"will have to be fed tomorrow and the next day at public expense. Couldn't they earn their rations? Maybe if you would detail a squad to round up a bunch of those loafers—yes, loafers! I've begged them to work for good pay and they wouldn't turn a hand—and make them tackle that brick pile those beans could be saved!"

The lieutenant frowned.

The Unwilling Workers

"YOU are right, sir. I myself have discovered that these people will not work unless they are driven to it." He raised his voice. "Sergeant, take six men, pick up about twenty civilians—will that do, sir?"—I nodded—"and have them clear the railroad tracks at a point this gentleman will show you. Hurry the job and report here after you're through."

I wrung the officer's hand fervently and followed the sergeant—at a diplomatic distance—during the roundup. Brass buttons and guns had the desired effect. We marched the disgruntled bunch to the siding and stood guard while they worked. Over my shoulder I watched that gap in the ridge. What I saw made me kick hard at a man who tried to sneak away from the diminishing pile.

At dawn the ten cars reached the mill—and on top of the ridge, in plain sight, a big apartment house was blazing like a torch. Fugitives from the slope below trooped down the track toward the safe, open reaches of North Beach and the Presidio.

The empties were lined up on the two spur tracks—five box cars and the gravel car on the first, the other four on the second track; planks were run into them; the doors of the warehouse stood open, and Bud—the price of the empties in his pocket—was brewing coffee and warming the immense kettle of beans cooked by the departed watchman when I started off to renew my attack on the labor problem. Unemployed labor was abundant, but union wages and offers of double time proved futile. These were holidays in San Francisco. The town was on a fiery spree, drunk with the magnitude of its loss. While the big city's stocks in the warehouses were crying for every wheel, for every pair of arms, hundreds of automobiles whizzed sightseeing parties up and down the streets; fifty thousand able-bodied men idled aimlessly over the hills. Work for wages while the greatest show of the century was running full blast? Not by a jugful! When a big stevedore—solicited

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The Flames Were but a Block and a Half Away!

A QUESTION OF CHARM

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SHE moved up the crowded avenue with the stride of an Olympian brushing past a feverish race of pigmies. Her pace was not laggard, yet there was something oddly deliberate about it, vaguely suggestive of a Venus Anadyomene pushing thigh-deep through beryl waves. Her towering figure, for all its height and its fullness of line, suggested gentleness, the repose of assured power. She seemed indifferent to the puny world about her. The calm brow, as clear as milk, remained as serene as though it had been carved out of marble. The eyes of cerulean blue seemed to see nothing of the glances that followed her. She moved on, as impersonal as a billowy cloud drifting past a whispering parliament of mountain pines.

She made her way northward along Fifth Avenue in the direction of Central Park. And at about the same time Daubby Regan, more ceremonially designated as Michael d'Auvergne Regan, emerged from a ramshackle, sky-lighted top-floor room over a Fifty-Fourth Street garage, a room which he was wont to dignify as his "studio." Thumbtacking a sign in India ink for the greengrocer to leave the onions and carrots in the coalbox, he turned aimlessly eastward toward Fifth Avenue for his frugal hour or two of outdoor exercise.

And it was just as he veered about into the wider estuary of the avenue that his eyes caught sight of the Venus Anadyomene moving so majestically northward. As he beheld that Olympian figure he stopped short. He even so far forgot himself as to back inanely up against the gray wall of the University Club and stare after the calm-eyed blond goddess, stare after her as startled as though he had seen a meditative marble step from a Parthenon frieze.

As he stood there, round-eyed, with his lean and nervous fingers tugging at the tiny scrap of an imperial that looked like a clay-daub on his chin, he made a figure strangely at variance with that of the woman he was watching. Daubby Regan did not impart to the casual observer a sense of largeness. His face, under the wide-brimmed Boule Mich' black hat, was thin and ascetic looking. His gaunt figure, so studiously foreigneered with its flowing artist's tie and its loose-legged Latin-Quarter trousers and its pointed Parisian shoes, gave the impression of a quick and feverish energy that vulturelike clawed eternally at the entrails of youth. Benevolent ladies of forty-five would have said that his cooking needed looking into. Gracious ladies of half that age would have whispered that he had too much soul. And Daubby himself might have intimated that it was a mixture of both.

But Michael d'Auvergne Regan was thinking of neither cooking nor elderly ladies as he gazed after the self-immured Juno passing on her way up the avenue. For Daubby had beheld a figure that took his breath away, that brought him up short, that fairly bowled him over. His soul leaped out at her like a lion at an antelope. His hungering vision encompassed her coloring, as it might encompass an April sunset over the Palisades. Then he turned up the avenue and started after her furtively and avidly, like a furred and feral Hunger stalking its prey.

Daubby loved beauty. To love beauty, he might have explained, was his business in life, for he was a poet by birth and an artist by training, in the teeth of the fact that he paid his studio rent creating "Ideal Heads" for the calendar trade. Sometimes, too, he drew slinky-limbed ladies for certain fashion magazines; and once or twice he had coaxed musical-comedy stars to sit for a portrait, in the fond hope that some one at some time might grow into an appreciation of the difference between Art and theater-lobby chromos. He loved beauty, did Daubby, but he abhorred prettiness—and the last musical-comedy lady had bluntly accused him of making her into a cat. It was pure beauty he loved. It thrilled his fiery Celtic soul. His awakened heart would trip-hammer over it like a riveter at work on a skyscraper's ribs. In the presence of beauty his nerves would twitch like the nerves of a leashed terrier face to face with a street cat.

And here, he told himself, was beauty, beauty of a kind that seemed new and yet immemorially old. It puzzled him. He could not altogether fathom the appeal of that calm and ample figure. Yet here he was following it, and conscious of nothing perfidious in his conduct! When the woman crossed the avenue to the east, Daubby crossed after her. At Sixtieth Street she turned west again and made her way toward the entrance of Central Park. Daubby did the same.

Something about her still bewildered him. For all her suggestion of the classic, he could see how modern and modish she was, from the cut-steel buckles on the patent-leather shoes to the chestnut-colored double-skirt trimmed with ball buttons, and the cutaway coat with ivory revers and three-quarter sleeves. Daubby had drawn enough dressplates to know that apparel such as this was fashioned only in Paris. He even noticed that at the high waistline was pinned a bunch of violets as big as a cabbage. But about the entire figure was a sense of the Hellenic which he could not fathom.

It was not until the goddess with the violets and the ivory-tinted revers passed under the Sherman statue that the truth of the whole thing flashed home to him. It was the stately bronze figure leading the war-worn horse that seemed to reach out a hand and brush the cobwebs from the dusky corners of memory. He suddenly realized of what that calmly striding woman reminded him.

It was the Venus de Milo. He had been following the goddess of the Louvre turned into actual life. This woman moving so serenely through the soft afternoon light possessed the same divine and full-lined limbs, the same amplitude of bosom, the same calm fullness of lip and promise of strength. An aura of marmoreal peace seemed to surround her. She appeared as impersonal, as detached from reality, as that statue in the curtained and dusky rotunda to which he had so often, as a student, crept for an hour of wistful contemplation.

Daubby could have caught up with her and fallen down and clasped her queenly knees. But that, he knew, would only get him into trouble. A park policeman would arrest him and a presiding magistrate would never understand that it was meant as a—well, as a sort of reverent and quite respectable tribute to Art. So Daubby merely shadowed her. He merely dogged her steps, in a daze, bewildered by her bodily magnificence, her seemingly conscious power of bearing vast burdens.

"You've Been Meeting My Husband Here Every Day for a Week"

Then suddenly, as he followed her, he made a newer discovery. He found that he was not the only person engaged in that particular pursuit. Between him and his quarry he beheld a middle-aged man, an overdressed, wax-mustached, protuberant-eyed individual with a gardenia in his buttonhole and a predacious insolence about his carriage. And it was plain to Daubby that the beast was actually annoying the woman. The beast, in fact, was spasmodically quickening and retarding his steps, fluttering about her like a pouter-pigeon about an immobile caryatid. The sheer thought of it made Daubby's blood boil.

When he looked again he saw that the man with the gardenia had swung in closer beside her and was actually speaking to her. Daubby could see the momentary trouble in the serene eyes as they stared down at the man. He beheld the tranquillity of the rich mouth that was neither stern nor smiling. He noticed the mild, impersonal frown that for a second furrowed the forehead as smooth and white as a statue's. Daubby saw that the intruder was still trying to speak to her. Then a sudden wave of fire swept through Daubby's gaunt young body, and he started forward with all the rage of the Berserkers in his blood.

Even as he did so the Venus with the violets stopped in mild wonder and gazed still again at her tormentor.

"Look here, little one," she said in her soft and full-throated contralto, "d'you want your nose tweaked—and tweaked hard?"

But Daubby neither heard nor hesitated. The call of the feudal knight had enguged his soul; the propulsion of the crusader was beneath his flowing artist's tie and his twitching nerves. He flung himself in between the mild-eyed Venus and the perfumed tormentor of unprotected beauty.

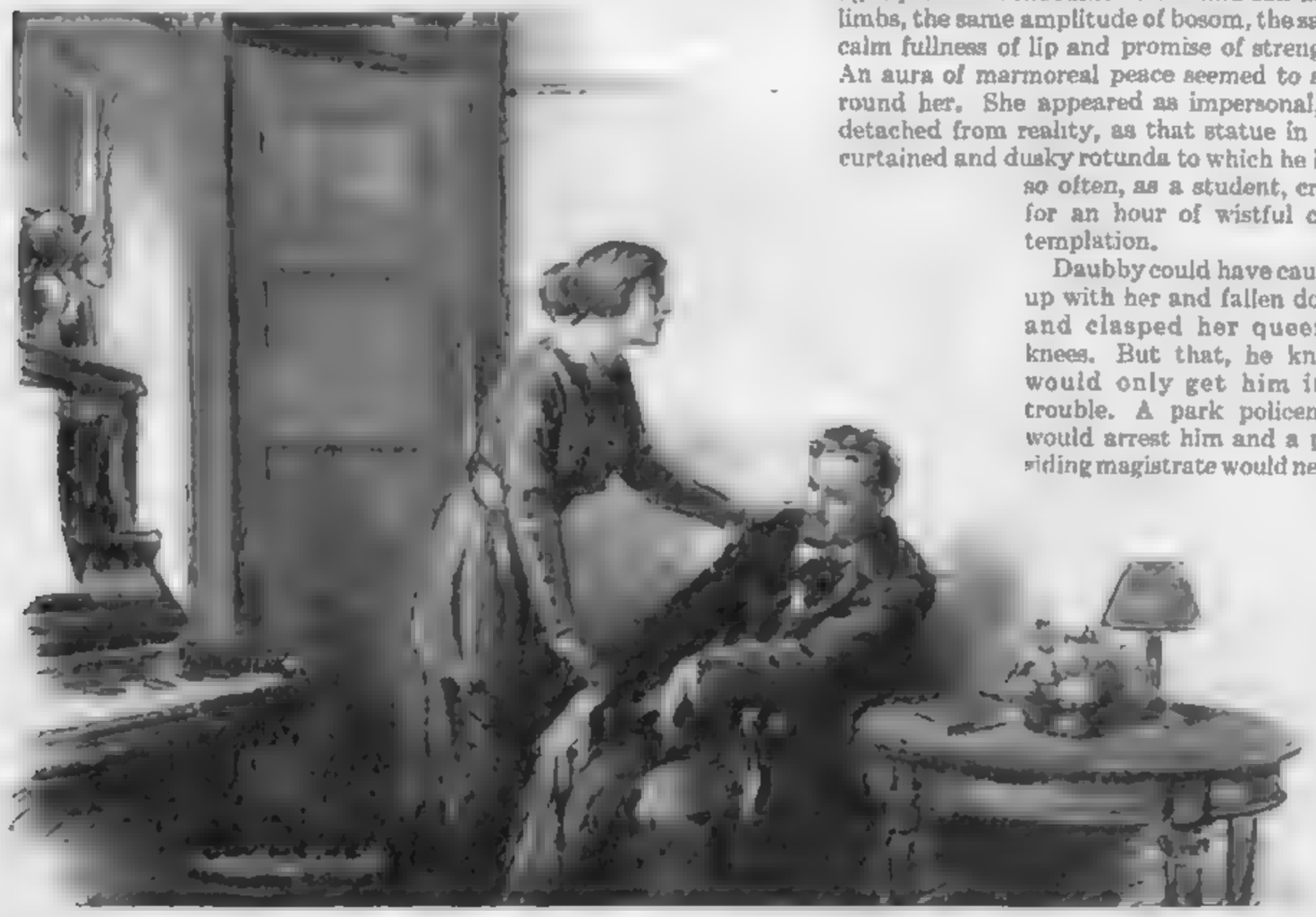
"Did you dare to speak to this woman?" he demanded of the waxed mustache above the gardenia.

The protuberant eyes above the waxed mustache regarded the newcomer with utter and unequivocal disgust.

"Who are you?" he promptly inquired.

"Did you dare to speak to this woman?" repeated Daubby. And as he spoke he clutched the coat lapel whereon reposed the gardenia.

The owner of the gardenia twisted sharply and indignantly about to shake off that clutch. As he did so Daubby swung out with his right. It was a smashing blow. But the gentleman toward whom it was directed naturally enough saw it coming and, naturally enough, ducked and saved from demolition the nose that had already been threatened with a tweaking. He seemed, in fact, on the point of returning the blow with interest, having sized Daubby up as a studio-rat with the stamina of a schoolgirl, but the appearance of a mounted "Canary," cantering up the drive, caused him suddenly to change his mind. He straightened his hat, swung quickly about and walked away, rounding the first turn and disappearing behind a clump of syringa bushes.



"You Can Go Back Where You Belong, and I'll Go Back Where I Belong!"

It was then and then only that Daubby was fully conscious of a gloved hand caressing his right arm and a slow and soft-noted contralto voice murmuring in his indignant ear: "Don't hurt him! Please don't hurt him!"

Daubby turned and met the quiet gaze of the deep cerulean eyes. Then he straightened his tie, readjusted his Boule Mich' felt hat, and ventured one glowering look back toward the quite unimpressed syringa bushes. Before he was altogether aware of the fact, he and the Venus with the violets were walking on again, side by side, deeper into the vernal quietness of the Park.

"The brute!" cried Daubby, still short of breath and stippled with surface tingles.

"Wouldn't it jar you, the number o' mashers that float around this town?" murmured the rich contralto at his side. He scarcely heard what she said. He was merely thinking it was the loveliest cream-and-velvet voice he had ever heard come out of a human throat.

"The beast!" repeated Daubby. They were up as far as the Mall by this time, at the edge of the sheep pasture. He could see the afternoon sun on the thick gold of her heavily coiled hair. She made him think of Brunhild. She seemed like a Norse goddess pacing the sunlit ramparts of some world of legend.

"I'm glad you didn't soak that watery-eyed old thing!" she quietly announced.

"Why?" he asked. It seemed like a dream, to have her there at his side, speaking without restraint, enduring his more intimate silences without self-consciousness.

"Those Flossies never fuss me up any more," she announced. She spoke in a tone of tranquilized resignation. "I guess I'm getting used to them!"

"But to think of a man you don't know daring to speak to you!" expostulated Daubby. "To think of a stranger trying ——"

The wind went out of his sails. He had suddenly remembered that he himself had after a fashion followed her along the upper blocks of the avenue, and that he himself had not been overformal in his initial manner of address.

"I guess I'm not refined to acknowledge it," she went on again in her slow and full-throated tones, "but in this town I'm almost glad to get insulted now and then!"

"Why?" asked Daubby, wondering if Valhalla were indeed the home of humility.

The goddess from the other world gave an audible sigh.

"Because this is sure Lonesome Town to me!" she acknowledged.

Daubby's volatile spirit clouded at the touch of wistfulness in her voice. An hour ago and he would have proclaimed it an overcrowded town, an over-taxing and over-fevered town, a town where man could neither commune with his own soul nor keep true to his own ideals.

"Yes, it's a lonely hole," he lugubriously confessed. She turned and studied him with her calm and candid eyes.

"You live here, I suppose?" she inquired.

Daubby shook his dolorous head from side to side.

"No," he admitted, "it's almost a strange place to me now. It's no longer home after so many years abroad!"

She smiled with slow triumph.

"I thought there was something Frenchy about that get-up of yours!" And again she sighed. "I've been over there myself—Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest! I've been in all those places; but I never liked them. It was too lonesome. It was worse than New York is now!"

Daubby walked on in silent perplexity. Something about her was puzzling him. In her calm eyes seemed all the wisdom of the ages; yet when she spoke she seemed as simple as a child—and a child of the people. In her carriage was the hauteur of the gods, yet in her voice there was none. She could be as direct with him, apparently, as one schoolboy with another. But he felt the presence of vast profundities, the shadow of many reservations, the austerity of a soul unwilling to divulge its deeper secrets.

"Then you don't live in New York either?" he finally ventured, hungering to know more about her, yet dreading to affront her with his unseemly curiosity.

"No," she admitted after a moment of silence.

"I wish you did!" was his fervent cry. He waited, breathless, to see if she would resent that advance.

"Why?" she asked him with directness.

"Because you're ——" He hesitated. Then the truth came out, came out with a gulp, with the abandoned ardor of the artist that he was. "Because you're so beautiful!"

She strode on for a moment without speaking. But the milky skin under the heavily coiled hair deepened into a delicate shell-pink. That change of color made her look suddenly young. It gave her a touch of girlishness strangely at variance with her amplitude of form.

"Oh, cut out the con," she implored in her soft contralto. The words were commonplace enough; it was only the voice, the deep and golden voice, that seemed to give them distinction, to translate them out of the everyday vernacular which, oddly enough, had once seemed wholly abhorrent to the esthetic Daubby.

"But you are beautiful," he persisted. "You made a sort of ache sweep through me the first time I saw you. From that first moment I knew ——"

"When'd you first see me?" she interrupted.

Daubby hesitated. He had quite forgotten how thin was the ice on which he was so raptly skating.

"I saw you in the Park here when that beast tried to speak to you," he equivocated. Her sigh of relief did not escape him. It must have been joy in the discovery, he felt, that he had not been following her, and his stubborn sense of honesty almost compelled him to confess everything.

"Who's the Greek Guy?" She Carelessly Asked

But dissimulation won the day: there was, he knew, too much at stake for him to take any chances with her.

They were in the Ramble by this time, wandering on along the narrow winding paths. Above them, in the thick-budded trees, birds were chirping and fluting and going blithely about the solemn business of homemaking. Above the softening treetops again arched a beseeching sky of Aprilian blue. Daubby knew only one blue more provocative, more capable of awakening the imaginative latencies of his disquieted soul. And that was the blue of the eyes into which he found himself gazing.

"You see, I'm an artist," he began, feeling the desperate need of extenuating his abrupt intrusion into her life.

"What line?" she asked. And her eyes became more studious as she noticed his hesitation.

"Why, just an artist," he tried to explain.

"You mean you paint things?" she said with sudden enlightenment.

"I try to," he confessed.

He was perplexed by the look of trouble that settled on her face. She walked on in silence, as though disturbed at the new knowledge of his calling.

"It's fine to have something to keep you busy," she finally said with a sigh.

"Haven't you?" he asked.

She shook her head from side to side.

"That's why I come to the Park every day."

"Every day?" he inquired. She nodded her head in affirmation. He found courage enough to ask: "I wonder if I'll ever see you again?"

"Would you like to?" she inquired after one calm and not antagonistic look of appraisal.

"Very much," he replied, keeping his eagerness in leash only by an effort.

"Then what's to stop us?" she asked with her ingenuous and boylike directness.

"Yes, what's to stop us?" echoed Daubby. He knew of nothing, he inwardly contended. No, there was nothing, he reassured himself, at least nothing except the fact that Miss Roselle Marriet was still on earth. Roselle was the swarthy-skinned and ardent-eyed artist's model who of late had been causing Daubby certain vague apprehensions. She had done more than pose for a few of his magazine covers and calendar heads. She had adroitly extended her activities to the overhauling of Daubby's meager wardrobe, to the concoction of a luncheon or two when the posing hour was past. Daubby had been conscious of certain vague tentacles weaving themselves about him with the beginning of those ingratiating attentions. They had seemed so vague, in fact, that to throw them off would have been like fighting a cobweb. Yet the shadow of Roselle fell across that sunlit April afternoon. It lay like a tiny cloud on the perfect arch of his happiness.

"But I don't even know your name," the Norse goddess at his side was saying in her golden contralto.

"And I don't know yours," lamented Daubby. He caught the echo of her slow gurgle of laughter.

"It's Claire," she said.

"Claire!" he repeated. "Claire! That's the loveliest name in all the world."

"Is it?"

"Shelley once said it was."

"Who's Shelley?"

"Shelley was a poet," explained Daubby, looking at the ground. Then he turned to her hesitatingly. "But, you see, I—I couldn't call you that—not yet!"

His scruples seemed to puzzle her.

"Would you like Mlle. Trudaine better?" asked she at last. And it was Daubby's turn to look puzzled.

"Are you French?" he demanded.

"French?" she echoed. "I should say not! My mother was Dublin Irish, and my father was a Donegal man. His name was McCool. But I tried to learn French when I was over there in Paris. I'd give an arm to be able to speak that language o' theirs!"

The lovely wistfulness of her voice sent a tingle through Daubby's responsive body.

"Why couldn't I teach you?" he cried. Again he caught the echo of her sigh.

"I guess French wouldn't do me much good, rusticating up on a grape farm," she lamented.

"Whose grape farm?" he audaciously asked. His quick imagination was already picturing her as Ceres, as the goddess of harvests wandering about vine-clad hills. She was no longer Venus, but Ceres.

"I've got forty acres of Catawbas and Concords up in the Niagara district," she announced. "I have to be up there pretty soon."

"Why?" asked Daubby.

"Oh, I'm building a cobblestone bungalow on the lake front up there! That won't give me much time for French this summer, I guess!" She swung about in the Ramble and started southward again. Daubby followed in silence at her side. "You haven't told me yet what your name is," she reminded him.

"My name's Michael d'Auvergne Regan. But what difference does that make now? I shan't be able to see you!"

"I'll be here all April," exclaimed Mlle. Trudaine. "And you come to the Park, don't you?"

"Every day," promptly announced Daubby. Then he hesitated, weighed down by his burden of bewilderment. "Won't—won't you tell me a little about yourself?"

He was conscious of the veiled look that came into the habitually candid and uncompromising eyes. She was striding on now, more hurriedly than before.

"You tell me about yourself," she evaded.

"There's so little to tell," he protested. But before he quite realized it he was delving into his past, recounting how he nearly starved in Paris, how he failed to get a footing in London, how even in New York he had to do so many potboilers, and how hard is the path of the unrecognized painter. He told her how he wanted to get away from the city, and even ventured into a confession of the canvases he intended to work out and the career that he some day knew would be his.

Her face, as she listened, became clouded with a vague trouble. "You must know so much!" she mourned.

"I only want to know you!" he replied. Then he found the courage to add: "So tell me about yourself."

She stopped at the Park entrance and gazed meditatively up at one of the palatial hotels.

"I lived there at first," she said, nodding her head toward the huge hostelry; "but it was too lonesome. I just had to beat it!"

"You should never be lonesome!" he declared. But she ignored that declaration as they started on again, down the shimmering cañon of Fifth Avenue, golden with the dust of the early April twilight.

"Do you know, I like you!" she said in a tone of sudden conviction. And it was Daubby's turn to become shell-pink about the ears.

"I adore you!" cried back that reckless and rapturous man. Never had Fifth Avenue seemed more like a road leading into fairyland, and never had April light cast a softer tone across mere brick and steel and cement.

"Honestly?" she was asking him.

"You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw in all my life," he solemnly avowed.

"Please don't con!" she wistfully implored.

He winced at the word, but one glimpse of the Venus Anadyomene's face made him forget it.

"I mean it!" he passionately protested.

"You're a nice boy!" she sighed.

"I'm older than you are!" he contended.

"How old?" she asked.

"I'm nearly twenty-eight."

She regarded him with her solemn smile.

"Well," she contended, "I'm bigger!"

And his heart went down, like an express elevator, at the sudden discovery that she did indeed overtop him by at least two inches. There was, to him, something humiliating in that discovery. It wounded his sensitive masculine soul to think of himself as being the weaker vessel.

"Didn't you say this was your corner?" she was asking, for they had come to Fifty-Fourth Street.

"You don't want me to go any farther?" he dolorously inquired, quick to catch the valedictory tone in her question. Yet the very mysteriousness of it all appealed to some latent dramatic instinct in him.

"I'll look for you in the Mall at four tomorrow," she said as she held out her white-gloved hand to him. He stood staring into the serene cerulean eyes, scarcely conscious of her handclasp.

He stood staring after her as she strode on down the avenue. Then he turned westward along the twilit side-street, treading the pavement as detached as a sleepwalker, with the million-noted music of the evening city in his ears and the inarticulate fever of spring in his heart. And back in his studio that night he tried to draw her head from memory. In these rapt efforts he wasted much paper and charcoal. But over the last profile, at midnight, he only shook his own sadly dissatisfied head.

It was Roselle Marriet, coming in the next morning to pose for one of the slink-limbed fashion-plates, who studied the charcoal sketch. She did so with narrowing eyes and a slightly disdainful lip.

"Who's the Greek guy?" she carelessly asked as she shook out her borrowed skirt of crêpe-de-chine and assumed that pose of studied artlessness known to the fashion editor as "the ingénue slump." But Daubby, as he set to work, remained silent on the subject.

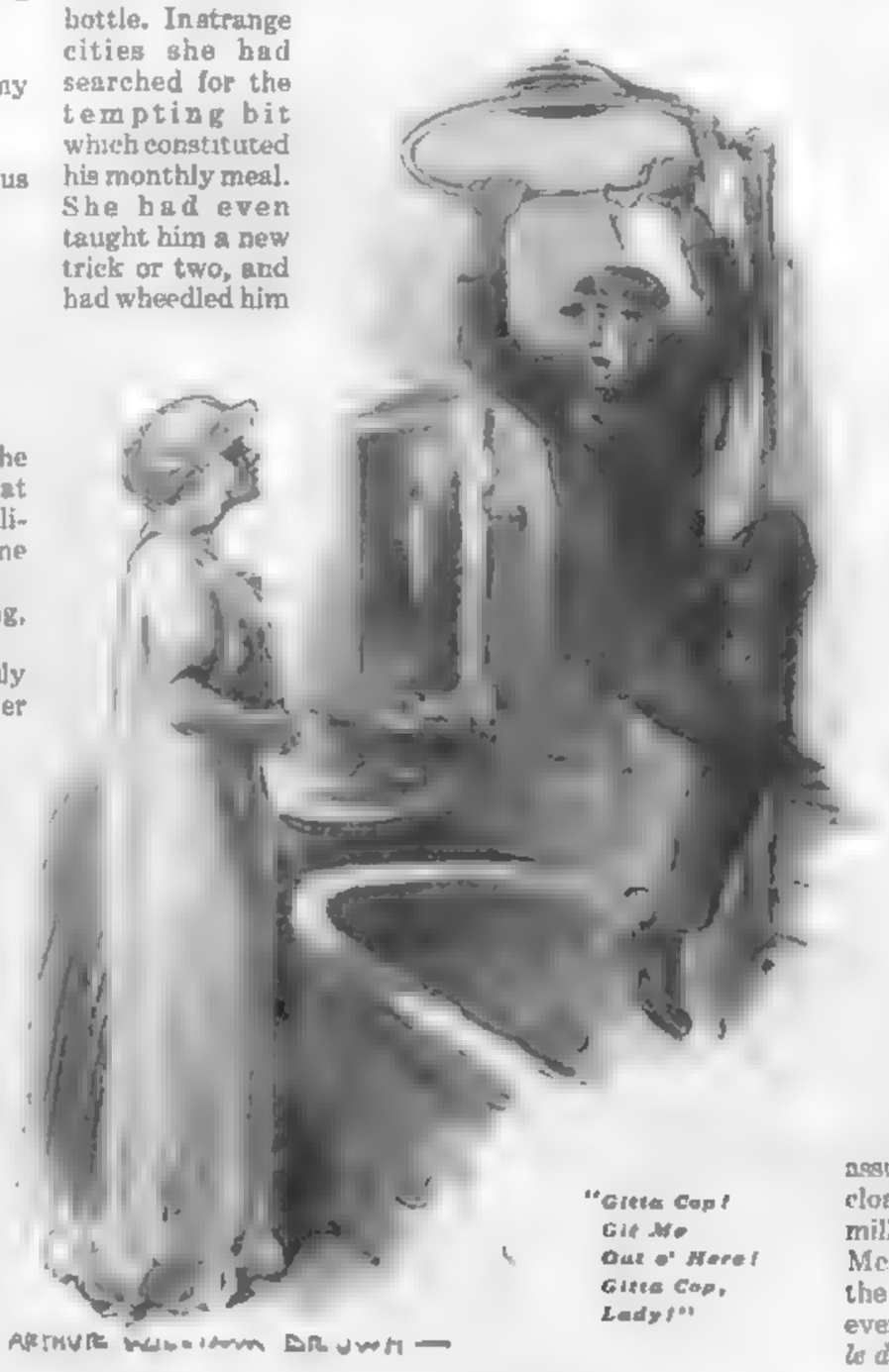
When Venus Anadyomene, otherwise known as Mlle. Claire Trudaine McCool, left Daubby at the corner of Fifty-Fourth Street, she continued on her way down the avenue until she came to Forty-Sixth Street. There she turned westward and entered an apartment hotel, calmly receiving her key from an obsequious desk clerk and as calmly stepping into the elevator which awaited her. But she sighed audibly as she unlocked her door and stepped into the three-roomed suite beyond the walls of which a vaudeville team could be heard rehearsing a new Tango Rag. For the first time, oddly enough, the rooms seemed cramped and tawdry to her. She sighed again as she unpinned her hat and pulled off her gloves. Then, taking out a ring of keys, she crossed the room to a large wicker hamper bound with heavy sole-leather. She unlocked the padlock that held the lid of this hamper shut and tapped on one corner of it with her fingertips. Then she sat down in front of the piano, staring with abstracted and unseeing eyes at the hamper top.

As she sat there in that half-idle and expectant attitude the lid of the hamper lifted a little, and in the narrow opening appeared a flat and arrow-shaped head in which were set two small and lidless eyes as bright as rubies.

This head advanced itself slowly through the aperture. Then up over the edge of the hamper flowed, with a small metallic rustling not unlike the swish of silk, a mottled brown body as round as an elephant's trunk. Along the undulatory back ran a series of darker quadrangular spots separated from the small spots along the flanks by a pair of light-colored lateral lines. And as that sinuous and unhurrying body slid over the edge of the basket it seemed to be an endless one, three times the length of the woman who sat staring at it with such abstracted eyes. As it vermiculated slowly in under the shadow of the piano it fell into lines as graceful as the lines of a languid ground-swell. There was no sound now as it moved, for the friction of its scalelike armature was deadened by the floor rug. Yet it continued to flow like a huge twining shadow about the shadowy room, until the woman called out sharply: "Chang!" and rapped on the piano top with a hatpin which she still held in her hand.

Slowly the undulating shadow advanced toward her feet. "He'll hate you, Chang!" she said with sudden conviction. Men always had hated Chang, she remembered. Life, for that misunderstood animal, was one organized array of hostility. She was Chang's only friend.

For over two years now she had fed him and protected him. In chilly hotels she had made him comfortable with her own hot-water bottle. In strange cities she had searched for the tempting bit which constituted his monthly meal. She had even taught him a new trick or two, and had wheedled him out of his fits of ill-temper after rough usage at the hands of expressmen serenely unconscious of the nature of the package they were so energetically embracing.



"Gitta Cop! Git Me Out o' Here! Gitta Cop, Lady!"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN —

Chang, in turn, had done his share in the protecting of Mlle. Claire Trudaine. For two years, in Cooney's Mammoth Circus, he had draped himself about that Junoesque form and had gone patiently through his tricks, and had been duly gasped at by both the bucolic American audience and the sophisticated European citizen.

And when Mlle. Trudaine's only brother had died and left her nearly thirty thousand dollars' worth of Seattle suburban property, to say nothing of an abandoned grape farm in the East, she had purchased Chang from a disintegrating Cooney management and returned to America intent on securing a speaking acquaintance with the finer issues of life.

But even in the pursuit of these finer issues there had been unlooked-for difficulties. The rotund German music-master, who three times a week came to teach Mlle. Trudaine the art of piano playing, made vigorous amatory advances which she was at a loss to repel. She solved the problem by leaving Chang under the piano. When, at the beginning of the lesson, that rotund German deliberately let his hand rest on the Venus Anadyomene's shoulder, she merely tapped quickly on one of the keys. At the first sound of that vibration Chang writhed noiselessly up between the wall and the piano back, surmounted the instrument as noiselessly as a shadow might, and thrust a nose darting forked lightning close to the nose of the startled musician.

That musician, in fact, had fled from the room and the neighborhood, with his teeth chattering and without so much as waiting for his hat.

There had also been a decrepit old millionaire, who had spotted the Venus Anadyomene on the avenue and had followed the indignant Mlle. Trudaine to her apartment. His passionate offers were cut short by the timely advent of Chang, who sent that millionaire gibbering and squeaking to his limousine.

There had been other pursuers, as every lovely woman alone in a great city knows there must be, but in each case Chang had been the *deus ex machina*. There had even been a burglar, who had tiptoed in from the fire-escape and swung a flashlight about Mlle. Trudaine's sitting room in search for her jewels—for Mlle. Trudaine, like the rest of her profession, had once firmly believed that money invested in diamonds was better than money in a mere bank. This burglar was busy prying open certain writing-desk drawers when the owner of the apartment sufficiently recovered her presence of mind to release Chang from his hamper. That burglarious intruder was reaching in for what seemed the frugal savings of a winter's work, when he heard a slight rustling sound at his feet. Toward this sound he promptly directed his flashlight. His initial giggle of pure hysteria turned into a sudden throaty groan of terror. Then he began to clamber madly over furniture. He even made frenzied and futile efforts to scale the walls. When the owner of the apartment switched on the electric light she found the burglar, with wide-staring eyes, hanging to the ring of the shower appliance in her bathroom.

"For th' love o' Gawd, lady," he tremulously implored her, "gitta cop! Git me out o' here! Gitta cop, lady, t' help me away somewhere!"

So Mlle. Trudaine had her reasons for being loyal to Chang, though she had long since learned not to expect an echo of this affection from her friends. There was Yvonne MacNulty, for instance, from whom for months she had so carefully guarded the secret of Chang's existence. Week after week the garrulous Yvonne had sat eying that strange-looking hamper bound with sole-leather. Yet one afternoon when Mlle. Trudaine was in her bedroom, trying on a new importation straight from Paris, and the padlock was not on the hamper, Yvonne had crept stealthily over and quietly lifted the lid. Chang had lifted his head at the same moment that Yvonne had lifted that lid, with the result that a transfixed young lady found herself staring into the face of an eighteen-foot South American boa-constrictor, coiled up like a bolt of metal-spangled brown velvet.

Yvonne had gurgled a little as she went over, and Mlle. Trudaine had poured much ice water on a new crêpe-meteor gown and incidentally on Yvonne, before the latter came out of her faint.

From that day forward Yvonne's fixed aversion for Chang preyed on his owner's mind. For Yvonne, more than any one else in the world, had been helping Mlle. Trudaine toward the higher and better things in life. These things, it is true, invariably assumed the form of apparel, for Yvonne had risen from cloak-model to assistant designer in a Fifth Avenue millinery establishment, and in the figure of Mlle. Claire McCool she found something as evocative of effort as is the purest of new-quarried marble to the sculptor. And even as a cloak-model, Yvonne's word had invariably been *le dernier cri* in the world of fashion.

"I c'd make yuh a queen, wit' that figger o' yours!" Yvonne had declared, turning her Venus Anadyomene friend about as though she were a manikin. "Yuh jus' wait an' see! I'll make yuh wake that swell bunch up! An' yuh've got the skin too! An' I must say your voice is reefined! Now wit' me it's dif'rent—I'll always have to talk like a mutt! An' when I breeze into a swell joint wit' a buyer who's blowing hisself I jus' have to go dumb! Say, goil, if yuh could git some highbrow to hand yuh over a bunch o' heavy readin', to pack your bean up wit' idears, high-toned idears, yuh'd have them upper East-Siders lashed to the spinnaker-string!"

So Yvonne proceeded to equip the docile Mlle. Trudaine, not only securing raiment at trade discount but also carrying to her friend the latest cry in what she denominated "Fift' Avenoo form."

"Yuh gotta can all them stones, dearie," was Yvonne's inexorable dictum as she knelt before Mlle. Trudaine, fitting the latter into a gown of white velvet and unspotted ermine. She continued to talk as she pinned and patted and tugged and inspected and drew back to admire. "Yuh gotta work on what your lines happen to be. An' yuh sure are classic. That means yuh've gotta git simple. Strip down on the jools! Cut out them red-plush chest pertectors! An' them earrin's is all right for the three-a-day secund-raters, dearie,

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The Business Side of the Church

The Country Church—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE country church is not merely part of the general church problem; it comes very near being the biggest part of it as well as a separate problem in itself. For about three churches out of every four in the United States are in communities of twenty-five hundred people or less, and therefore are classed as country churches. And the country church is facing difficulties distinctly its own. Men successful in putting a city church on its feet have tried to apply the same methods to some little meeting-house in a farming district, only to meet with failure.

From country churches come the same familiar complaints of decreased membership, dwindling attendance, slackening organization, indifference, debt. Young people no longer go to church, it is said, but prefer dancing, cards and moving pictures. The church roof leaks. The parsonage is falling to pieces. As for the country parson, a most ordinary statement of his wrongs reads like a list of grievances in a labor dispute. His salary will not support his family. He cannot collect half of what is due him. He has to preach in two or three churches to piece out a living. He is worried by debt and the future.

It is said that when tangles of this sort definitely come before the public as a problem, they are already in a fair way to be straightened out. This is true in the case of the country church. It has reached a pretty low level of adversity; but at the same time the people interested in building up the country church now understand fairly well what is the matter with it and what must be done to bring about better conditions. Here and there they are applying new methods successfully. From now on the story of the country church is likely to be one of steady progress back uphill, with the prospect that it will ultimately reach higher levels of usefulness and prosperity than were known in the past. The country church has not been alone in its course downhill. Its present troubles are those of the countryside generally, the result of changing conditions of country life.

Parish, Pulpit and Preacher

FARM machinery has made less work in the country, and therefore has sent young people to the towns and cities. Speculation in farmland has often turned the farmer into a promoter and a wanderer, and the rising cost of farmland, due largely to speculation, has brought more tenant farmers into the neighborhood. All over the countryside people are restless and seem to have less solid interest in the communities where they live than was formerly the case. The trolley and automobile make it easier for country people to get to the towns where amusements are more attractive. More attractive amusements have been brought into the country. Finally, the economic basis of farming has proved to be an obstacle to church development. For despite the rosy pictures of farm profits, drawn for newspaper readers in cities, the farmer's actual margin is usually very slender, and subject to far more elements of chance than the profits of the merchant or manufacturer, or even of the man who is on salary or wages. Allow for the fact that there are probably two or three churches of different denominations in a rural community that could be better served by one, and then the difficulties facing the man who undertakes to put new energy into a country church are obvious.

He Is Charged With Driving the Congregation Out of Church

Yet they are not so great as might be imagined. Just as soon as one of those churches begins giving real value it is fairly certain to win support. Suppose a country church of this kind were taken in hand by a man with experience in business management. His first step would probably be to look over the neighborhood and see what sort of people lived there and what they were doing, just as the

A Singing School Was Started

man building up a neglected city church begins with a house-to-house survey. And in the country, just as in the city, it would be found that the people who do not come to church are providing for themselves most of the things that a church ought to provide—even religion! For lodges and fraternal orders are usually strong in the country, and they meet spiritual needs for a good many people who find church a dull place.

Self-education is being provided through the Grange and similar organizations, the public school is a center of activities for the youngsters. People are making a social life, and devising amusements, and following the natural inclinations of civilized beings. He sees that the people in the community, instead of doing useless and unnecessary things, are busy along typical church lines, and that a broad, live church ought to do for them far better many of the things they are doing for themselves.

Taking stock of the church, he will probably discover that it has fallen out of touch with the neighborhood chiefly because the members in charge do not know what to do. Perhaps the trustees are elderly men, who hold the idea that the church is a place to open up for worship on Sunday and keep closed the rest of the week. Perhaps debt has led to decay, discouragement, desertion. Sometimes a local rich man dominates the church for advancing his own personal glory. Whatever the difficulty, however, it is never due to anything but lack of skillful, sympathetic business management.

Until recently the usual way of going to work to build up a neglected church was to look round for a new parson. Much criticism has been leveled at the country parson by people who have not lately shaken hands with him. He is charged with driving the congregation out of church by pulpit-pounding, hell-fire preaching and dogmatism generally. He is pictured either as a broken-down old gentleman who has been discarded by the city churches, or as a callow youngster fresh from the theological seminary, trying his 'prentice hand on a country congregation and using it merely as a stepping-stone to a snug city pulpit.

But styles in parsons have changed lately. The long-distance critic of church affairs remembers the country minister of his boyhood, a solemn servant of the Lord, with his black clothes, white choker tie and deep tremolo voice, who acted as if every place were church and every day Sunday. That style of parson has been widely retired, even in the country, and if the critic will take the trouble to get acquainted with some of the present-day parsons he will find that they are a thoroughly capable lot of men, tolerant, human and anxious to be in touch with the every-day interests of every-day people.

The real country parson nowadays is often a young man who likes to live in the country and does not aspire to a city charge at all. Perhaps he was a country boy to start with, or else the longing for country life came to him in the city, as it is coming to so many townpeople. Very likely he put himself through college by his own industry and was active in sports and fraternities there, and developed a strong practical interest in sociology and social work. This kind of country parson keeps track of developments in farming, mixes a little in politics on the progressive side, works to advance any good scheme for neighborhood improvement and, if local issues are coming up in the state legislature, will probably board a train, go to the capital, and give the neighbors the benefit of his ability as a speaker before the committee. Such parsons are becoming more and more common in country districts, and whatever may be the matter with the country church it is clearly not the fault of these men.

In a certain New England village lived a young farmer. He had a fine farm, a college education and a happy home, except for one element of discord. He was a dipsomaniac. For several generations his forefathers steeped themselves in New England religion and New England rum, and the rum "took," as the neighbors put it. From time to time that young man had a fearful fight with himself.

One night the village minister came home after a week's absence. His wife met him and reported that this young fellow had been drinking three days. For two years he had not touched alcohol. The minister is a young fellow, too, of the new school. He went to the farmer's house at once. The latter opened the door, half drunk and defiant.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled. "If you've come to pray with me, get out. I don't want any praying or preaching."

"Get a pencil and some paper," said the parson; "I want you to do some figuring. Put down 365 and multiply by 2. How much does that make—730, isn't it? Well, that's your good average—the number of days you've kept straight. Now put down 730 and add 3 days. That makes 733, doesn't it? Seven hundred and thirty sober days against three! Man, I've come here to tell you that that's splendid! Why, not one man in a thousand could show such a record! I don't want to pray with you, but I do want to help you keep up your average."

The farmer turned over all the whisky he had on hand and the parson broke the bottles. He hasn't done anything to cut down his good average since, and it now tots up more than five years.

A Young Parson of the Right Sort

IN ANOTHER case word came from a little hill village that a man had gone down while swimming in a dangerous hole where a swift current was fed by icy springs. The village parson, a young chap, was on the scene at the heels of the village doctor, and when he heard that nobody had succeeded in getting the swimmer out by grappling, he stripped and went in for him—and he got him. The man was dead, but he got him nevertheless. There is considerable material of that sort in the country pulpit today, and there is more of it coming. The layman who sets out to build up a country church will hardly find that style of parson a hindrance.

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This Kind of Parson Keeps Track of Developments in Farming

"STICTUIT"—By Frederick S. Greene

THE wedding trip had come to an end It had been in every way unusual as such journeys go, lasting a full twelve months and covering the better part of the United States and Canada. In every city and village visited during those golden days it was the house which had first claimed attention; and after the house, running a close second, came old mahogany.

In looking back over the years since that happy journey's end, it seems prophetic that these two young people should have inspected so critically the Colonial cottages of New England, the French dwellings of New Orleans, the old mansions of Virginia, admiring simple lines, noting the goodness of proportion; even looking carefully into detail of trim and molding about quaint and often beautiful doorways. Neither was especially interested in architecture—in truth, they knew very little about even its primary laws; and at that time their utmost ambition was to rent a four-room, possibly a five-room, flat somewhere in the Big Town. But so it went—from place to place, the exterior of the house and sometimes its more interesting interior; and always the house was paramount in interest.

It would surely seem that two young people, who had just one hundred and fifty dollars a month, would be thoroughly contented with an apartment in the city of New York near Riverside Drive, from the front windows of which a clear view of the river could be had! And when I add that this apartment contained four rooms and one "almost-room," and the neatest of tiled baths, you will see how well this pair had done for themselves.

The mania for table d'hôtites—which so invariably attacks all young couples coming to New York, passed them by unscathed. The Engineer had seen it all before he had met the girl with the gray eyes; and as for her, she was far too sensible to think even for a moment that a sixty-cent dinner, with wine, eaten in a rather dirty room, surrounded by real foreigners who occupied themselves during daylight hours in department stores, was either dipping into Bohemia or seeing real life.

So, for the most part, they dined sanely at home and lived the usual bromidic lives of the other cave-dwellers who inhabit New York apartments, and were very, very happy.

And yet, by the end of the first year, the imposing entrance to that apartment house, with its near-marble columns, had lost some of its glamour, and a vague spirit of unrest possessed the soul of the Engineer.

He did not assent at all gracefully to the rise in rent demanded by the landlord when their first twelve months as tenants had expired. In the early spring of their second year the former satisfied feeling regarding that apartment had all but departed, being tumbled about and partly buried by the billows of a longing for the country—that longing which must come to every normal human when Nature begins to stir in April.

Gambling to Buy a Home

THE climax was reached when some friends in Westchester asked the cliff-dwellers to spend the week-end in the country. It might not have come to the breaking point from this particular visit alone, for these friends lived in one of the fashionable suburbs; but on Sunday a trip across the Sound was proposed to mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Goodheart, who had a farm at Pebble Point, Long Island. Then ended forever all joy in apartment life! After the rolling hills of the North Shore, with stretches of rich green meadow land here and there, and wonderful trees growing down to the very water's edge, how mean and cheap and dowdy seemed the artificial entrance to their artificial home! How stale the air of that entrance! How much staler the air within the elevator shaft! Never before had so many variegated smells of noisy cooking ascended the light-shaft. All the world was out of tune; even the river-view palled, and its commercial aspects stood out in glaring prominence.

And so it came to pass that after their Sunday night supper the Engineer spoke:

"Why should we pass all our days here in an apartment, paying out money for rent when that same money might just as well be going toward owning our own home in the country?"

"It hardly seems possible!" replied Gray Eyes. "In the first place, we have no money with which to make a start toward actually owning a house; but of course we might rent a cottage in some suburb—if you think you could like that." In which seemingly innocent and entirely sensible remark she touched two tender, vitally important points.

The Real Stairway Was to Have a Small, Round Mahogany Rail With Spindling Banisters

"Neither of us, Gray Eyes, could stand a suburb. No; it must be the country or nothing, and our own home at that. We shall break away from this apartment game if it requires a surgical operation."

Thus was the first tender spot, the man's hatred of suburban life, disposed of. But the other was a harder and more serious obstacle. She had said: "We have no money with which to make a start." At the time of their wedding they owned an even round thousand dollars, which they called their don't-worry fund; and this rested comfortably in a savings bank, drawing the sure, slow four per cent.

In those days money was easy—one could not pick up a paper without reading of this or that prominent man who had just made a million or two in this or that stock. The Engineer was familiar with every form of gambling and, being an engineer, knew something of mathematics; and this combined knowledge had led to some figuring, which showed that, beyond any possibility of doubt, the percentage against the man who attempted to play stocks in Wall Street was stronger than that of any other game of chance. His careful figures had proved that roulette, even with the zero and double zero, was better; that faro was positively mild, and that betting on a horse-race was as gentle as a Sunday-school picnic compared with Wall Street.

So he had shaken his wise head and stayed out of the game—at least he had done as so many other lambs before him, stayed out until just the wrong moment, and then decided to take a little nibble at twelve shares of Republic Steel Preferred, fondly known on the Street as Big Rebecca. It was the old story, only more so. Rebecca advanced a few points—easy money. This stock he owned outright; so he placed it with his broker as margin on one hundred shares of Steel Common at forty-four. This was on a bright morning at about eleven by the clock. By the close of the market Steel Common sold for forty-one, and from this figure it dropped, with an occasional flutter of resistance, to about nine dollars a share. The Engineer would not take a loss, and through the kindness of a friend his stock was carried for him even through that depressing nine figure. But to this friend, on that night after their trip to the country, the Engineer owed something over three thousand dollars.

He heard, through the brown study into which thoughts of that borrowed three thousand had sunk him, the calm, sure tones of Gray Eyes: "Well, dear, if you really want a home in the country, I believe we shall have it sometime."

"And it shall be on Long Island; and it shall be on that particular point we visited today," said the Engineer.

"Don't you think, dear, that, as that point is three miles from the station and the walking is bad in winter, we had better get nearer the railroad?" said wise Gray Eyes.

Mark well the date and the presumption. It was in early April, in the year of our Lord 1901, that, with an income of a hundred and eighty-five dollars a month—note small rise in salary—a three-thousand-dollar debt, and all available assets inventoried as a few pieces of good mahogany and several old portraits, the Engineer announced that they should have a home of their own in the really-truly country, near the shores of Long Island Sound, within the twenty-mile radius of the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry. And as if that were not enough, he selected a particular point which for the most part was owned by people who, a certain vociferous lawyer of chameleon politics recently declared, "counted their millions by the score."

The next Sunday found the two enthusiastic home-seekers on a Long Island train, bound for the nearest station to their selected point. They had determined upon a practical investigation—to look carefully over the land; and above all else to see if those three miles could be accomplished either on foot or bicycle.

The road from the village station at that time ran through fields more or less under cultivation, outskirts of the fishing and oyster settlement nearest their point. The village proper was of the usual North Shore type, with here and there a quaint, old-fashioned cottage stared out of countenance by a more pretentious but less attractive residence.

To the right of the bay, and far, very far away it seemed to the seekers, lay the promised land, their point—the one spot in all this wide earth on which they had set their hearts upon building that home.

Bravely down the long, white, hot road they trudged, past several fine old houses of the Dutch Colonial type, before one of which at least ten precious minutes were lost in admiration of its splendid hand-carved doorway. Then on again, past a lovely millpond, with its old tidal mill crumbling into decay, its ancient millwheel forever still; a few steps farther another pond and another mill—this one in utter ruins, with but a stray wooden cogwheel lying here and there to show that this fallen heap of beams and boards had once been a mill.

Pebble Point and Its Problems

THE seekers had already tramped two miles and were beginning to feel the first signs of fatigue, with Pebble Point not yet in sight. Old mills and quaint doorways must not take up so much time if the promised land was to be reached and the return train caught.

Half a mile farther the road plunged into deep woods, which ended at the top of a high hill; here the road forked, and the seekers took the wrong turning. Half an hour later time forced them to retrace their steps, very disheartened by the long walk and the misadventure that had prevented a view of the point. Back at the station, this feeling had become double first cousin to discouragement. The point was too remote, the village too near, and the land high in price.

The return trip was made almost in silence. Neither sparkling wit nor good cheer was served with the dinner that evening. The Engineer thought deeply as his cigar burned down, and was on the point of saying to Gray Eyes that they had better at once admit their Pebble Point scheme impracticable and turn their energies in some other direction when, through the haze of smoke, he noticed her busy hands cutting apart several pasteboard boxes.

"What in the world are you doing, little girl?"

"I thought it would be interesting to make a paper model of our new home at Pebble Point," answered quiet Gray Eyes.

During the next few weeks the great home idea blew hot and blew cold. On the one hand, a careful look into the workings of that "little brother to the poor," the Building

and Loan Association, showed that if but the land could be paid for, and a clear title obtained, the money necessary to build a modest cottage could be had upon the easiest and fairest of terms.

The home-seekers had counted on borrowing twenty-four hundred dollars, hoping, by the grace of a rising market, to get a thousand or eleven hundred dollars with which to pay for the land. This they found would mean that twelve shares of stock in the Building and Loan Association must be taken. Their payments would then amount to twelve dollars a month for the shares, plus twelve dollars a month interest, making the total payment twenty-four dollars a month.

Of this, however, one-half would go each month toward paying for the house, leaving but twelve dollars to be rightly considered as rent. As they were now paying fifty dollars a month for their apartment, it began to look like downright sinful waste to stay there another week. And this idea took root in the hearts of those tired cliff-dwellers, and grew and grew.

On the other hand, where could they get the all-important thousand dollars with which to buy the land? It was just at this time that the market was at its worst—Little Steel was selling round ten dollars, and there was talk upon the Street of an assessment to tide over or stave off a complete collapse of the great Steel Trust.

Nor was this the sole discouraging feature. Though it was the nearest obstacle to overcome, beyond lay another, a regular double Irish ditch, over which the Engineer and Gray Eyes must put their mounts. Inquiry had shown that all the land upon their favorite point was held either in large tracts by those above-mentioned millionaires or as farms by the original owners. No one wished to dispose of a small parcel—ten to twenty acres was the very smallest; and that meant at the least cost ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars. And even if that sum were possible to raise they would have a piece of land on their hands so large that to keep it up, or even pay taxes on it, would be out of the question.

Home as a Hobby

RIGHT here is where the whole project should perhaps have been thrown over as visionary, impractical, utterly out of reason. And possibly this would have come to pass had not, on this day when all seemed darkest, an invitation arrived asking the home-seekers to spend a few days right at their very point. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Goodheart wished them to see that part of the country again, and offered other polite inducements, little knowing that since that first fatal visit to the point its wonderful advantages as a permanent home had been the one hobby of their expected guests. Nor did they suspect that these same guests had made two recent trips to discover the point from the land side, and had made a thousand inquiries regarding cost of land, building, taxrates, and Heaven-only-knows what other details.

The result of those few glorious spring days with the Goodhearts settled for all time the question. It was "Pike's Peak or Bust!" There must be no turning aside—it must be a home on the point or nothing. And the betting looked ten to one that it would be nothing.

In their now nearly despised flat, the first evening after that wonderful visit, the Engineer broke forth:

"Do you know, little girl, if there weren't a touch of pathos, or bathos, about this thing all our friends would laugh at us. Here we are in a really desperate financial situation; broke—worse than broke; head over heels in debt, picking out just the spot upon one of the most desirable points on the North Shore where nobody wants to sell an inch of land, and saying we shall own that land—build a house upon it; going over the island every Sunday we can spare to study Dutch Colonial architecture, I drawing plans and you making working models. Now own up, don't you think we had better read 'The Vicar of Wakefield' again?"

"My dear, if my people had welcomed you into the family with a brass band, do you think we would have been married quite so soon?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Engineer.

"Well, I do. We would have been married about one year later. I have noticed that opposition draws the best results from you. So, every time we find some new impassable barrier between us and our home I just say to myself, as Grizel said of Tommie, 'He will find a way.'"

After this nice long speech from Gray Eyes a little silence fell between them, but as somehow their hands had become all tangled up word quotations had taken a slump.

"But how the dickens," at last said the Engineer, "shall we ever get one of those stubborn people to sell us just one measly little acre of their old land anyway?"

"Get the thousand dollars to buy it with first, dear, and I have no doubt the acre will follow," said wise little Gray Eyes.

An Entering Wedge

AT THE homecoming of the Engineer the following evening, his latchkey went into the lock with a trifle more vigor than usual and the door went back with a bang.

"Say!" he roared out before the door was fairly closed. "I've found a way! It's really too easy; the whole thing seems a cinch to me, with only one 'if' in the entire shooting match. Come on, let me tell you all about my great scheme—for once, little girl, I've put it all over you on the think proposition."

"You must get a new pair of overshoes tomorrow, dear, if this rainy spell keeps up—those are beginning to split," said quiet Gray Eyes.

"Well, now, never you mind the overshoes. Listen to this: Last night you told me to get the thousand dollars before I began to worry about the land. Well, I'll see your bet and go you one better. I'll get the thousand and the land at the same time."

"That would be very nice, dear," said patient Gray Eyes.

"You see, it is just like this: There are three pieces of land—old farms they call them—on that point for sale. Now I am going to sell one of those pieces and take a little corner out of it as commission, and upon that corner we will build our house."

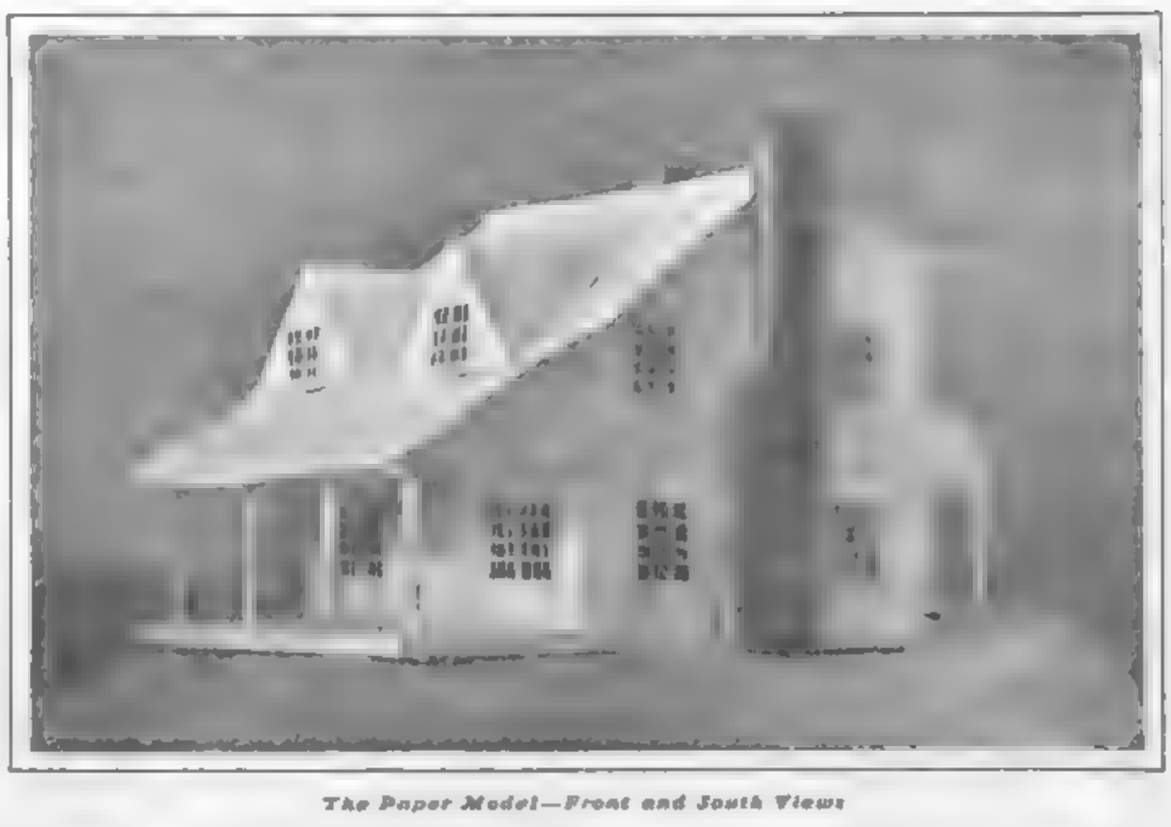
"Haven't those farms been in the hands of real estate agents for some time—men who give all their attention to that sort of thing?" replied Gray Eyes.

"Oh, that's all right—suppose they have! Those fellows haven't the same incentive that we have—they are only after the money that's in it; we're after a home! I'll just find somebody who wants land in the country and make him buy one of those pieces. When I once get a grip on him he'll have to buy in self-defense—to avoid a padded cell."

And the next day was the first of an entire year of days that held more false hopes, with their trailing disappointments, than ever the Engineer and his Gray Eyes had passed through before. Had either been a quitter, that year would have settled the home question for all time.

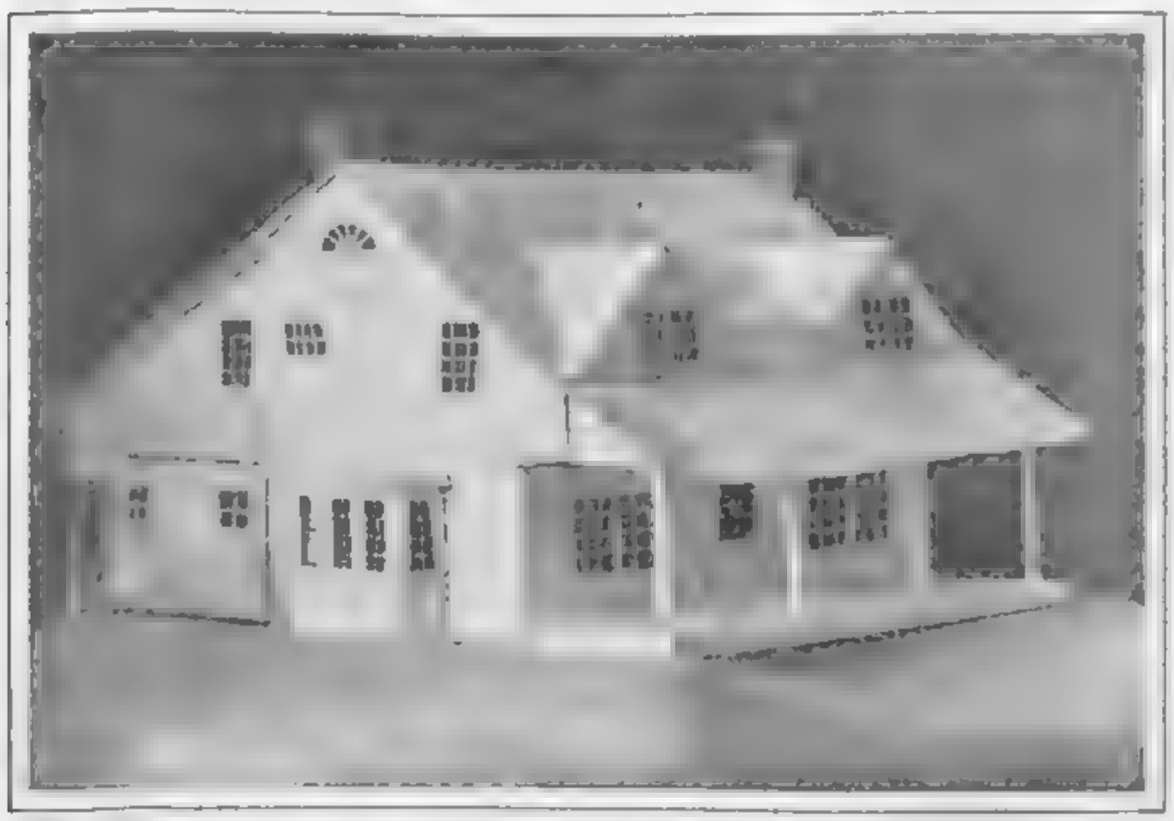
The first prospective purchaser to pass within range was a woman who possessed some fifty-five or sixty summers—and

(Continued on Page 60)



The Paper Model—Front and South Views

The House as It Looked When Completed

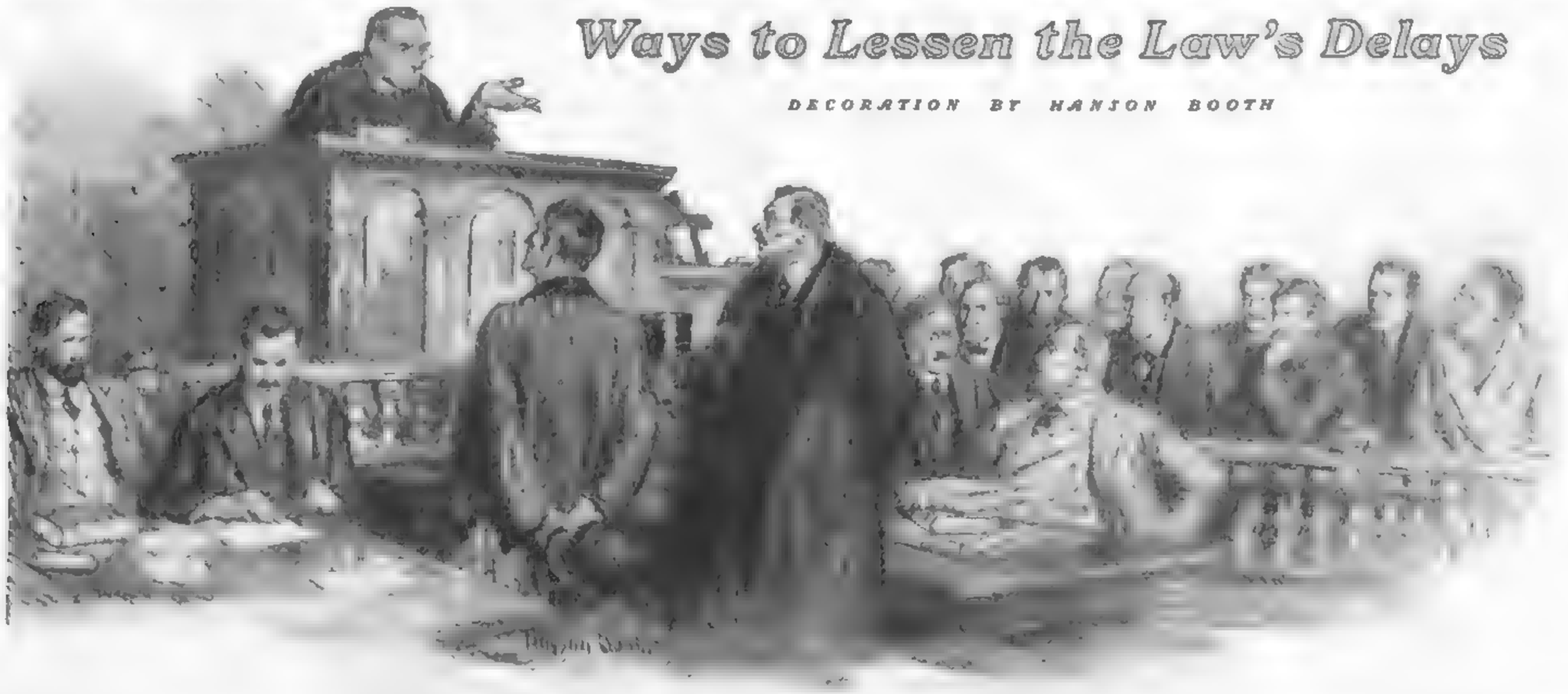


The Paper Model—Front and North Views

WHAT A JUDGE CAN DO

Ways to Lessen the Law's Delays

DECORATION BY HANSON BOOTH



IMAGINE a judge calling plaintiff and defendant before him and addressing them substantially as follows: "Gentlemen, the building in which you stand was erected by the people of this county at heavy cost for the administration of justice. To the same end and at large expense the people maintain a corps of officials, including myself, whom they pay anywhere from five to seventeen thousand dollars a year, a county clerk, a court clerk, sheriff, bailiff and stenographer.

"Administration of justice means the settlement of differences between members of the community, or between an individual and the community in its collective capacity, according to rules contained in a great number of books that were written, enacted, compiled and published at an enormous aggregate expense. The community maintains a considerable number of lawyers in more or less affluence because they are supposed to know the rules in these books. Because I am supposed to know the rules the people pay me my salary.

"A difference has arisen between you, and you have appealed to the method of administering justice—commonly known as the law—to which I have just referred; but I feel it my duty as an honest man to inform you that this official method of administering justice is pretty rotten, and to warn you against it.

"As citizens you have no doubt contributed handsomely to its support; but if you appeal to it, it will eat you up with costs, wear you out with delays; and in the end it is exceedingly uncertain whether either of you, on the net balance, will get anything at all; also it is uncertain whether the man who does get anything will be the one who should have had it, because the one who should have had it may be upset by a mere technicality anywhere along the way."

The Sporting Theory of Justice

"SO, GENTLEMEN, let us cast all this official method of administering justice out of our minds, forget that it ever existed, and as plain, sensible men see if we can't arrange a compromise between you by which both of you will get something and be spared all the ruinous expense, delay and uncertainty of a trial at law. Very possibly, as a matter of strict fact, one of you is entitled to all he claims; but he cannot possibly get it by appealing to law, because the expense will consume a great part of what he recovers. The very best service I can render you, as a judge of the law, is to advise you to forget there is any law and to compromise."

As a matter of course, Judge R. M. Wanamaker—who made himself famous in Ohio by inducing litigants in his court to compromise and who consequently was elected to the Supreme Bench last November—never used exactly that language; nor does any other trial judge who strives to induce litigants to settle their differences without going to law. But that is substantially what the pressure to compromise means. It means that as a method of settling all ordinary civil differences the official administration of justice has largely broken down in many jurisdictions; its expense, delays and uncertainties are so great that no justice is to be had from it; and conscientious men who preside over it will advise people to avoid it in every possible case.

It is a situation that must strike open-minded laymen as rather remarkable—remembering that the law claims to be not only a learned profession but a science. It is substantially as though conscientious physicians said to their patients: "Well, struggle along with your disease the best you can; be careful of your diet and trust to Nature. But, for Heaven's sake, don't take any of my medicine unless you want to run the risk of being poisoned!" Or as though an engineer should say: "Yes, there are a great many rules in my books for determining whether that girder will bear a fifty-ton strain; but I know from experience that the only sure way is to run a locomotive out on it and see whether it breaks down."

Why, in many jurisdictions, has the science of law as applied to all ordinary civil affairs largely broken down, becoming so costly, tedious and uncertain that it is nearly worthless for the end it is supposed to serve?

There are a great many answers to that question. Learned and unlearned men have been earnestly debating it for many years. Numberless speeches have been delivered about it, essays written, resolutions adopted, committees and commissions appointed, reports made—bills introduced, debated and passed. And after glancing over some considerable portion of the formidable literary output on the subject I conclude—as a mere layman—that a very important part of responsibility for the law's costliness, tardiness and uncertainty rests squarely upon the judges. Probably they could cure about half of the whole trouble immediately—and without an additional word upon the statute books—if they only would.

It should be understood that the trouble arises mainly in cities and in appellate courts. An extensive canvass by a law journal not long ago showed, broadly speaking, very tolerable conditions with respect to trial courts in the country. In many instances there would be a delay of only two, three or four months from the beginning of a suit to judgment—that is, the lumbering old machine managed to get on very well where the roads were perfectly smooth, the grades imperceptible and the load light. But under the burden of city population it pretty generally goes to the bad; and some states with no great city population present the cheerful spectacle of appellate courts with calendars two, three and four years in arrears, which means that a litigant with much money can sometimes beat one with little money by the simple expedient of appealing the case.

Under what Professor Roscoe Pound, of Harvard Law School, calls our sporting theory of justice, a judge is commonly supposed to have no more to do with the trial of a case than a referee has to do with a football game. "In America we take it as a matter of course," said Professor Pound in a speech to the American Bar Association, "that a judge should be a mere umpire, to hold counsel to the rules of the game, and that the parties should fight out their own game in their own way, without judicial interference.

"This sporting theory of justice," Professor Pound added, "leads to exertion to get error into the record rather than to dispose of the controversy finally and upon its merits. It turns witnesses, especially expert witnesses, into partisans pure and simple. It grants new trials because, by inability to procure a bill of exceptions, a party has lost a chance to play another inning in the game of justice. It creates vested rights in errors of procedure. The inquiry is not: What do substantive law and justice require? Instead the inquiry is: Have the rules of the game been observed strictly? If any material infraction is discovered, just as the offending football team is put back five or ten or fifteen yards, our sporting theory of justice awards new trials or reverses judgments or sustains demurrers."

When Judges are Merely Referees

TO BE sure, the sporting theory is inherent in the law itself, and to that extent the judge is bound by it. On this point Judge Grosscup once said: "Generally speaking, the congestion of business in the trial courts in my judgment is due to the fact that by the laws of some states a judge practically is not allowed to take part in the trial of a case. In Illinois, for example, he may not speak to the jury except in writing."

The fact remains, however, that a great many judges are themselves quite infatuated with the game. Having been lawyers before they were judges, their veins are still full of sporting legal blood. They would no more interfere with a fine technical scrap between counsel than a football coach would prevent an interesting play. So long as judges have that attitude there is little use in going to the legislature for acts reforming judicial procedure.

In the middle of the last century the state of New York had a famous constitutional convention that struggled mightily with this subject of judicial procedure, and after tremendous effort succeeded in reforming it, to the admiration of the lay world. The jungle of technicalities was to be swept away; litigation was to be cheap and simple; the courts were to dispatch their business efficiently.

And on January fifteenth last Governor Sulzer sent a message to the legislature on the subject of judicial reform, in which he said:

"Over fifty years ago the state of New York revolutionized its system of practice and procedure in the courts by eliminating complex technicalities and simplifying the procedure so as to secure the prompt termination of legal controversies in accordance with justice and the substantive law applicable to the facts, without delay, diminution or obstruction of justice by reason of mere technicalities of practice or procedure. The example thus set by the state of New York was soon followed by other states and most English-speaking countries, with the result of establishing throughout the English-speaking world what has come to be known as the reformed procedure.

"My experience as a lawyer and my observation of the conduct of litigation in our courts have compelled me to the conviction that during the last thirty years a new set of complex technicalities has grown unconsciously into our system of legal procedure, adding to the uncertainties, delays and expense of litigation, obstructing the administration of justice, and causing evil results, which fall most heavily upon those least able to bear them, sometimes amounting in practical effect to denial of justice and closing the doors of the courts to the very people whose sole reliance must be upon courts for protection against the oppression of the wealthy and powerful. I have often of late had reason to believe that the state of New York has lost its leadership in the reform of judicial procedure and fallen behind other states in this country, and even in some respects behind conservative England."

In short, under constant sporting interpretations, the fine reformed procedure soon became the same jungle of complex technicalities that the old one had been; in fact, by 1890 conditions had become so intolerable that a learned commission was appointed to investigate and advise remedies; and in 1894 there was another constitutional convention that struggled mightily with the subject of judicial reform—the main result being the appointment of more judges.

By 1902 the courts in the city of New York were years behind and dropping farther astern every day. The affliction to business was so great that the Chamber of Commerce started an agitation, and the legislature appointed another learned commission to investigate and advise remedies. To begin with, this commission had considerable difficulty in discovering what the state of business in New York city courts actually was, because "adequate and accurate judicial statistics, such as are kept and published every year in England, are a novelty in our courts."

It found, however, that the trial term of the supreme court—which by a curious departure in nomenclature is the trial court in New York—had seven thousand untried cases on its docket at the beginning of 1896, which number had steadily increased until at the time of the report it exceeded ten thousand, an arrearage of three solid years.

"It is a singular fact," says the report, "that, though the special term has upward of twenty-four hundred untried cases on its calendar, which, if they should answer ready when called, would take the court at the present rate two years to try, a peremptory call of three hundred cases often results in getting only fifty or sixty ready for trial. . . . One explanation of the disposition to adjourn cases at the special term is that lawyers postpone their cases because of their preference for some particular judge before whom they hope to get the cases."

In other words the lawyers were running the court for their own convenience and the judge had nothing in particular to do with it.

Turning to England, the commission discovered that that benighted realm had only twenty-three judges to its name; yet, in the trial courts corresponding to those whose condition in New York the commission was investigating, cases were usually disposed of in three months, while in the equity division in England the calendar was up to date; also that there about one contested case out of ten was appealed against one out of three in New York.

From which it will appear that Governor Sulzer was fully justified in his suspicion that in the matter of actual judicial reform New York was somewhat behind conservative England.

The important reason for this difference was that English judges took the reformed procedure in good faith and applied it according to its spirit, while New York judges did not. And this simply illustrates the fact that the first place to get judicial reform is not in the legislature but on the bench. You may enact reforms in procedure until the end of time, but if the courts apply them in a technical and sporting spirit there will be no real reform.

Incidentally this commission discovered that in salaries of judges, clerks, and so on, cost of supplies and maintenance of building, these inefficient New York courts were costing the public eight hundred thousand dollars a year. In certain condemnation proceedings in connection with the water supply the city paid for the condemned land two and a half million dollars, while the expense of getting the proceedings through court exceeded one million three hundred thousand dollars, or fifty-two per cent of the value of the land. And, to wind up, the commission recommended a constitutional amendment so as to increase the number of judges!

This is the common history of judicial reform in America. Investigation discloses that as a matter of cold fact the courts are shockingly incompetent; then the investigators recommend, as a remedy, that more of them be created!

Of course no great betterment of conditions proceeded from the report of 1904. Calendars were still congested; business far in arrears; appeals were taken and successfully prosecuted on mere points of legal etiquette that had no relation to substantive law. There were the old delays and the old uncertainties, intermediate courts differing among themselves so that the law remained unsettled until the court of last resort passed upon it.

Then another commission, or Board of Statutory Consolidation, was appointed and addressed itself to the great task of clearing the jungle. It was a very able commission, consisting of five eminent lawyers who served without pay; and it presently produced a report which Governor Sulzer recently submitted to the legislature with the message from which I have quoted.

The board recommends entire abandonment of the present code of civil procedure and the adoption of a short practice act; also that rules of practice be left pretty largely to the judges themselves instead of being minutely prescribed by law. And:

"The court should have full power to disregard, in the interest of justice, at any stage of the case, any mistake, irregularity or defect which does not affect the substantial rights of a party.

"Provision should be made, so far as practicable and constitutional, for obviating more than one trial of an issue of fact by authorizing the court on appeal to disregard errors of the court below not affecting substantial rights; to take further proofs when deemed necessary for bringing out all the facts material to the controversy, and to render final judgment in accordance with the law applicable to all the facts of the case thus brought out before the appellate court without granting a new trial."

This seems a very admirable report. If the legislation it recommends is adopted, undoubtedly a way will be open vastly to simplify and expedite judicial business. But the main point in the recommendations, it will be observed, is that they increase the discretionary powers of the judges. So, whether it finally helps matters at all—assuming that the legislation is passed—will depend almost entirely upon the judges. They can tangle it all up if they so elect, and if they are infatuated with the sporting theory of justice they probably will.

Obviously there is no use in empowering appellate courts to disregard all errors that do not affect substantial rights if those courts are going to hold that the failure to cross a "t" does affect substantial rights.

If appeals in New York are three times as numerous as in England it is because there is three times as much chance of winning an appeal on a merely technical or on a practically trivial point. There would be far fewer appeals here if appellate courts by their decisions discouraged so far as possible appealing on practically trivial points.

No doubt the same thing may be said with regard to volume of litigation. Ohio and Ontario face each other across Lake Erie. Broadly speaking, they are inhabited

(Continued on Page 77)

BENSINGER'S LUCK

Matrimony and Peaches—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

STEVE and Elsie had a great deal of trouble in arranging their meetings. It would not do for them to be seen together, because whoever saw them would begin gossiping, and the gossip would soon get round to Elsie's parents. The high-school yard, where hardly anybody ever came in the evening, and the rear of the cemetery were two resources; so they were sitting on a marble slab that was sacred to the memory of a departed grocer when Steve told her of the uplift in his fortunes.

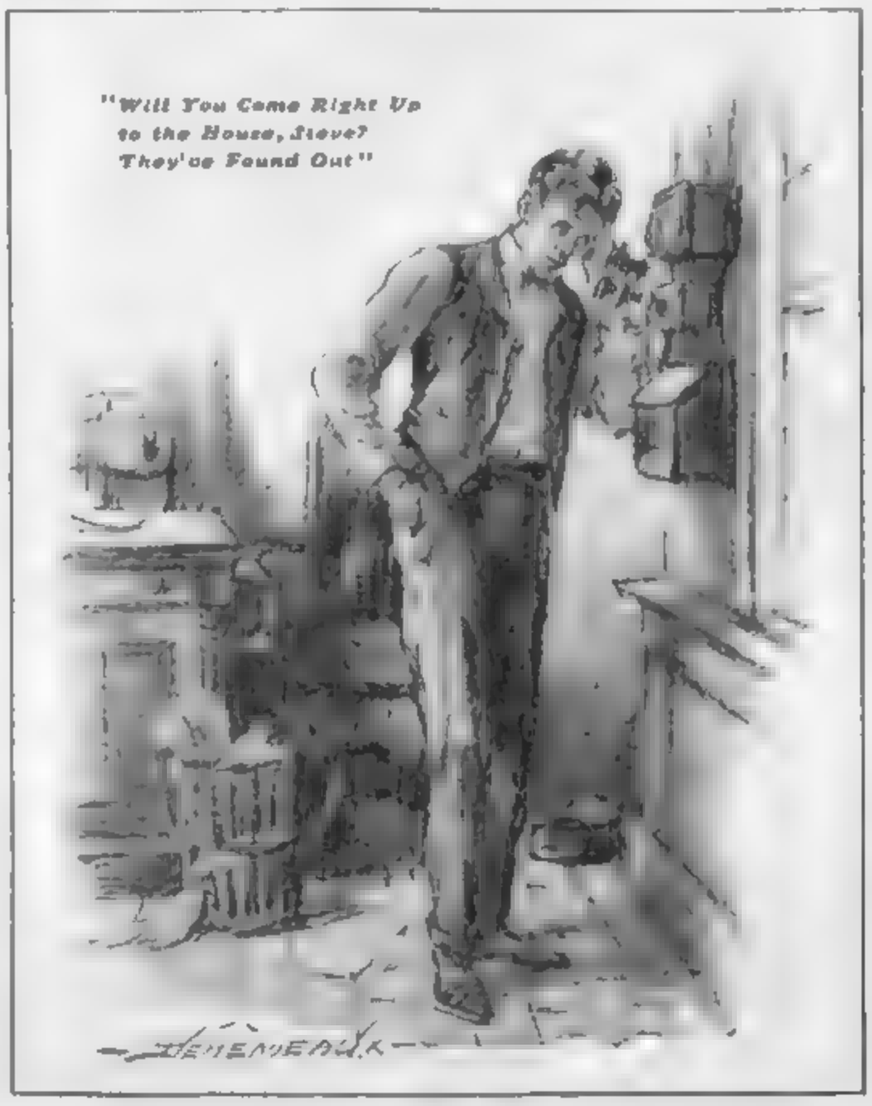
"I've made some money," he said. "I've got enough to start in business. We'll be married before the end of the year."

"Oh! Is that so? Who told you?" she mocked.

"I told myself," he replied, putting his arm round her. "Where could you get any better authority? Don't do that—it hurts!" he added, for she was pinching the arm that encircled her waist.

Elsie would never admit that she took it seriously. She kept the clandestine appointments with him, but maintained that it was absurd to talk of marrying a man whom her parents would not even admit to the house. He hugged her, but she pinched him for it. Steve was never free from a terribly uneasy consciousness that other young men were admitted to the house and could see her, with her parents' full approval, whenever they wished. He was acutely aware of his poverty and low social state.

He had realized all along that extracting a living for five Bensingers and Elsie out of the little farm was not to be thought of. He had needed some money tremendously in order to set up for himself in the commission business, for that was what he knew most about and it required little capital. He knew a good many farmers and believed they would let him handle their produce. Nobody really liked



Simon Felder, Three Falls' long-established commission merchant. As for the farm, his father and Tom could manage it by hiring a hand, perhaps, at the busiest season. Even if there had been no Elsie to think of, it was high time he struck out for himself. The farm was going to do very well that year. He felt he could justly claim two hundred and fifty dollars from it, which, with his profit on the bean contracts, would give him a round thousand.

Now that he had money in hand, he ate and slept commission business even more than before. For some time he had his eye on a little office near the railroad tracks, and in July he rented it lest somebody forestall him. It was not much of an office—merely a wooden box twelve feet square, ceiled with yellow pine. There was not even a chimney, and the iron pipe of the small heating stove ran up through the roof; but the moment he took possession Steve conceived an immense affection for it—hugging himself as he looked round its bare walls, since it was not practicable to hug the office.

In August, when the vegetables were out of the way, he left the farm and took up modest quarters in a boarding house. A large sign—S. Bensinger—was nailed across the gable of the little office. At his earnest invitation Elsie strolled down that way to look at it, and he surreptitiously waved his hand to her from the doorway. The girl, the office and the business were all inextricably mixed up in his mind; and the mixture even included a neat little cottage not a great way from the office, upon which also he had his eye.

He bought a desk, two chairs and a second-hand typewriter, upon which he practiced assiduously at odd moments. From the job-printing department of the Three Falls Call he procured an inexpensive

equipment of office stationery. He then yielded to the temptation of a good bargain in a horse and buggy offered at half cash and half on six months' time. The half cash made a rather formidable hole in his capital; but his business required much driving and it would be cheaper than livery hire in the long run.

The rig, of course, was available evenings. The Saturday night schedule was abandoned. Two or three times a week Elsie came to the corner of the high-school yard or to the cemetery, and climbed into the waiting buggy. That was the advantage of living in town. The disadvantage was that he often saw Elsie with young men who were much more eligible than himself, and heard of her in social adventures that were far above his head.

Daytimes he drove into the country, drumming up prospective trade. The farmers, on the whole, met him encouragingly. Most of them had grievances against Simon Felder, who held the field by virtue of business acumen and ample capital rather than by affection. Most of the vegetables had already been shipped, and Steve did not propose to do much with fruit that first year; but there was every promise of an enormous late potato crop, and he concentrated his energies upon that.

He had opened an account with Skellenger's Bank—mostly because Simon Felder did business with the rival First National—and proof that he was actually in business showered down upon him from every mail in the form of letters and circulars from city commission houses and from various concerns with all sorts of things to sell.

Several traveling representatives of city commission houses and dealers in fruit and produce called upon him to solicit his consignments—among them Mr. Perkins, of Wells, Gordon & Duff, Minneapolis. Mr. Perkins explained that his house bought outright for spot cash and was especially anxious to secure peaches, which were going to be scarce and high that year. This was the first week in September, and peaches were already ripening. Unsolicited, some business in forwarding cherries had already come to him. He could see that he would soon be up to his eyes in work, and he was overflowing with confidence so far as business was concerned.

Otherwise it was a time of depression and heartburning. Elsie was spending a week at the Carpenters' farm, up toward New Manheim. The Carpenters were not really farmers. Mr. Carpenter, in fact, was treasurer of the threshing machine company, and his alleged farmhouse looked to Steve more like a summer resort hotel. Eight or ten young people were in the week's party at the bogus farm, and Eddie Skellenger was among them. Steve was jealous of Eddie Skellenger, and an acute realization that the fact would have amused Eddie enormously if it had come to his knowledge did not help him any.

On Friday his mail contained a postcard with his name and address printed on it with a leadpencil. The other side contained the words, Home Sunday, also printed with a leadpencil, and a rough little thumbnail sketch of a tombstone. The card was postmarked New Manheim and, of course, was from Elsie. She had not promised to let him know when she would return; and in the effusion of joyous gratitude it did not in the least occur to him that he was indebted for the notice and appointment to a violent reaction from some untoward behavior on the part of Eddie Skellenger.

He was at the rear of the cemetery Sunday evening before it was fairly dark. Elsie was there also. She said "Hello, Steve!" and laughed up at him as he reached a hand to help her into the buggy.

The horse jogged down the dusk country road as they talked. Elsie did not pinch his arm that evening or mock. On the contrary, she kissed him without compulsion or even invitation. It was the sweetest hour he had ever spent with her. She could stay only an hour, she said, for she had told her parents she was going to church with a neighboring girl.

They were almost back at the cemetery before she told him she was going away again—to spend a week at Lurton with her cousin, young Mrs. Keller, whom she had hardly seen since her marriage the year before.

"I am coming up there to see you," Steve declared. "I'll stay a couple of days." He never said "May I?" but always "I am."

She protested in alarm that it would not do at all. Lurton was a little bit of a town where every stranger was noticed. Her cousin would be sure to find it out, and then she would be in for a dreadful time with her parents. She could not think of it!

"But I'm going to have important business at Lurton next week," Steve insisted. "I can attend to my business, can't I, without asking your parents' permission? I ain't going to let you get away again for a whole week."

Finally—well, he might come up for just one day, and she would manage to see him. He smothered her in his arms and kissed her half a dozen times, leaving her quite breathless. She had complained a great many times before that he acted like a bear.

Steve could not get Lurton out of his mind for a moment. To be sure they had met clandestinely numberless times; but this was very different—away from Three Falls, in a strange place where nobody knew either of them. He could not get that out of his mind, and an atmosphere of the girl as he held her tight in his arm, kissing her, intoxicated him.

"Do You Think Her Friends Will Accept You as Their Equal?"

He saw her again Tuesday evening.

"See here," he said; "you're going to take the morning train, but instead of going on to Lurton you stop off at Kent. That's only ten miles this side of Lurton. I'll go down there on the night train tonight. Nobody knows us there. We'll have the day together. You can go on to Lurton in the afternoon."

She objected. She had written Nell she would arrive on the forenoon train—it would not do at all; but he perceived clearly enough that there was little will behind her objections. The day together in a strange place where nobody knew them allured her also. She laughed a little and cuddled against him and bit his finger lightly—and promised.

At half past ten on Wednesday morning Steve came out of the square, two-story brick courthouse with a cupola, at Kent. It was not especially warm, but he removed his hat and searched absently in his coat pocket for a handkerchief with which to wipe his brow. His way lay along the main street of the village—two blocks of little brick and frame shops. One of the dingier of the frame buildings bore the sign Post-Office on the lower story, and on the second-story window the following legend appeared in white enamel letters: J. mit ustic of th Pe ce. A lank and coatless man with a German-silver star pinned to his dangling vest sat by the window and waved his hand with a broad grin as Steve glanced up in passing on the other side of the street.

Steve entered the Kent House, on the corner beyond the post-office, and spoke to the landlady. The horse and buggy that he had hired for the day stood at the side of the hotel. He climbed in and drove to the little green railroad station, though it was a full quarter of an hour before traintime.

When the train whistled his heart swelled up and burst for the fifth or sixth time that day. An old lady with a full market-basket got off first; then a man who limped and used a cane; a salesman with a ponderous valise; then Elsie, carrying her suitcase. She wore a gray suit, a colored silk shirtwaist, a hat with a feather, and looked adorable and smiled, showing her pretty teeth, when she saw Steve waiting for her.

He took her suitcase as though she belonged to him and led her to the buggy. She did nearly all of what little talking was done on the way to the hotel. When he climbed out and hitched the horse she took it as a matter of course, following him into the hotel without question.

"The parlor's upstairs," he observed. It was a rather dim room, with drawn shades, apparently little used. She noticed that the red and green ingrain carpet was worn threadbare in places, and white seams showed in the red plush upholstery of the sofa. Then she noticed that Steve, entering behind her, had closed the door.

"Old bear! . . . Goosie! . . . There, and there, foolish!" she whispered, laughing nervously and striving a little to push him away. "Why, Steve! Somebody'll come in!"

"Let 'em!" said Steve, holding her tight. "You see, dear, we're going to be married right now—you and me. I've got it all arranged."

As she stared dumbly up at him with wide, frightened eyes he took the marriage license out of his pocket and showed her her name and his in it not, however, releasing her.

"You ain't afraid to marry me, Elsie?" he urged. "This is the best time. I can't get along at all without you." More or less coherently he presented a number of other equally cogent arguments, while she turned pale, staring at him and exclaiming: "Oh, no! The idea! I can't! What, here! It's absurd! Why, how can I?"

He took both her hands and kissed them, put his arm round her again and led her into the hall, then took her arm and led her downstairs to the street. Mechanically she drew her arm away, but walked dumbly beside him to the post-office. He touched her arm again, directing her to the stairs that led to the second story.

A moment later she found herself in a bare and untidy room with a long office table of stained pine across the farther side. A fleshy man sat behind the table, smoking a corncob pipe and playing cards with a lean, coatless person whose dangling vest bore a German-silver star of authority. A third man, whom she never did see clearly, sat against the wall.

When they entered the man behind the table put down his corncob pipe, ran his fingers through a shock of iron-gray hair and stood up. The man with the star retained his seat at the end of the table, grinning amiably. She followed Steve up to the table, where he handed the marriage license to the fleshy man.

"Your name," said the justice, consulting the license, "is Stephen Bensinger? And yours is Elsie Plum? Very well; join hands. Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"I do!" said Steve firmly.

"Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"Yes," said Elsie faintly.

"I pronounce you man and wife," said the magistrate, and sat down. He was busy for a minute filling out a blank. The man with the star and the indistinct figure against the wall signed as witnesses.

"Your marriage certificate, mum," said the magistrate, handing Elsie a piece of paper. She took it mechanically and saw Steve put some money on the table. They went out, Elsie still mechanically holding the marriage certificate by one corner.

"You keep it," she murmured, not knowing what else to do with it. They passed a jeweler's shop on the way back to the hotel and she noticed that it was eighteen minutes after eleven. Her train had arrived at two minutes before eleven.

That afternoon they drove into the country—a lovely undulating country, with far views from the hilltops, of fields, meadows, woods and farmsteads. The distances were blue with mellow autumn haze. It was all exceedingly peaceful. They had little to say. Elsie held Steve's big left hand tightly between her palms. Abruptly she burst into tears.

"It was an awful thing for me to do, Steve," she sobbed. "It's no way for a girl to get married. I had no right to. You shouldn't have made me. Will you be good to me, Steve—good and patient, and not find fault with me? I'm a little fool, I guess; but you know now that I love you, don't you? Will you be good to me?"

Steve checked the horse and bent his head to look into her eyes.

"Good to you? If I'm ever for a minute anything but good to you I hope I'll rot in a ditch! Don't you belong to me now?"

It was already nearly time for the afternoon train to Lurton, but going to Lurton that day had become of such infinitely little importance that quite incidentally they had agreed she would not go.

About half past ten next morning they returned from another drive. Elsie's suitcase was packed for the ten-fifty-eight train. Steve picked it up, but as abruptly as she had burst into tears she threw herself upon his breast.

"You come on with me, boy!" she demanded impetuously. "I'm not going there and leave you here. You come with me. I'll tell Nell all about it, and if she wants to give us away let her! Will you come with me?"

"When won't I go with you!" Steve replied. "Wait a couple of minutes till I pack my grip."

Business, as Steve said, was humping. He was shipping peaches, apples and grapes at a great rate, and working his head off from sunrise until all hours of the night. He proposed to act simply as a factor, selling the fruit for the owners and turning over the proceeds to them, minus his commission, when the buyers remitted to him; but he soon found that, acting simply as a factor, he could not always fill up his cars, and almost every day he bought more or less stuff outright in order to make up full carloads.

He couldn't have done this on his own tiny capital, but he had a fine standing at the bank; for a long while, in fact, Skellenger's Bank had tried to get Simon Felder's account. As Simon scorned their advances they were naturally mightily pleased to see a rival take away part of Simon's business. Indeed, Mr. Judson, the cashier, took a personal pleasure in every carload that Steve captured from Simon, and the bank readily advanced him money when he needed it to buy produce to fill up a car. Steve's purchases on his own account were quite uniformly profitable, appreciably increasing his revenue from commissions. Mr. Judson was forming a high opinion of Steve's business ability.

Steve declared over and over—to the person who might be presumed to take deepest interest in the fact—that he was the happiest man in seventeen states. His business was flourishing and he had a delicious secret of such huge proportions that his skin could scarcely contain it. He considered it rather remarkable that the secret did not burst out of itself at almost any moment—even when he was looking after the loading of a car of fruit or talking with Mr. Judson in the bank or walking along the street.

They had been married three weeks and not a soul thereabout except themselves knew it. For Three Falls to go plodding along day after day without even suspecting it was so absurd that Steve could not help chuckling at the whole space inclosed by the horizon whenever he thought of it. He was perfectly ready any moment to notify Mr. and Mrs. Plum of the wedding and take his bride home. He had proposed it more than once, but the domestic scene that proposal evoked in Elsie's imagination rather terrified her; and it was not in her disposition to court a disagreeable thing when it could be avoided. "Wait a little longer"—she coaxed—"say, till the middle of October."

Steve was in his shirtsleeves, as usual, thumping out a typewritten letter to Messrs. Wells, Gordon & Duff, of Minneapolis. It was a task that required the utmost pains, for his big fingers still had an awkward way of hitting two keys at once. He could have written a letter with a pen in half the time, but he did not propose that Messrs. Wells, Gordon & Duff should form that sort of an impression of his business. His faculties were concentrated and his finger was poised above the letter "p" when the telephone rang. He got up patiently to answer it, with his mind still upon the letter.

Elsie's voice came over the wire—quite faint and tearful:

"Will you come right up to the house, Steve—right away? They've found out."

The pronoun, of course, referred to her parents, and he knew the poor girl had been crying. He put on his coat very gravely, locked the office door and started for Mr. Plum's. When he came within sight of the two-story frame residence—painted brown, with much wooden gingerbread on the porch and in the gable—it occurred to him as an odd thing that he had never been inside it. The lawn was strewn with red and yellow maple leaves, and still soggy from the forenoon's rain. The lilac bush in the corner was leafless. Steve remembered that Mr. Plum had stepped out from its shadow to kick him. Counted by what had happened since, that seemed ages ago; but by the calendar it was only five months. He crossed the lawn on the cement walk, mounted the porch and rang.

Mr. Plum himself opened the door. His leathern face wore an expression of profound gloom. He did not speak to Steve at all, but held the door open and motioned for him to enter. In the hall Steve removed his hat and held it awkwardly before him. Mr. Plum led the way down the hall, moving noiselessly—almost on tiptoe. Indeed, it was altogether like a funeral.

Following his father-in-law into the sitting room, Steve saw that Mrs. Plum occupied a Boston rocker in the corner. There was a well-worn davenport along the opposite wall, and upon it a slim, girlish figure was stretched out motionless, with averted face. Steve tiptoed funereally over to the head of the davenport, lifted a chair beside it and sat down. He laid a big hand lightly on his wife's shining hair, stooped low to kiss her pale, wet cheek, and whispered in her ear:

"I'm here, honey—don't be afraid."

He felt immensely solemn and tender and pitiful. She seemed to him like a wounded bird; and in spite of himself he felt guilty. Elsie did not stir, except to put up a slender hand purblindly and pat his cheek.

"My child is dead!" wailed a voice from the corner in a kind of tragic chant. "My child is dead! You have murdered her!"

Startled and naturally indignant, Steve looked round at his mother-in-law. Mrs. Plum had grown exceedingly stout of late years. As her weight increased and her complexion heightened she had taken to doing her hair in the most severe, unbecoming way—in a hard knot at the top of her head—and to wearing the plainest dark-colored dresses. She was very active in religious, temperance and other reform work. Her left elbow rested upon the arm of the Boston rocker and that hand, containing a handkerchief, supported her drooping head, the handkerchief being pressed to her eyes.

"There lies your work! My child is dead!" she wailed.

"Oh, no! I'm not dead, mamma! I'm not dead!" Elsie wailed back and sobbed convulsively.

"Why, of course she ain't dead!" Steve declared indignantly. "She's a mighty sight alive, I should say!"

He wished powerfully to step over and slap his mother-in-law. It was the first definite thought or emotion that he had ever in his life entertained respecting her.

Mr. Plum, meanwhile, had taken a chair by the door, crossing his long legs and folding his bony hands in his lap, maintaining his funereal expression of deep gloom.

"Your Name," said the Justice, "is Stephen Bensinger? And Yours is Elsie Plum? Very Well; Join Hands"

Steve turned to Elsie again, stooping and stroking her hair, and whispered: "Don't you cry. It's bound to be all right." He took possession of her fluttering hand comfortingly and addressed Mr. Plum:

"Of course Elsie and I are married. Maybe it wasn't exactly square with you and her mother, but you haven't any right to blame her. I arranged it all. You see, Mr. Plum, I simply couldn't take any chance of her getting away. I had to have her. Maybe it wasn't square with you folks, but we're married now. Of course I want to take her with me. I'm started in business now and can take care of her, and I mean to. I'd have told you before, but we thought best to put it off a little while until I get better established."

At this candid and businesslike speech Mrs. Plum looked up from her handkerchief.

"Can you give her what she has been accustomed to? Can you maintain her in the social position that she has always enjoyed? Do you think her friends will accept you as their equal?"

Steve winced but replied grimly:

"Well, I wasn't marrying her friends."

"What will her future be in the hands of a man who began by deceiving and degrading her?" Mrs. Plum persisted. Overcome by the thought, she bowed her head to the handkerchief and wailed: "You plucked the rose from its stem. What care you if it withers in the dust?"

Now even Steve's candid and most unliterary mind perceived that she had made that up beforehand. It came to him that she had deliberately willed a scene and had wrought upon Elsie to make it effective. He formed the opinion at that moment that his mother-in-law was a silly, selfish, addlepated person—and he turned again to his wife.

"Come on, dear," he said gently. "You come with me. We ain't afraid to go out and make our own way, are we? Don't cry or worry any more. Just come with me." He even slipped an arm under her to raise her from the davenport.

"Don't be so fast now—don't be so fast!" Mr. Plum advised in a kind of gloomy detachment. "There's some things to be considered, young man. I guess you and me better have a little talk by ourselves."

"Well, I'm agreeable," Steve replied with some reluctance; "but I don't want to let Elsie lie here and cry her eyes out."

Mr. Plum seemed to surmise that Steve had his mother-in-law in mind, for he said:

"Let Elsie go upstairs."

Steve helped her up from the davenport—pale and woebegone, with her glossy hair disordered. She leaned lightly against his breast an instant, kissed him and went out, putting her hand against the wall to steady herself.

"Tears will be the poor bird's lot!" moaned Mrs. Plum loudly, sobbing.

"Better dry up, mother!" Mr. Plum advised with fine, detached impartiality, and led Steve into the parlor, closing the door behind them. "I want to know how you propose to support my daughter," he began grimly when they were seated at the marble-topped center-table.

Candidly and in detail Steve explained his situation and prospects, Mr. Plum listening with a long-drawn, impassive face.

"You've got ability enough, Bensinger," he said frankly when Steve finished. "I believe you can make a living. The way you skinned me out of my eyeteeth on that bean deal makes me think so. You're a dishonest dog," he added with equal candor; "but I believe you can make money all right. I've been watching you in there, and I guess you're really stuck on the girl. I wouldn't have given my consent to your marrying her; but, now that you are married, the only thing is to make the best of it."

"Well, that's just the way it looks to me," Steve replied quite cheerfully. His opinion of his father-in-law was steadily rising.

"Where had you thought of living?" Mr. Plum inquired in the most businesslike way.

Steve spoke of the little cottage that he had his eye on. It was small and plain, but neat; and they could get along for a while without a great deal of furniture. Mr. Plum considered it judicially for a moment.

"Probably you'd find that the furniture run into more money than you'd calculated on," he observed. "That's always the way when you start buying things for a house. You're just getting a start in business and you ain't got any capital to speak of. I know how that is myself. There'll be plenty of times when a hundred-dollar bill will look bigger'n the national debt to you. I wouldn't go to putting any money into furniture now."

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AN ACCOUNT WITH CUPID

III

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

Archibald Sinnott Grasped the Sailor's Collar in One Huge Hand

RICHARDSON had departed for the ladies and Sinnott was engaged in rapidly figuring how few readjustments must be made to the rigging and sails before weighing anchor, when there rose a loud hail from the gangway. He strode agilely across the deck and looked over the side. A roughly dressed, middle-aged seaman was swearing volubly at a sailor of unrecognizable nationality, who was evidently of no mind to leave the sampan for the deck of the Eliza Brown. Other sailors were gaping maliciously and waiting for the outcome of the altercation.

"I never shipped for no whaling voyage," the man was saying wildly; "and especially on this old oil basket."

A murmur of assent and encouragement sounded from half a dozen hoarse throats.

Calmly and deliberately Archibald Sinnott leaned over the low, black rail and grasped the sailor's collar in one huge hand. With a single heave he had the wretched man on deck in front of him. He surveyed him grimly.

"You signed on with me," he remarked. "Now get for'ard with your gear."

The captive took one look at the formidable figure of his master and obeyed. The others scrambled out of the rocking sampan and trooped toward the fo'c's'le with their bags of clothing. Last came the mate, saying: "Huh! Those sailors are a lot, sir. Ten riggers among 'em, sir, and four of the toughest firemen I ever laid my eyes on. I wish the engineers joy with them."

Sinnott's features relaxed.

"Those riggers are the real Nova Scotia article," he remarked. "Give 'em a plank, a spar, a rag and a bit of rope yarn and they'll make, rig and sail a ship out of 'em."

Mr. Macey, the mate, opened his blue eyes slightly and cast his glance aloft.

"We'll need them," he answered bruskly. "This old packet is pretty nearly down to separate parts."

"It's the same down below, so the engineers tell me," was the undisturbed response; "but she'll travel just the same."

"Is that the orders, sir?" said the mate, brightening, as he turned toward Sinnott.

"Yes."

"Then," said Mr. Macey, rubbing the back of one hand with professional alacrity, "I hope you've got a proper second mate. It will take two of us to handle them. Lots to be done, sir!"

"I couldn't get a second," was the gruff reply. "I'll take one watch."

Once more Mr. Macey scrutinized his commander. He seemed dubious, but recalled the lifting of the recalcitrant sailor aboard and refrained from hasty judgments. However he surveyed the crew while the anchor was being hove short and the running-gear overhauled for the last time. "If this is a one-man job," he mused, "I'll step kind of easy till I find how the going is."

Richardson brought Mrs. Evans and her daughter off in another sampan, the steward equipped with a brand-new cap and jacket, with shining brass buttons. To Ruth's exclamations of dismay at sight of the size and pattern of their vessel he returned no answer except when she aimed at him a remark he must acknowledge officially. Then he would touch his cap and say solemnly, "Yes, miss," venturing no further. Privately he was of the opinion that his world was breaking up. He shuddered several times as if with cold; he was recalling waking his employer that morning for his bath and being told to take the bath, the towels and the brushes personally to Davy Jones. Sinnott had turned out on the frosty deck in his underclothes and returned grimy with tar and oil—an awful sight!

Then that account with Cupid! Richardson had painfully remembered this was a name applied to a small, unclothed urchin, prevalently pink and associated with the ceilings of cafés and frequently referred to as the author of trouble. The Sinnott ménage had never recognized this impertinent personage before, except as a very irritating member of other establishments, who often interfered with business and upset calculations and cost money. No morning bath—unseemly words—Cupid on the very pages of the ledger—Richardson was in doubt as to the existence of the very buttons on his new jacket. Why had he yielded his better judgment and bought the Eliza Brown? That one transgression of the law of the perfect servant had involved himself, his master and Sinnott prestige in ruin.

The appearance of their cabins reconciled both ladies to their prospects, the more as a very cold easterly wind was rising outside and a very cheerful fire was blazing in the grate inside. The instant they were unwrapped and at ease a brisk Japanese boy brought tea and cakes.

"After all," said Ruth, "it looks like a steamer down here; and we have the priceless Richardson! Did you notice how solemn he was this morning? It made me feel quite safe. I would put up with anything, just so Richardson were handy."

"What do you mean, silly child?" asked Mrs. Evans, sipping her tea with great relish.

"Just what I say," her daughter responded. "Who could imagine being drowned so long as Richardson were near? 'A life-preserver, miss?'" she mimicked. "'Yes; quite so. A little water in your lungs, miss? Thank you!' And we should be perfectly all right!"

"I do hope we shan't be wrecked," was Mrs. Evans' fervent prayer.

"No; because Fred would never get over it. Poor Fred! I expect he's at sea too. If he knew we were here he would come right over and get us—especially if he knew I intended to marry him."

"I trust he would do nothing so foolish," returned Mrs. Evans practically.

"It wouldn't be foolish at all. It would be the proper thing—wouldn't it, Richardson?"

"Certainly, miss," said that functionary, closing the door behind him—"that is —— Beg pardon; did you address me?"

"I did; your answer was perfect. Thank you, Richardson. I'm glad there is one romantic soul besides myself on this steamer. Cupid forever, Richardson!"

The steward's face was sepulchral as he mumbled in a low tone:

"Mr. Sinnott is very anxious that you be comfortable, ma'am. Have you everything you wish?"

Ruth looked at him severely.

"What did Mr. Sinnott say when he expressed such great anxiety?" she inquired.

"Ruth!" warned her mother.

"Now, mamma, you know Mr. Sinnott never says anything. Thank you, Richardson; we're quite comfy. When do we start?"

"Right away, miss. Mr.—the captain is preparing to get under way now."

"Who is the captain?" she instantly demanded. "I dote on captains. I have one of my own. Is this one young and handsome? Has he a mustache, Richardson? Is he a mild kind of pirate who always washes his hands after he's killed some sailor, or is he a piratical kind of mild man who's afraid of his job unless he roars like a lion? Is he married?"

"I really couldn't say, miss," stammered the unfortunate steward, backing out of the door and escaping.

"Well," sighed Ruth, "if we are to be confined to that Sinnott man's society all the way across the Pacific I shall dream of Fred every hour. I'll make two guesses that the captain of this ship is a thousand years old and takes snuff. I know the kind—old stories, old jokes and a patronizing air."

She rose and walked to a big port and swung it open. The wind's icy breath made her cheeks tingle. She stood and gazed out on the crisp waters of the bay and the high headland above the city with a sudden, inexplicable sense of wretchedness. In spite of her light speech she was still under a strain—the dull strain of having had constantly before her mind the prospect of being stranded in a doubly foreign land without money, without any resource. The immediate difficulty was over, but the relaxation had not yet come.

Suddenly a subdued rumbling started under their feet and gradually increased in volume until the lamp rattled in its brackets.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans. "What is that?"

"The engines," said her daughter wisely; "and we're right over them! I thank thee, Mr. Sinnott, for thy thoughtfulness! Nonsense! He's a dear to take us at all."

Mrs. Evans glanced up placidly.

"I'm sure he has been most thoughtful, Ruth. It was very delicate of him not to ask us any questions, but merely to assume that it was important for us to return to America. Very few men would have taken the trouble, I'm sure. Of course this steamer doesn't seem just the sort a man of his wealth ought to have—possibly it's the only one he had at hand—but I repeat he has been most gentlemanly in taking it for granted that we must get back to San Francisco and not bothering us with questions."

"He took a great deal for granted," Ruth retorted. "He thinks he's aiding true romance, instead of saving us from bankruptcy. I told him if I didn't get back in time to marry Fred two hearts would be broken. That fetched him. Even a cross old millionaire couldn't refuse to save hearts from breaking."

"Do you mean to tell me you actually gave Mr. Sinnott to understand that?" Mrs. Evans said in a shocked voice. "And you aren't even engaged to Fred! Ruth, what does this mean?"

She turned defiantly:

"It means I'm sick of not knowing what I'm going to do next. For years I've been merely waiting until I could be twenty-one—until I could get Uncle George's old money. I've traveled and stayed at home, gone to school and to Europe, with just one object in life—to reach the age of twenty-one and find a working man who wasn't too impossible and take that twenty-five thousand dollars. I'm sick of it. Uncle George was crazy when he made his will. I never really did make up my mind to marry a working man. All he did it for was to punish me because you married a man with some money; but now I've got an object right before my eyes and that's to marry Fred and be done with the bother. Then I can exist for something else."

Mrs. Evans was much disturbed.

"You don't have to marry Fred," she said slowly. "I thought you really liked him; I think he's a very nice man. We could get along without the money."

"And regret it all the rest of our poverty-stricken lives!" was the bitter response. "No! If Fred will have me I'll marry him and settle the whole matter!"

"But if—if you don't exactly feel that way toward him?" Mrs. Evans suggested presently.

"Oh, I don't mind," Ruth replied wearily. "I've looked over ten thousand men with flannel shirts on and broken

fingernails as possible husbands. I respect and like Fred. He's clean and honest. If we don't like each other we can get divorced, you know. Anyway, we'll have the money!"

The wise Mrs. Evans said no more, troubled as her excellent heart was. Her own marriage had been such a complex affair that she had been rather grateful to her brother for relieving her of much of the burden of Ruth's settlement in life. The generalization that marriages were made in Heaven had never appealed to her as exactly applicable to her own, loyal as she was to her husband's memory. She thought her brother's blunt solution of the problem in his will might well be a plain interpretation of the orthodox but unpractical belief. She had a devout respect for common sense. It was eminently sensible for a girl with very little money to marry a thoroughly good, respectable young man who could support her well and at the same time make it possible for her to receive a really generous legacy. Also she thought that Fred Haskins would be very fortunate to have Ruth to wife under any circumstances whatsoever.

By one o'clock the Eliza Brown was headed seaward under plain sail and pitching tremendously already to the toss of the swell that rolled into the straits. Mrs. Evans and Ruth sat down alone to their luncheon, but presently their host entered, much flushed of face from his exertions in the keen wind, and silently took the place at the head of the table, which Ruth had assumed would be saved for the captain. Something in his abstracted manner and in the unfamiliar expression on his face kept her tongue still, though she was tempted to ask a dozen questions. Finally she ventured to inquire who the captain was.

Sinnott looked up:

"I am."

"But I thought—I didn't know ——" she stammered.

"I've been master of several ships in my time," he remarked and rose.

"He does look as though he might have been handsome once," Ruth murmured when he was gone.

The next day found the old whaling ship doing her best against an ugly sea that darkened hour by hour as the overhanging winter clouds thickened above it. Mrs. Evans had given up and taken to her berth; Ruth stayed on deck and watched Sinnott and the mate direct the final touches to rigging and sails. The wind had hauled into the north and was laden with fine particles of sleet that coated each tilting spar and stiffened the heavy canvas of the sails, so that the thump of the sailors' fists against it could easily be heard on the quarter-deck.

She watched all this interestedly, now and then holding her breath when Sinnott clambered bulkily aloft to inspect some bit of work or consult with the mate. She could hardly believe this was the man of the hotel dining room. When he rejoined her at last by the wheel she was surprised to observe that his eyes were wide open and very alert and that his face seemed to have lost much of its fleshiness.

The third day the engines were started and the Eliza Brown began to increase her steady pace toward the western coast of America. The routine of a ship at sea settled over all and the regular change of the watches marked the slow passage of time.

Ruth found the deck more attractive than the cabin and set herself specially to be friendly with Mr. Macey, who gradually thawed under her smiles and questions and confided to her in a kind of serial story his adventures on many seas. He gave her to understand that in a long and arduous life he had never fallen so far as to be mate of such a craft as the Eliza Brown. One day Ruth listened to his dismal prognostications of the voyage and said mischievously:

"I suppose you don't like serving under a man who owns so many big ships either, Mr. Macey."

"Big ships!" said he derisively. "Captain Sinnott knows his business, so far as I can make out; but mark me, Miss Evans, he wouldn't be only master of such an old hulk as this if he could have anything better."

With delight Ruth consumed five minutes in telling the mate who Archibald Sinnott was, and piled millions on millions and fleet on fleet for good measure.

When she had finished Mr. Macey nodded gloomily: "I thought he'd struck bad luck some way, but he's just plain insane!" And from that time forth the mate watched his commander for further symptoms of derangement and steadily maintained to Ruth that he was a maniac of the most dangerous character.

Day after day the weather threatened, but did not break. The wind held fair. Each noon when he had reckoned the day's run Sinnott would nod to the mate as much as to say his calculations were coming out properly. Each time Mr. Macey would cock his weather eye at the low-hung clouds and chew vigorously on his quid—a true skeptic, prepared for the worst.

More interesting to Ruth than even the mate's saturnine confidences was a gradual and unmistakable alteration in Sinnott himself. From the first he had made a distinct and powerful impression on her mind. His bigness of frame, his gross features, his rudeness, his taciturnity, his wealth, had all joined in setting him forth as a perfectly plain character, easily defined and changeless, like a rock or a landmark.

She thought she knew him, and here before her very eyes he was becoming different. Even his physical traits were altering from day to day—his heavy figure grew lighter, his flesh firmer, his face thinner, almost austere. His complexion lost its deep colors. His eyes ceased to gleam half hidden under puffy lids and now were wide open and manful. From the shell built up by years of torpor and devotion to a single object was emerging a man she did not know at all—a strong, willful, handsome Sinnott, fit to make a new fortune or to command a forlorn ship in the teeth of gales and perilous seas.

Curiosity at such a metamorphosis grew into a desire to know more about the real man. As if in response to her eagerness, the bodily change was accompanied by a franker manner. He was still sparing of words, but she detected a geniality in his address she had never expected. Occasionally he fell into easy chat with her, asked questions, listened thoughtfully to her replies. Rarely he would give expression to an opinion of his own or relate briefly an experience. She was flattered by the perception that he frequently studied her. Sometimes he took great pains to get at her exact feeling on some subject and treated it with respect when discovered.

"Richardson," she said one morning after breakfast, "do you know that Mr. Sinnott is improving very much?"

"Much better in health, miss," he answered respectfully. "They say exercise is very beneficial."

"He's a most human," she continued smilingly. "I didn't know he had any sense of humor at all."

"Oh, quite a fund, miss." The steward seemed on the verge of saying more, but satisfied himself with a mild "Quite so!"

Ruth put both elbows on the table and gazed solemnly at Richardson.

"Do you think he meant this voyage as a joke?" she demanded.

"Oh, no," was the response. "Impossible, I should say. Mr. Sinnott never would think of it, miss!"

"I'm not so sure," she mused. "I wonder what he really thinks about all the time!"

The steward did not feel competent to answer this and Ruth did not seem to expect him to; but she allowed nothing of her host's speech or action to escape her thereafter and tried to deduce from both some notion of his real character. She was surprised to find the only result was that Archibald Sinnott learned more about herself.

One night she stood in the lee of the charthouse, wrapped from head to toe in warm furs. The bark was plunging along into a dark and obscured sea, with two men at the wheel to keep her steady. Sinnott was on watch and apparently thinking of nothing apart from the business of the hour. She had turned many curious glances at his half-seen figure and he had paid no attention to her whatever. So she was somewhat astonished when he suddenly walked over to her side and said, apropos of nothing at all:

"Are you quite sure your young captain will be in San Francisco when we arrive?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "I am sure of that! I told him long ago by letter we would be back Christmastime, and he wrote that he was going to let the chief officer take the ship one voyage while he stopped ashore for the holidays. He'll be there"—she laughed a little—"only he doesn't know ——"

She paused, half frightened.

"He doesn't know what?" he demanded.

"That I'm going to marry him," she finished awkwardly, and then could have bitten her tongue off.

"Then you aren't engaged to him?" His tone was rough.

She glanced uneasily at him, but his expression was hidden in the darkness.

"No-o," she explained slowly. "He's always wanted me to be, of course; and I suppose I really am if he doesn't know it yet. Isn't that so? If a man proposes and the girl can't say to him that she'll marry him, but says it, well, to another man—like you—doesn't that make her engaged? Only Fred really didn't have money enough and he agreed he must wait until he was better off and had a better steamer. I've just decided my twenty-five thousand dollars will help and—and"

"What?" he asked gently.

She shook her head.

"You wouldn't understand," she whispered; "but I must be in San Francisco the day before Christmas."

Sinnott crossed the deck and came back to say quietly:

"You'll be there in time."

"I have answered your questions—nearly all of them," she went on in a lighter tone. "Now please answer mine—one, at least!"

"Ask it."

"What persuaded you to bring mother and me on this trip?"

"You did."

"But I never really expected you would do it!" she returned.

His grim "Ha!" made the two men at the wheel suddenly bend their woolen-capped heads over the compass and then lean far back and stare aloft. That simple, shadowy act gave Ruth a sharp, queer sense of being out of her depth, of having no firm foothold amid strange surroundings. Instinctively she knew that the sailors had been afraid, that they had heard the voice of their master. She felt that same fear herself for the moment; consequently her words were lighter than ever:

"It was awfully bold of me to go to you that way—a perfect stranger—and ask such a favor."

"Well," he said slowly, "it isn't much of a favor—is it? You had to get to San Francisco and I simply gave you passage in my ship."

"Why did you buy this steamer?" she demanded. "I've found out since we

She Could Hardly Believe This Was the Man of the Hotel Dining Room

started that you didn't own the Eliza Brown and that you hadn't any intention of going back to America this way. Please explain. I'm sure mamma and I don't wish to feel under too great obligations to you, and at the same time it is only fair that we know exactly how much we owe you."

"How do you know I wasn't coming across this way myself anyhow?"

"From various things I've heard," she returned. "You know you were quite a personage in Hakodate—the American millionaire who gave his ships to the Government! Everybody knew a little of your plans."

"Did they?" was the gruff reply. "As a matter of fact, Miss Evans, I found it absolutely necessary to be in San Francisco Christmas Day; so I bought this old packet—and a wretched craft she is—in order to get there. I merely offered you and your mother a couple of cabins, knowing you were anxious to get there too."

She was baffled, but unsatisfied. Later she returned to the subject.

"I am afraid I didn't make myself understood about Captain Haskins and myself," she said. "It was foolish of me to say what I did. Truly I'm going to surprise him! That's all I meant."

"That's all you said," he answered briefly.

"It's so mixed up," she went on desperately. "There's Uncle George's money besides Fred and my birthday and—and lots of other things, all mixed up together."

"I'm sorry for Captain Haskins," he murmured.

"Sorry for him!" she rejoined indignantly. "I should think he was to be congratulated!"

"He'll never know whether you married him for himself or for your uncle's money."

"Oh, he'll know that soon enough," she laughed. "There are plenty of nice working men I might marry, you know."

"Who, for instance?" he inquired coolly. "Anybody else in your mind if your Fred doesn't suit?"

"Yes, there is," she replied with a suddenly assumed sweetness.

"H'm-m," Sinnott muttered; "and who might this alternative be?"

"Richardson. He's most obliging and I know he'd marry me and be very polite about it too. You don't object to Richardson, do you?" she asked with every appearance of anxiety.

While she spoke she was vaguely conscious of an increasing shrillness in the wind that sang through the rigging and swept the icy deck, but Sinnott did not seem to notice it. He leaned over toward her and she felt his eyes searching her face. He started to speak, but that instant the men at the wheel turned simultaneously with a shout of warning. Sinnott whirled about, stared for a short second into the blackness to windward and then let his full voice bellow forth in an order. In another second he had picked her up and thrust her down the companionway. She heard the door slam to behind her as the mate plunged out on deck in response to the thundering call for all hands.

IV

RUTH balanced herself on the tilting, creaking floor of the cabin and stared breathlessly at the steward who was trying to preserve at once his decorum and a large dish of pudding that slid erratically across the table, hesitated willfully at the very edge and then plumped upside down into his outstretched arms. In the very act of saving the dish his feet slipped from under him and he sat heavily down on the floor with the air of a man resigned even in extremities. She laughed hysterically and then screamed. The cabin seemed to be deliberately but positively turning over.

"No harm done, miss," Richardson panted, clinging determinedly to a table-leg. "Better sit down, too, miss; quite rough tonight!"

"Rough!" she gasped, kneeling and clutching a stanchion as the lamp swung against the ceiling-beam and rested there, flaring and smoking. "I'm afraid!"

"No danger at all," he returned, scrambling up and holding the dripping dish to his breast. "A cup of tea will put you quite right."

"Tea!" she retorted as the vessel heeled over still further. "Who wants tea when we may sink any minute?"

"Coffee, then," the steward responded, executing a turkey's wing with great gravity—"a fresh pot right here, miss."

Ruth did not reply to this, for a terrific crash overhead was followed by a shower of broken glass, and a deluge of water through the shattered skylight extinguished the lamp, leaving the cabin dark except for the feeble glimmer of a lantern that hung in the pantry doorway. Ruth frantically clutched her way to the door of her mother's room and entered just as a second sea flooded down. By a feat of miraculous agility Richardson managed to close the door after her before the water could rush in. Then he fought his way to the pantry and assured himself that the coffee and tea pots were still safe in their pockets on the swinging shelf. Having seen to this, he proceeded to dive for various floating articles, in spite of the terrific lurching of the laboring bark. A third inpouring drove him helpless and choking into a corner, where he clung limpetlike up to his waist in foaming brine.

When Archibald Sinnott came down fifteen minutes later he surveyed the fast ebbing flood and his steward, the latter busily engaged in trying to relight the wet wick of the big lamp.

"The ladies!" he called above the roar of the storm.

Richardson indicated Mrs. Evans' room and was instantly sorry for having used his hand to gesture when he needed it for holding purposes. Sinnott picked him up and laughed. A dismal shake of the head was the only response that Richardson could make.

"Cheer up!" Sinnott said. "The squall is over now. Can you find anything to eat?"

This recalled the bruised and despondent man to his duties and he managed to bring out a cup of steaming hot coffee. Sinnott gulped it down and then gave brief instructions as to getting provisions and water aft into the cabin. "Your galley may go next time," he told him. "Get your boys and I'll send a couple of sailors to help you clear it out. Lively now!"

Richardson departed and, as the water had drained away below the doorsills, Sinnott crossed and knocked at Mrs. Evans' door. Without waiting for an answer he looked in. Ruth was crouched in her mother's arms and both seemed to be quite extinguished by blankets. He reached up and turned the light full.

"The worst is over," he called.

Ruth raised her head.

"Did all the water come in?"

"Not all of it; your room's fairly dry. The cabin's a wreck, of course; but we've rigged a tarpaulin over the skylight and it will soon dry out."

"Is the danger all over?" Mrs. Evans demanded in a feeble voice.

"Quite; it was only a squall. I ought to have seen it coming. We're hove to for the night."

"This whole trip was very foolish," Mrs. Evans quavered. "I must say according to my notions we should have been much better off in the hotel."

"How Long We Can Keep Going in This Storm No One Can Tell"

"I assure you there is no danger," Sinnott said gently. "Is the bed dry?"

"Quite so," Ruth assured him.

"Then let your mother sleep. If you will come with me I'll see about fixing up your cabin again. I'm afraid it was drenched."

Together they crossed the dismal swamp of the cabin and looked into her room. One glance was enough.

"There is just one thing for you to do," he remarked, hooking the door back—"that's for you to put on some of my clothes. Your own are soaking wet."

She glanced down at her sodden boots and then at him. She flushed, laughed and nodded. He immediately went into his own cabin and drew from the upper shelves a heavy flannel shirt, boots of the largest and several mufflers.

"You can probably fix yourself up so as to keep warm with these," he said simply. "Richardson will soon have this cabin to rights; but you'd best dress in dry things and come on deck with me."

She smiled at herself when she had managed a change and was thankful for the darkness on deck, where she was soon installed in the shelter of the charthouse. The bark had been hove to on the starboard tack under reefed mainsail and storm trysails. The brave old craft was doing her best in a terrific sea, but even in the blackness of the storm Ruth could discern the glimmer of the soaring surges and the flash of breaking crests. The mate was crouched by the mizzenmast and half a dozen sailors were huddled just below him. It was evident that all danger was not over. Ruth realized that the Eliza Brown was fighting for life and that these silent figures were ready to spring into activity the instant there was need.

Sinnott talked with Mr. Macey a moment and then made his way back to her. He raised himself to his full height between her and the gale, and she heard the deep tone of his powerful voice saying:

"I may as well confess to you that there is doubt whether you will see San Francisco on your birthday. The mate tells me the old packet is leaking badly. That means we'll soon have to run for it, and how long we can keep going in this storm no one can tell."

"Then there is danger," she cried back against the roar of the wind.

He nodded, and then she heard him speaking as if from a great distance:

"We are drifting south . . . frank with you . . . engines still all right . . . may be Honolulu." Later she caught the words: "Very sorry . . . too bad."

She shook her head vigorously. In a lull she said earnestly:

"If it can't be helped it can't—that's all. We've done our best."

"And we'll still do it," he returned quickly. Then she saw his face lighten almost humorously. "Anyway," he shouted in her ear, "it simplifies things—doesn't it?"

In a sudden lull she demanded of him: "Do you like things settled for you—like this?"

"Oh, this settles only one part of my affair," he returned.

"And you're leaving the rest to Richardson?"

There was a gleam of admiration at her coolness in his eyes. That she should take their disaster so lightly—that she was able to chaff him when the roar of the angry sea made his own heart thump—threw a bright ray on the dark secret of her willingness to marry for the sake of a paltry legacy. The girl was equal to heroism. In the thought that very soon she might be called upon to face the last question—which has the single answer, death—his lips set grimly, but he answered her saucy jest in kind:

"If you think Richardson can solve it I'll consult him. Shall I?"

She had to sway over very close to him to make herself heard above the bursting roar of another squall:

"I always leave things to him now; he's so helpful!"

"All right!" he cried in her ear. "I'll take my troubles to him. I'll do it right away and ——"

Mr. Macey loomed in the windy murk and bawled hoarsely that he was sure a butt was started.

"The water keeps pouring in and now the pumps can barely keep it under, sir," he told his commander. "She's working herself to death!"

Sinnott leaned over and pointed at the terrific seas that were hissing in from the invisible.

"Impossible to run for it now," he yelled.

The mate seemed to assent, but waited for further orders.

"I'll have to save the engines a while yet," Sinnott explained; "and ——"

"The glass is rising," Mr. Macey said, as if regretfully. "Of course the worst may be over."

(Continued on Page 49)

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

We Rowed Ashore Over the Banks of Living Coral

XV

IT WAS during the early winter of 1892 that I resolved to go to sea. My Hancock Fire Brigade experience was very little responsible for this. I still drank and frequented saloons—practically lived in saloons. Whisky was dangerous, in my opinion, but not wrong. Whisky was dangerous like other dangerous things in the natural world. Men died of whisky; but then, too, fishermen were capsized and drowned; hoboes fell under trains and were cut to pieces. To cope with winds and waves, railroad trains and barrooms, one must use judgment. To get drunk after the manner of men was all right, but one must do it with discretion. No more quarts of whisky for me!

What really decided me to go to sea was that I had caught my first vision of the death-road that John Barleycorn maintains for his devotees. It was not a clear vision, however, and there were two phases of it, somewhat jumbled at the time. It struck me, from watching those with whom I associated, that the life we were living was more destructive than that lived by the average man.

John Barleycorn, by inhibiting morality, incited to crime. Everywhere I saw men doing, when drunk, what they would never dream of doing when sober. And this was not the worst of it—it was the penalty that must be paid. Crime was destructive. Saloon-mates I drank with, who were good fellows and harmless when sober, did most violent and lunatic things when they were drunk. And then the police gathered them in and they vanished from our ken. Sometimes I visited them behind the bars and said goodby ere they journeyed across the bay to put on the felon's stripes. And time and again I heard the one explanation: "If I hadn't been drunk I wouldn't 'a' done it!" And sometimes, under the spell of John Barleycorn, the most frightful things were done—things that shocked even my case-hardened soul.

The other phase of the death-road was that of the habitual drunkards who had a way of turning up their toes without apparent provocation. When they were taken sick, even with trifling afflictions that any ordinary man would pull through, they just pegged out. Sometimes they were found unattended and dead in their beds; on occasion their bodies were dragged out of the water; and sometimes it was just plain accident, as when Bill Kelley, unloading a cargo while drunk, had a finger jerked off, which under the circumstances might just as easily have been his head.

So I considered my situation and knew that I was getting into a bad way of living. It made toward death too quickly to suit my youth and vitality. And there was only one way out of this hazardous manner of living—and that was to get out. The sealing fleet was wintering in San Francisco Bay, and in the saloons I met skippers, mates, hunters, boat-steerers and boat-pullers. I met the seal-hunter, Pete Holt, and agreed to be his boat-puller and to sign on any schooner he signed on. And I had to have half a dozen drinks with Pete Holt there and then to seal our agreement.

And at once awoke all my old unrest that John Barleycorn had put to sleep. I found myself actually bored with the saloon life of the Oakland waterfront and wondered what I had ever found fascinating in it. Also, with this death-road concept in my brain, I began to grow afraid that something would happen to me before sailing day, which was set for some time in January. I lived more circumspectly, drank less deeply and went home more frequently. When drinking grew too wild I got out. When Nelson was in his maniacal cups I managed to get separated from him.

On the twelfth of January, 1893, I was seventeen, and on the twentieth of January I signed before the shipping commissioner the articles of the Sophie Sutherland, a three-topmast sealing schooner bound on a voyage to the coast of Japan. And of course we had to drink on it. Joe Vigy cashed my advance note, and Pete Holt treated, and I treated, and Joe Vigy treated, and other hunters treated. Well, it was the way of men—and who was I, just turned seventeen, that I should decline the way of life of those live, chesty, man-grown men?

XVI

THERE was nothing to drink on the Sophie Sutherland, and we had fifty-one days of glorious sailing, taking the southern passage in the northeast trades to Bonin Islands. This isolated group, belonging to Japan, had been selected as the rendezvous of the Canadian and American sealing fleets. Here they filled their water barrels and made repairs before starting on the hundred days' harrying of the seal herd along the northern coasts of Japan to Bering Sea.

Those fifty-one days of fine sailing and intense sobriety had put me in splendid fettle. The alcohol had been worked out of my system, and from the moment the voyage began I had not known the desire for a drink. I doubt if I even thought once about a drink. Often of course the talk in the forecastle turned on drink; and the men told of their more exciting or humorous drunks, remembering such passages more keenly, with greater delight, than all the other passages of their adventurous lives.

In the forecastle the oldest man, fat and fifty, was Louis. He was a broken skipper. John Barleycorn had thrown him and he was winding up his career where he had begun it, in the forecastle. His case made quite an impression on me. John Barleycorn did other things besides kill a man. He had not killed Louis. He had done much worse: he had robbed him of power and place and comfort, crucified his pride, and condemned him to the hardship of the common sailor that would last as long as his healthy breath lasted, which promised to be for a long time.

We completed our run across the Pacific, lifted the volcanic peaks, jungle-clad, of the Bonin Islands, sailed in among the reefs to the landlocked harbor, and let our anchor rumble down where lay a score or more of sea-gipsies like ourselves. The scents of strange vegetation blew off the tropic land. Aborigines in queer outrigger canoes and Japanese in queerer sampans paddled about the bay and came aboard. It was my first foreign land; I had won to the other side of the world, and I would see all I had read in the books come true. I was wild to get ashore.

Victor and Axel—a Swede and a Norwegian—and I planned to keep together. And so well did we that for the rest of the cruise we were known as the Three Sports. Victor pointed out a pathway that disappeared up a wild cañon and emerged on a steep, bare lava slope, and thereafter appeared and disappeared, ever climbing, among the palms and flowers. We would go over that path, he said, and we agreed; and we would see beautiful scenery and strange native villages, and find Heaven alone knew what adventure at the end. And Axel was keen to go fishing. The three of us agreed to that too. We would get a sampan, and a couple of Japanese fishermen who knew the fishing grounds, and we would have great sport. As for me, I was keen for anything.

And then, our plans made, we rowed ashore over the banks of living coral and pulled our boat up the white beach of coral sand. We walked across the fringe of beach under the cocoanut palms and into the little town, and found several hundred riotous seamen from all the world, drinking prodigiously, singing prodigiously, dancing prodigiously—and all on the main street, to the scandal of a helpless handful of Japanese police.

Victor and Axel said that we'd have a drink before we started on our long walk. Could I decline to drink with these two chesty shipmates? Drinking together, glass in hand, put the seal on comradeship. It was the way of life. Our teetotaler owner-captain was laughed at and sneered at by all of us because of his teetotalism. I did not in the least want a drink, but I did want to be a good fellow and a good comrade. Nor did Louis' case deter me as I poured the biting, scorching stuff down my throat. John Barleycorn had thrown Louis to a nasty fall, but I was young. My blood ran full and red; I had a constitution of iron, and—well, youth ever grins scornfully at the wreckage of age.

Queer, fierce, alcoholic stuff it was that we drank. There was no telling where or how it had been manufactured—some native concoction, most likely. But it was hot as fire, pale as water and quick as death with its kick. It had been drawn into empty squareface bottles that had once contained Holland gin. It certainly did the worst to us! We never got out of the town. We never went fishing in the sampan. And, though we were there ten days, we never trod that wild path along the lava cliffs and among the flowers.

We met old acquaintances from other schooners, fellows we had met in the saloons of San Francisco before we sailed. And each meeting meant a drink; and there was much to talk about, and more drinks, and songs to be sung, and pranks and antics to be performed—until the maggots of imagination began to crawl. And it all seemed great and wonderful to me—those lusty, hardbitten sea-rovers, of whom I made one, gathered in wassail on a coral strand. Old lines about knights at table in the great banquet halls, and of those above the salt and below the salt, and of Vikings feasting fresh from sea and ripe for battle, came to me; and I knew that the old times were not dead and that we belonged to that selfsame ancient breed.

By mid-afternoon Victor went mad with drink, and wanted to fight everybody and everything. I have since seen lunatics in the violent wards of asylums that seemed to behave in no way different from Victor's way, save that

perhaps he was more violent. Axel and I interfered as peacemakers, were roughed and jostled in the mixups, and finally, with infinite precaution and intoxicated cunning, succeeded in inveigling our chum down to the boat and in rowing him aboard our schooner.

No sooner did Victor's feet touch the deck, however, than he began to clean up the ship. He had the strength of several men and he ran amuck with it. I remember especially one man whom he got into the chainboxes but failed to damage through inability to hit him. The man dodged and ducked, and Victor broke all the knuckles of both his fists against the huge links of the anchor chain. By the time we dragged him out of that his madness had shifted to the belief that he was a great swimmer, and the next moment he was overboard and demonstrating his ability by floundering like a sick porpoise and swallowing much salt water.

We rescued him; and by the time we got him below, undressed and into his bunk we were wrecks ourselves. But Axel and I wanted to see more of the shore, and away we went, leaving Victor snoring. It was curious, the judgment passed on Victor by his shipmates, drinkers themselves. They shook their heads disapprovingly and muttered: "A man like that oughtn't to drink!" Now Victor was the smartest sailor and best-tempered shipmate in the forecastle. He was an all-round splendid type of seaman; his mates recognized his worth, and respected him and liked him. Yet John Barleycorn metamorphosed him into a violent lunatic. And that was the very point these drinkers made. They knew that drink—and drink with a sailor is always excessive—made them mad, but only mildly mad. Violent madness was objectionable because it spoiled the fun of others and often culminated in tragedy. From their standpoint mild madness was all right. But, from the standpoint of the whole human race, is not all madness objectionable? And is there a greater maker of madness of all sorts than John Barleycorn?

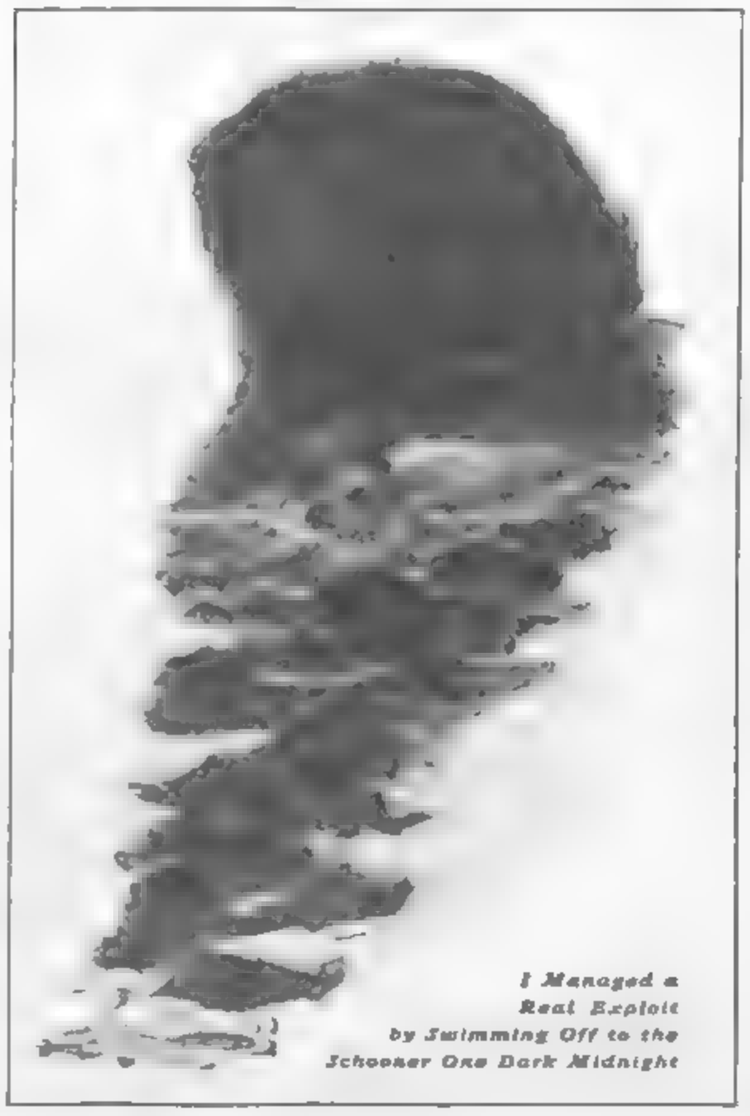
To return, however. Ashore, snugly ensconced in a Japanese house of entertainment, Axel and I compared bruises, and over a comfortable drink talked of the afternoon's happenings. We liked the quietness of that drink and took another. A shipmate dropped in, several shipmates dropped in, and we had more quiet drinks. Finally, just as we had engaged a Japanese orchestra, and as the first strains of the samisens were rising, through the paper walls came a wild howl from the street. We recognized it. Still howling, disdaining doorways, with bloodshot eyes and wildly waving muscular arms, Victor burst upon us through the fragile walls. The old rage was on him amuck, and he wanted blood—anybody's blood. The orchestra fled; so did we. We went through doorway and we went through paper walls—anything to get away.

After the place was half wrecked and we had agreed to pay the damage, leaving Victor partly subdued and showing symptoms of lapsing into a comatose state, Axel and I wandered away in quest of a quieter drinking-place. The main street was a madness. Hundreds of sailors rollicked up and down. Because the chief of police with his small force was helpless the governor of the colony had issued orders to the captains to have all their men on board by sunset.

What! To be treated in such fashion! As the news spread among the schooners they were emptied. Everybody came ashore. Men who had had no intention of coming ashore climbed into the boats. The governor's unfortunate ukase had precipitated a general debauch for all hands. It was hours after sunset and the men wanted to see anybody try to put them on board. They went round inviting the authorities to try to put them on board. In front of the governor's house they were gathered thickest, bawling seasongs, circulating squarefaces and dancing uproarious Virginia reels and old-country dances. The police, including the reserves, stood in little forlorn groups, waiting for the command the governor was too wise to issue. And I thought this saturnalia was great. It was like the old days of the Spanish Main come back. It was license; it was adventure. And I was part of it, a chesty sea-rover along with all these other chesty sea-rovers among the paper houses of Japan.

The governor never issued the order to clear the streets, and Axel and I wandered on from drink to drink. After a time, in some of the antics, getting hazy myself, I lost him. I drifted along, making new acquaintances, downing more drinks, getting hazier and hazier. I remember, somewhere, sitting in a circle with Japanese fishermen, Kanaka boat-steerers from our own vessels, and a young Danish sailor fresh from cowboying in the Argentine and with a penchant for native customs and ceremonials. And with due and proper and most intricate Japanese ceremonial we of the circle drank pale, mild and lukewarm liquid from tiny porcelain bowls.

And later I remember the runaway apprentices—boys of eighteen and twenty, of middle-class English families, who had jumped their ships and apprenticeships in various ports of the world and drifted into the forecastles of the sealing schooners. They were healthy, smooth-skinned, clear-eyed, and they were young—youths like me, learning



I Managed a Real Exploit by Swimming Off to the Schooner One Dark Midnight

the way of their feet in the world of men. And they were men! No mild drink for them, but squarefaces illicitly refilled with corrosive fire that flamed through their veins and burst into conflagrations in their heads. I remember a melting song they sang, the refrain of which was:

'Tis but a little golden ring;
I give it to thee with pride.
Wear it for your mother's sake
When you are on the tide.

They wept over it as they sang it, the graceless young scamps who had all broken their mothers' prides; and I sang with them and wept with them, and luxuriated in the pathos and the tragedy of it, and struggled to make glimmering inebriated generalizations on life and romance. And one last picture I have, standing out very clear and bright in the midst of vagueness before and blackness afterward: We—the apprentices and I—are swaying and clinging to one another under the stars. We are singing a rollicking seasong, all save one who sits on the ground and weeps; and we are marking the rhythm with waving squarefaces. From up and down the street come far choruses of sea-voices similarly singing; and life is great, and beautiful, and romantic, and magnificently mad.

And next, after the blackness, I open my eyes in the early dawn to see a Japanese woman, solicitously anxious, bending over me. She is the port-pilot's wife, and I am lying in her doorway. I am chilled and shivering, sick with the after-sickness of debauch. And I feel lightly clad. Those rascals of runaway apprentices! They have acquired the habit of running away. They have run away with my possessions. My watch is gone. My few dollars are gone. My coat is gone. So is my belt and—yes—my shoes!

And the foregoing is a sample of the ten days I spent in the Bonin Islands. Victor got over his lunacy, rejoined Axel and me; and after that we caroused somewhat more discreetly. And we never climbed that lava path among the flowers. The town and the squarefaces were all we saw.

One who has been burned by fire must preach about the fire. I might have seen and healthily enjoyed a whole lot more of the Bonin Islands if I had done what I ought to have done. But, as I see it, it is not a matter of what one ought to do or ought not to do. It is what one does. That is the everlasting, irrefragable fact. I did just what I did. I did what all those men did in the Bonin Islands. I did what millions of men over the world were doing at that particular point in time. I did it because the way led to it, because I was only a human boy, a creature of my environment, and neither an anemic nor a god. I was just human, and I was taking the path in the world that men took—men whom I admired, if you please; full-blooded men; lusty, breedy, chesty men; free spirits and anything but niggards in the way they foamed life away.

And the way was open. It was like an uncovered well in a yard where children play. It is of small use to tell the brave little boys toddling their way along into knowledge of life that they must not play near the uncovered well. They will play near it! Any parent knows that. And we know that a certain percentage of them, the livest and most daring, will fall into the well. The thing to do—we all know it—is to cover up the well. The case is the same with John Barleycorn. All the no-saying and no-preaching in the world will fail to keep men and youths growing into manhood away from John Barleycorn when John Barleycorn is everywhere accessible, and where John Barleycorn is everywhere the connotation of manliness and daring and great-spiritedness.

The only rational thing for the twentieth century folks to do is to cover up the well; to make the twentieth century in truth the twentieth century, and to relegate to the nineteenth century and all the preceding centuries the things of those centuries—the witch-burnings, the intolerances, the fetishes, and—not least among such barbarisms—John Barleycorn.

XVII

NORTH we raced from the Bonin Islands to pick up the seal herd, and north we hunted it for a hundred days into frosty, mitten weather, and into and through vast fogs that hid the sun from us for a week at a time. It was wild and heavy work, without a drink or thought of drink. Then we sailed south to Yokohama, with a big catch of skins in our salt and a heavy payday coming.

I was eager to be ashore and see Japan, but the first day was devoted to ship's work and not until evening did we sailors land. And here, by the very system of things, by the way life was organized and men transacted affairs, John Barleycorn reached out and tucked my arm in his. The captain had given money for us to the hunters, and the hunters were waiting in a certain Japanese public house for us to come and get it. We rode to the place in jinrikishas. Our own crowd had taken possession of it. Drink was flowing. Everybody had money and everybody was treating. After the hundred days of hard toil and absolute abstinence, in the pink of physical condition, bulging with health, overspilling with spirits that had been long pent by discipline and circumstance, of course we would have a drink or two. And after that we would see the town.

It was the old story. There were so many drinks to be drunk; and as the warm magic poured through our veins and mellowed our voices and affections we knew it was no time to make invidious distinctions—to drink with this shipmate and to decline to drink with that shipmate. We were all shipmates who had been through stress and storm together; who had pulled and hauled on the same sheets and tackles, relieved one another's wheels, laid out side by side on the same jib-boom when she was plunging into it, and looked to see who was missing when she cleared and lifted. So we drank with all and all treated; and our voices rose; and we remembered a myriad kindly acts of comradeship, and forgot our fights and wordy squabbles, and knew one another for the best fellows in the world!

Well, the night was young when we arrived in that public house, and the first night that public house was all I saw of Japan—a drinking-place, which was very like a drinking-place at home or anywhere else over the world.

We lay in Yokohama harbor for two weeks, and about all we saw of Japan was its drinking-places where sailors congregated. Occasionally some one of us varied the monotony with a more exciting drunk. In such fashion I managed a real exploit by swimming off to the schooner one dark midnight and going soundly to sleep while the water police searched the harbor for my body and brought my clothes out for identification.

Perhaps it was for things like that, I imagined, that men got drunk. In our little round of living what I had done was a noteworthy event. All the harbor talked about it. I enjoyed several days of fame among the Japanese boatmen and ashore in the pubs. It was a red-letter event. It was an event to be remembered and narrated with pride. I remember it today, twenty years afterward, with a secret glow of pride. It was a purple passage, just as Victor's wrecking of the teahouse in the Bonin Islands and my being looted by the runaway apprentices were purple passages.

The point is that the charm of John Barleycorn was still a mystery to me. I was so organically a non-alcoholic that alcohol itself made no appeal; the chemical reactions it produced in me were not satisfying, because I possessed no need for such chemical satisfaction. I drank because the men I was with drank, and because my nature was such that I could not permit myself to be less of a man than other men at their favorite pastime. And I still had a sweet tooth; and on privy occasions, when there was no man to see, I bought candy and blissfully devoured it.

We hove up anchor to a jolly chantey and sailed out of Yokohama harbor for San Francisco. We took the northern passage and, with the stout west wind at our back, made the run across the Pacific in thirty-seven days of brave sailing. We still had a big payday coming to us; and for thirty-seven days, without a drink to addle our mental processes, we incessantly planned the spending of our money.

The first statement of each man—ever an ancient one in homeward-bound forecastles—was: "No boarding-house sharks in mine!" Next, in parentheses, was regret at

having spent so much money in Yokohama. And after that each man proceeded to paint his favorite phantom. Victor, for instance, said that immediately he landed in San Francisco he would pass right through the waterfront and the Barbary Coast and put an advertisement in the papers. His advertisement would be for board and room in some simple working-class family.

"Then," said Victor, "I shall go to some dancing school for a week or two, just to meet and get acquainted with the girls and fellows. Then I'll get the run of the different dancing crowds, and be invited to their homes and to parties, and all that; and with the money I've got I can last out till next January, when I'll go sealing again."

No—he was not going to drink. He knew the way of it, particularly his way of it—wine in, wit out—and his money would be gone in no time. He had his choice, based on bitter experience, between three days' debauch among the sharks and harpies of the Barbary Coast and a whole winter of wholesome enjoyment and sociability; and there was not any doubt of the way he was going to choose.

Said Axel Gunderson, who did not care for dancing and social functions:

"I've got a good payday. Now I can go home. It is fifteen years since I've seen my mother and all the family. When I pay off I shall send my money home to wait for me. Then I'll pick a good ship bound for Europe and arrive there with another payday. Put them together and I'll have more money than ever in my life before. I'll be a prince at home. You haven't any idea how cheap everything is in Norway. I can make presents to everybody and spend my money like what would seem to them a millionaire, and live a whole year there before I'd have to go back to sea."

"The very thing I'm going to do," declared Red John. "It's three years since I've received a line from home and ten years since I was there. Things are just as cheap in Sweden, Axel, as in Norway, and my folks are real country folks and farmers. I'll send my pay home and ship with you for round the Horn. We'll pick a good one."

And as Axel Gunderson and Red John painted the pastoral delights and festive customs of their respective countries, each fell in love with the other's home place, and they solemnly pledged to make the journey together, and to spend together six months in the one's Swedish home and six months in the other's Norwegian home. And for the rest of the voyage they could hardly be pried apart, so infatuated did they become with discussing their plans.

Long John was not a homebody; but he was tired of the forecastle. No boarding-house sharks in his! He, too, would get a room in a quiet family; and he would go to a navigation school and study to be a captain. And so it went. Each man swore that for once he would be sensible and not squander his money. No boarding-house sharks—no sailor town—no drink! was the slogan of our forecastle.

The men became stingy. Never was there such economy. They refused to buy anything more from the slop-chest. Old rags had to last; and they sewed patch upon patch, turning out what are called homeward-bound patches of the most amazing proportions. They saved on matches even, waiting until two or three were ready to light their pipes from the same match.

As we sailed up the San Francisco waterfront, the moment the port doctors passed us the boarding-house runners were alongside in Whitehall boats. They swarmed on board, each drumming for his own boarding house, and each with a bottle of free whisky inside his shirt; but we waved them grandly and blasphemously away. We wanted none of their boarding houses and none of their whisky. We were sober, thrifty sailormen, with better use for our money.

Came the paying off before the shipping commissioner. We emerged upon the sidewalk, each with a pocketful of money. About us, like buzzards, clustered the sharks and harpies. And we looked at each other. We had been seven months together and our paths were now separating. One last farewell rite of comradeship remained. Oh, it was the way—the custom. "Come on, boys!" said our sailing-master. There stood the inevitable adjacent saloon. There were a dozen saloons all round. And when we had followed the sailing-master into the one of his choice the sharks were thick on the sidewalk outside. Some of them even ventured inside, but we would have nothing to do with them.

There we stood at the long bar—the sailing-master, the mate, the six hunters, the six boat-steerers and the five boat-pullers. There were only five of the last, for one of our number had been dropped overboard, with a sack of coal at his feet, between two snowsqualls in a driving gale off Cape Yerimo. There were nineteen of us, and it was to be our last drink together. With seven months of men's work in the world, blow high, blow low, behind us, we were looking on each other for the last time. We knew it, for sailors' ways go wide. And the nineteen of us drank the sailing-master's treat. Then the mate looked at us with eloquent eyes and called for another round. We liked the mate just as well as the sailing-master, and we liked them both. Could we drink with one and not the other?

And Pete Holt, my own hunter—lost the next year in the Mary Thomas, with all hands—called a round. The time passed, the drinks continued to come on the bar, our voices rose and the maggots began to crawl. There were six hunters, and each insisted in the sacred name of comradeship that all hands drink with him just once. There were six boat-steerers and five boat-pullers, and the same logic held with them. There was money in all our pockets and our money was as good as any man's, and our hearts were as free and generous.

Nineteen rounds of drinks! What more would John Barleycorn ask in order to have his will with men? They were ripe to forget their dearly cherished plans. They rolled out of the saloon and into the arms of the sharks and harpies. They did not last long. From two days to a week saw the end of their money and saw them being carted by the boarding-house masters on board outward-bound ships. Victor was a fine body of a man, and through a lucky friendship he managed to get into the lifesaving service. He never saw the dancing school nor placed his advertisement for a room in a working-class family. Nor did Long John win to a navigation school. By the end of the week he was a transient lumper on a river steamboat. Red John and Axel did not send their pay home to the old country. Instead, and along with the rest, they were scattered on board sailing ships bound for the four quarters of the globe, where they had been placed by the boarding-house masters and where they were working out advance money they had neither seen nor spent.

What saved me was that I had a home and people to go to. I crossed the bay to Oakland and, among other things, took a look at the death-road. Nelson was gone—shot to death while drunk and resisting the officers. His partner in that affair was lying in prison. Whisky Bob was gone. Old Cole, Old Smoudge and Bob Smith were gone. Another Smith—he of the belted guns and the Annie—was drowned. French Frank, they said, was lurking upriver, afraid to come down because of something he had done. Others were wearing the stripes in San Quentin or Folsom. Big Alec, the King of the Greeks, whom I had known well in the old Benicia days, and with whom I had drunk whole nights through, had killed two men and fled to foreign parts. Fitzsimmons, with whom I had sailed on the Fish Patrol, had been stabbed in the lung through the back and had died a lingering death complicated with tuberculosis. And so it went—a very lively and well-patronized road; and from what I knew of all of them John Barleycorn was responsible, with the sole exception of Smith, of the Annie.

XVIII

MY INFATUATION for the Oakland waterfront was quite dead. I did not like the looks of it or the life. I did not care for the drinking or the vagrancy of it, and I wandered back to the Oakland Free Library and read the books with greater understanding. Then, too, my mother said I had sown my wild oats and it was time I settled down to a regular job. Also, the family needed the money. So I got a job at the jute mills—a ten-hour day at ten cents an hour. Despite my increase in strength and general efficiency I was receiving no more than when I worked in the cannery several years before; but then there was a promise of a raise to a dollar and a quarter a day after a few months.

And here, so far as John Barleycorn is concerned, began a period of innocence. I did not know what it was to take a drink from month-end to month-end. Not yet eighteen years old, healthy and with labor-hardened but unhurt muscles, like any young animal I needed diversion, excitement—something beyond the books and the mechanical toil.

I strayed into Young Men's Christian Associations. The life there was healthful and athletic, but too juvenile. For me it was too late. I was not boy or youth, despite my paucity of years. I had bucked big with men. I knew mysterious and violent things. I was from the other side of life so far as concerned the young men I encountered in the Y. M. C. A. I spoke another language, possessed a sadder and more terrible wisdom. When I come to think it over I realize now that I have never had a boyhood. At any rate the Y. M. C. A. young men were too juvenile for me, too unsophisticated. This I should not have minded could they have met me and helped me mentally, but I had got more out of the books than they. Their meager physical experiences plus their meager intellectual experiences made a negative sum so vast that it overbalanced their wholesome morality and healthful sports.

In short I could not play with the pupils of a lower grade. All the clean, splendid young life that was theirs was denied me—thanks to my earlier tutelage under John Barleycorn. I knew too much while too young. And yet, in the good time coming, when alcohol is eliminated from the needs and the institutions of men, it will be the Y. M. C. A., and similar unthinkably better and wiser and more virile congregating places, that will receive the men who now go to saloons to find themselves and one another. Meantime we live today, here and now; and we discuss today, here and now.

I was working ten hours a day in the jute mills. It was humdrum machine toil. I wanted life. I wanted to realize myself in other ways than at a machine for ten cents an hour. And yet I had had my fill of saloons. I wanted something new. I was growing up. I was developing unguessed and troubling potencies and proclivities. And at this very stage fortunately I met Louis Shattuck and we became chums.

Louis Shattuck, without one vicious trait, was a real innocently devilish young fellow who was quite convinced that he was a sophisticated town boy. And I was not a town boy at all. Louis was handsome and graceful, and filled with love for the girls. With him it was an exciting and all-absorbing pursuit. I did not know anything about girls. I had been too busy being a man. This was an entirely new phase of existence that had escaped me. And when I saw Louis say goodby to me, raise his hat to a girl of his acquaintance and walk on with her down the sidewalk I was made excited and envious. I, too, wanted to play this game.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," said Louis—"and that is, you must get a girl."

Which is more difficult than it sounds. Let me show you, at the

(Continued on Page 54)

I Did Not Know the First Thing About Girls—I, Who Had Been Hailed Prince of the Oyster Pirates

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1913

Mr. Wilson's Two Big Jobs

IN PRESIDENT WILSON'S program reform of "a banking and currency system based upon the necessity of the Government to sell its bonds fifty years ago" stands next to tariff revision. The second task is more difficult than the first—and more important. An adequate reform of banking probably means more in dollars and cents—and in happiness—to the mass of the people of the United States in the next twenty years than an adequate reform of tariff does.

Wage-earners and farmers may not see this at once; but they could have seen it in 1893, when stupid currency legislation and a defective banking system assisted powerfully in bringing on that three-year industrial prostration which made tramps of thousands of workmen and sent grain prices much below the cost of production. And the great losses of the panic of 1907 by no means fell exclusively upon the rich. There were breadlines in every city.

Undoubtedly the theory that a big panic must happen every twenty years was founded upon mere coincidence. Undoubtedly, also, there will be some important reaction in business before the next presidential campaign. In the nature of things the business pace of the last half of 1912 and the first quarter of 1913, breaking all records, will not continue indefinitely. Sometime within four years there will be a notable slackening. After a boom Germany has been going through a troublous period of readjustment; but there has been no break—no demoralization of industry. The German banking system was competent to deal with the situation. Are we to be as fortunately circumstanced? The new Administration has no bigger or more important question than this to deal with.

A Test for Extravagance

THE number of persons who want to be extravagant is as insignificant as the number who want to be stingy. The difficulty lies in drawing the line. Almost anybody can tell in a moment whether a given expenditure by another person is extravagant or not; but the same persons cannot tell on which side of the line certain expenditures of their own fall.

We know of several bankers, each spending from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars a year, who regard the purchase of a fifteen-hundred-dollar automobile by a forehanded farmer as rank extravagance; but the bankers are in painful doubt as to whether five house-servants are an extravagance for themselves or only liberal-handed prudence. And the farmer chews many a meditative straw before he can make up his mind about the automobile. If the banker had the making up of the farmer's mind, and the farmer of the banker's mind, there would be no difficulty and both of them would save considerable money.

It is a troublesome question for a man to decide for himself; but there is one very simple rule that anybody can profitably stick to—namely, spending money that you do not have for anything you do not absolutely need is extravagant. The rule is just as sound, whether the purchase is a five-cent cigar or a five-hundred-dollar fur coat. We are moved to this reflection by a recent life-insurance report, which shows that in 1905, at the time of the big investigation, life-insurance companies operating in the state of New York had loaned to their policy-holders a little short of two hundred million dollars, while now the amount exceeds five hundred millions. These loans on life-insurance policies are scarcely ever repaid and are used for merely personal expenses in most cases. When a man borrows money to blow in on his personal credit he may disappoint his creditors. When he borrows money on his life-insurance to blow in, he is only too often robbing his wife and children.

Railroad Earnings

LAST year, for the first time, the gross earnings of railroads in the United States topped three billion dollars. The amount is all the more significant when it is remembered that only fifteen years ago gross earnings were very little in excess of one billion—total length of road meanwhile having increased but ninety per cent.

Measured by revenues handled, this is obviously a huge industry. Measured by its importance to all other industry, it bulks still larger. It is all privately owned and—with important restrictions—privately managed. There is no lack of complaint on either side; but on a broad view it must be said that the public and this huge privately owned business are now getting on pretty well together, and it is certainly noteworthy that at present there are louder complaints on the railroads' side than on the public's. To bring this great and tremendously important privately owned industry into a fairly satisfactory relationship with the public is an achievement of which the country may well be proud—especially as that and the establishment of the gold standard are its only economic achievements in the last twenty years that furnish any reason for pride.

To handle increasing traffic requires, of course, more cars, engines, second track, side-track, heavier rails, enlarged terminals—all of which mean constantly increasing capital investment. To get the capital, the roads must be able to earn a fair return upon it. To impair their earnings below that point is to stop their growth. We think they need have no fear on that score, though some railroad men profess to think otherwise. Assuming, as we do, those fears to be groundless, the railroad problem—so far as present experience goes—is fairly solved by the combination of private ownership and public regulation.

The Light Referendum Vote

PROBABLY three-fifths of the voters of this country are progressive in the lump and only two-fifths progressive in detail. Roughly, two-thirds of Ohio's vote, for example, went to Wilson and Roosevelt against only one-third to Taft; but a little earlier, when the state adopted a practically new and progressive constitution, only about half of the electorate voted either for or against the progressive idea. Only a fifth of Colorado's vote went to Taft; but of thirty-two measures—all at least nominally progressive—that were submitted to referendum at the same election, one-half received less than thirty-three per cent of the registered vote. In Oregon, Debs got more than a third as many votes as Taft; but only two-fifths of the electors voted either way on the most discussed progressive amendment to the Constitution—that for woman suffrage.

Instances might be multiplied. In the lump people are progressive and will say so in an electoral contest between two men. When it comes down to detailed measures there is some uncertainty—and some indifference. Voting for measures lacks the dramatic element which makes a race between men so attractive that in any state and under almost all circumstances the vote for president is the high vote. Back of these causes, no doubt, is a feeling that among all these individual measures brought before the people with so much waving of arms and straining of lungs there is not one that really goes far or would change the scheme of things by more than an infinitesimal jot.

Women's Wages

ALLOWING a dollar a week for apparel and a dollar and a quarter for sickness, dentists' bills, amusements and emergencies, a woman can support herself decently in Chicago on nine dollars a week—so careful students of the matter have reported. Three Chicago concerns employ about eleven thousand women. The work in them differs somewhat, but the average full weekly pay for women in the first is nine dollars and twelve cents; in the second, nine dollars and eighty-six cents; in the third, ten dollars and seventy-six cents. Apparently the ruling wage is just about enough to keep the women alive.

It could not possibly be more than that. The unorganized women are always competing with one another for any job that will keep them alive. Department-store employers are in brisk competition. Broadly speaking, one of them cannot pay much more wages than another does or the other will undersell him. And many Illinois employers of women are in competition with employers in other states. Two of the largest employers of women in that state, testifying before a state senate committee, offered no objection to a minimum-wage law for women, provided it was national in scope—that is, provided it applied to their competitors in other states as well as to themselves.

Financing the Farmer

USUALLY a solvent farmer has no trouble in buying whatever he wants on credit. Usually, too, he has no accurate idea as to what the credit he gets actually costs him. It has long been the rule, for example, to sell farm machinery on six months' to three years' time. So much farmers' paper of this sort is constantly outstanding that some ingenious Wall Street persons have formed a company for the purpose of issuing debentures against it, selling the debentures to investors on a basis netting about six per cent interest. The farmer, of course, pays that six per cent, and then something for the guaranty, something for costs of collection, something for bad debts.

The question is, How much altogether does he pay for the credit? How much—if any—better could he do if he financed himself and bought strictly for cash? So with the groceries, drygoods and professional services he habitually gets on credit. What does the credit really cost him?

Unquestionably buying on credit is a bad habit. It always involves counting unhatched chickens. It generally precludes the closest bargaining. There is no market in which the cash purchaser, taking it by and large, does not have the advantage.

Solvent farmers need not ask anybody to finance them. By coöperating they can finance themselves. If their notes are good for so many hundred thousand dollars' worth of implements they are equally good for the same number of dollars in cash. We have no doubt that a farming community which financed itself and bought for cash would be considerably ahead at the end of five years.

The Custom-House Hold-Up

IN PROTESTING against the bill that would permit returning American tourists to bring in, duty free, three hundred dollars' worth of personal belongings purchased abroad, instead of only one hundred dollars' worth, the American Protective Tariff League says that almost all the baggage collections at New York are exacted from persons who bring in less than three hundred dollars' worth of foreign goods—that is, from tourists of modest means who are bringing home personal souvenirs. In the name of protection to American labor the Government dumps their bits of lace, lacquer and jewelry on the dock and extracts some two million dollars a year, which is collected at a cost of about ten millions in time, annoyance and humiliation.

Aside from causing a loss of revenue, the bill—says the League—is an "outrageous discrimination against those who remain at home because they are not able to travel abroad; it is class legislation in its most offensive form."

In spite of last November's election the League evidently still regards all American citizens as its natural prey and considers it outrageous discrimination when the Government permits a few to escape, to some degree, by simply traveling to Europe and back. But, to be logical, the League should protest against permitting citizens to go abroad at all, and thereby escape being mulcted for a few months, while the great mass of their fellow countrymen who remain at home are steadily enjoying that privilege.

One Trouble With Wall Street

ALL intelligent observers agree that, under present conditions, the glut of money which occurs in New York at every period of monetary ease is not desirable. "In the long run," says an eminent Western banker, "commerce suffers more from periods of overabundance of money than from those of scarcity. Whenever money becomes so overabundant that bankers in order to keep it earning something have to force it out, the foundations are laid for a period of stringency—for then speculation is encouraged, prices inflated and all sorts of securities floated."

This injurious forcing out of money is, of course, most pronounced in New York, for there bank balances from all over the country accumulate, and there consequently the glut is largest.

While this undesirable glut is taking place, however, the New York banks keep right on bidding and paying two per cent interest for bank deposits. Money may actually be loaning at only one and a half per cent, but the banks continue to pay two per cent for it—and in the struggle to recoup themselves they resort to that forcing out which the Western banker criticises. If gentlemen with practically unlimited means should agree to pay ninety cents a bushel for wheat, year in and year out, regardless of the market, there would be a considerable glut of wheat in their neighborhood when the market fell below ninety cents. This is substantially what the New York banks do with money.

Why? Because there is so much competition—and such defective coördination among banks in general—that those in New York are afraid to adjust their interest rates to the market lest competitors take business away from them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

At Last!

PATIENCE is the key to Paradise!" say the Turks; and Paradise, in the unanimous opinion of the triumphant and tumultuous Democrats, is, to all practical purposes, synonymous with a Government job.

Let me, therefore, call your attention to a man who, after many years of patient—very patient!—and earnest—extremely earnest!—endeavor, has entered into that Democratic Paradise. I refer to William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, who is at the present writing Secretary of State.

For years and years Mr. Bryan has gone along modestly, quietly, unselfishly, doing that which it came his way to do, and having no other idea in view than the regeneration of the nation—and mayhap the incidental refreshment of himself through the medium of a place on the payroll. He has persevered. He has remained undaunted in the face of disappointments that would have broken a fainter heart than his; and at last—now!—he has achieved his reward. He has a job!

"Love Laughs at Locksmiths"

Never in the history of our country have we seen a sublimer consecration of self to an ideal! Many times in the past score of years men have gone to Mr. Bryan and have urged—insisted, even—that he should abandon his quest; have demanded of him that he should relinquish this apparently fruitless and unavailing crusade for a chance to participate in the pie. But to all he has turned an ear so deaf as to be insensible to all sound, and has been enduring and steadfast. A most admirable exemplification of singleness of purpose and fixity of mind—to say nothing at all of the ultimate good that must inevitably accrue to the toiling masses, in whose interests the laborer certainly is worthy of his hire.

Away back yonder—in 1896 it was—he came to Chicago, and there determined upon that course to which he has adhered with such marked determination ever since; came to Chicago and set forth on his facundious way—nor has he faltered since. There have been obstacles. There have been defeats, there have been near successes, there have been disappointments. There have been times when hopelessness obscured the bright star of hope, and despair dimmed and almost destroyed desire; but each difficulty was talked aside, and on and on he pressed—until, on March fourth last, he reached the glorious goal and took his place upon the great roll of those who serve the state; not in that orgulous manner that so often marks and mars the successful culmination of such an enterprise, but calmly, quietly, becomingly, as befits a person in whom long experience of reverse and rebuff has inculcated seemly appreciation of the joys of the journey's end.

Ploughing the Furrows of Self-Denial

IT WAS a long, long struggle! Seventeen years, come next July, he toiled upon the path—seventeen years when there seemed to be no day that held out encouragement, and no day that was filled with aught but the bitterness of defeat. Protesting as he had, in 1896, against the pressing down of a crown of thorns upon the brow of labor, his own brow was seared and scarred in the very November of that year by harsher instruments of interposition than any thorns; and he was face to face with the discouraging fact that no possible opportunity would arise for the gratification of his desire until 1900 should arrive.

He was not dismayed however. Having set his voice to the task, he neither stammered nor stuttered to the right or the left, but talked straight on, verbigerous and unafraid. He had failed of his demand that the American workingman should not be crucified on a cross of gold; so he demanded vehemently that he should be placed in office, in order that the little brown brother in the Philippines might not be similarly annoyed on a cross of imperialism. It was futile! He failed again. The great, unheeding, careless people refused to concern themselves with the little brown brother; and once more in that very month of November he found himself as far from the gratification of his aspiration as he had been in that calamitous November four years before.

Did he stop? He did not. He did not hesitate even. He knew full well that somewhere, sometime, there would be a niche for him to fill; and he pressed on and on, relinquishing no endeavor nor ceasing any reverberation. Came 1908, when after eight years of patient planning he again essayed to get into conjunction with the acme of his desire. Again, and for the third time, he saw the fabric of his dreams destroyed by the cruel actualities of the election returns; and it seemed at that moment as if he never could gain the summit of his unselfish desire.

A Seventeen-Year Hike to Washington

HE PERSEVERED however. He faltered not. Once more he turned his face toward the morning of a job and with undiminished energy sought the prize. Made wary by his own experiences and his own disappointments, he sought new channels for the gratification of that ambition. What he could not get for himself he helped to get for another; and then, success assured, he called round one afternoon and suggested, with all becoming humilitude, that the time was now opportune for ending officially his pilgrimage toward Washington.

The suggestion was received in the patriotic spirit in which it was advanced. The reward was made. The weary wayfarer was taken into the house, placed at the right hand of the host at table, given the warmest corner in the inglenook, and bade welcome and thrice welcome to the best the establishment afforded. With alacrity not astonishing in a man who has been almost seventeen years on a hike toward the place of preferment, he hurried across and was sworn in as Secretary of State just as soon as he learned it was really true, and there was no flareback or mistake; and then, with a deep sigh of contentment, he sank into a chair, tears filled his eyes and he murmured: "At last! At last!"

It seems almost unnecessary to say that our great, generous, though oftentimes heedless, people—admiring, as they do, those noble qualities of patience, persistence and perseverance—will encourage this embryo statesman in every way. They have known him long. They have heard him often. They would not be the great, generous people they are if they did not hold out to him a helping hand—did not encourage him in every way—did not extend to him best wishes for success in his new field of endeavor. They have watched him with much interest. They have observed his long struggle with adverse conditions. They have noted his dogged determination, his fixity of purpose, his unfaltering pursuit of what his heart has hankered after—what his ambition has craved. They are glad he has been placed and they will do what they can to cheer him along the way.

After all these years of trial and turmoil he is at a definite point where he can prove his former conversations by his future consummations. The people are a kindly people. It may seem at times—and undoubtedly it has seemed to Mr. Bryan they are unappreciative, especially when he has done so much to try to make them appreciate; but it is not so. They are a kindly people.

Now that he has a place; now that he has an opportunity to perform instead of postulate; now that his pilgrimage is over—for the time, at least—the people will be pleased if he succeeds and sorry if he fails. A sturdy young man of fifty-three, somewhat delayed in achieving his desires, he is at last in the Government service, and his career will be watched with interest. The future stretches before him. It is quite possible, if he works hard and pays close attention to the needs of his employer, that opportunities for advancement may present themselves. This is a great country for earnest, ambitious and persistent men!

A Sociable Funeral

SOME years ago an Irishman, who ran an undertaking and livery business on the North Side, in Chicago, died and left his business to his only daughter. She ran the business, bossed the drivers and other employees, every man of whom was Irish, and made a great success of it. She was a strict disciplinarian, but the men all liked her and she was a great favorite.

Presently she married, sold out the business and moved out to Rogers Park. One morning she was sitting on the veranda of her new house with some women friends when a funeral came along. The man driving the first carriage was an old employee. He took off his hat, bowed and shouted:

"Hello, Maggie! How are you?"

The next driver saluted, and the word passed down the long line of carriages. Every driver knew her. As the hearse came along the driver made an especially low bow and gave a loud Hello!

"Hello, Mike!" she responded. "Looks like a good job you've got today. Who's inside?"

Campaign Cheer

LOREN TALBOT, formerly of Des Moines, but now of Indianola, where Simpson College is located, was running for the Iowa Legislature. Talbot is a graduate of Simpson, and one day, during the course of his campaign, he met Dr. Francis L. Strickland, president of the institution.

"Talbot," said Doctor Strickland, "I hear you are running for the Legislature."

"Yep," replied Talbot, "that's me. I suppose you will give me your vote?"

"Who is running against you?"

"Bill Buxton, Junior, is the only candidate against me."

"Well, Mr. Talbot," said Doctor Strickland as he moved off, "Buxton would make a fine representative—a fine representative!"

A Question for Experts

AT ONE of the permanent circuses in Berlin they have a dog that is said to talk German.

W. G. Shepard, who represents many American newspapers in Europe, went down to see and hear the dog.

He observed and listened intently.

"It certainly is very interesting," he said, "but I can't tell yet whether the dog talks German or the Germans talk dog."

THE PEBBLE IN THE PATH

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

"The Lady Nora Prevailed on Dermot to Play on the Harp an' Sing Shool Aroon"

MR. MULREADY sat on his customary step at the entrance to the McGonigal Flats, his pipe in his mouth, his feet comfortably incased in carpet slippers, and his waistband slackened to the extent of two buttons for his greater ease after supper. Under the mollifying influences of pork and greens, and tobacco, he felt at peace with the world and sympathetically inclined to the gloomy-looking young man in the black calico shirt who occupied the other end of the step.

"So ut's broke out in a new place, has ut, Jamesey?" asked Mr. Mulready.

The young man in the black calico shirt lit another cigarette. "What's broke out?" he demanded surlily.

Mr. Mulready puffed twice at his pipe.

"The smallpox!" he replied. "They do be tellin' me there's a case from Sangamon Street tuk to the county hospital. Sure, life's wan thing afther another, Jamesey! If ut isunt smallpox ut's a large man wid an ugly dispoaition an' a bewchous daughter."

Jamesey shot a suspicious side glance at the Nestor of the Flats, whose innocent gaze was fixed riverward.

"He been sayin' anythin' to you about me?"

Mr. Mulready looked at him in mild astonishment.

"Not in my hearin'," he replied. "What putt that into your head? I don't aven know the gintleman. Ahl I know is you've been goin' out ahl dolled up for five nights in rapid succission, an' now ye've the cheerful ixpression av a man that's lost a two-dollar bill an' found a plugged nickel. Too much frequency, Jamesey! Too much frequency!"

The young man looked uncomfortable.

"Sure, ye remind me of Dermot O'Brien, of Ballynacuish, who kem near bein' an own ancesthor of me old woman's on her father's side," pursued Mr. Mulready. "Ye'll not have heard of him; so I'll tell ye the rights av the story as 'twas tould to me.

"Ut began wid a gyurl, av coorse. Whiniver there's a story ut begins wid a gyurl or inds wid wan. This same gyurl wasunt like others if ye'd have tuk Dermot's word for ut, by rayson that she lived on victuals an' dhrink, an' breathed nothin' but air. Whin she was pleased she'd smile; an' whin she was sorry she'd luk sad—barrin' the occasions whin she wished to convey the conthrairy impression. Ahl she asked av annybody was just to let her have her own way; an' whin she got ut she was niver quite sure what ut was. She was light av foot an' light av heart, an' had a rough an' a smooth side to her tongue—an' used thim both. She was a quare crayture entirely, so she was. I'll go bail there's not more than a million resimbling her in Chicago this minute!

"To the back of thim peculiarities her name was Nora; an' she had a pair av plump, rosy cheeks, wid a dimple in aich wan, an' a pair av eyes black as the sloeberry, an' a pair av ankles as trim as iver twinkled below the hem av a petticoat to the disthraction av male observers. Ye'll be thinkin' that, wid ahl that, the gas wud be burnin' to anny hour av the night in the back parlor an' the poorch litthered up wid the junias dory av the counthryside; but 'twasunt so. In the first place, ye'll mind, gas hadunt been invented an', furthermore, Nora's ould man, Rory av the Three Hills, had made up his mind that the gyurl was nut to be married. She might conthract an alliance wid anny one she liked, for ahl av him, providin' ut was wid Dermot O'Brien; but that was as far as he'd compromise.

"He was a big ould man, was Rory, wid a short timper an' a long arm wid red hair on ut; an' he niver stirred widout a big soord strapped to the broad back av him an' a double-bitted ax swinging by a throng from his wrist—not to mintion a handy skean or two in his belt. He wasunt a man ye'd want to conthradict or deny just to see what wud happin, ye'll mind. More by token there was fifty or more shockheaded, two-fisted rapparees ate their three meals a day in his hall an' jumped whiniver he batted an eye; an' a hundhred, or such a matther, that tuk a handout at the kitchen dure an' slep' in the barn, that was aiquilly anxious to please him.

"Still, whin a man has to make a living an' keep up appearances by manslaughter an' highway robbery an' arson, a hundhred an' fifty accomplices is none too manny, on account av the competition; an' that was why the ould man was sthrong for Dermot. To begin wid, Ballynacuish joined on to his land; an' thin the O'Briens had powerful connictions at the palace at Limerick—a matther of politics, ye see. So, whin Dermot first kem up to the dure, wid his knees knockin' the wan aginst the other on account av his bashfulness, Rory av the Three Hills was there wid his hand out an' smilin' through his whiskers.

"'A sight for sore eyes, ye are, Dermot O'Brien!' says he. 'Walk right in an' bend your hunkers to a sate,' he says; 'an' what will the cupbearer bring ye to dhrink—a horn av usquebaugh or a noggin av mead? Putt a name to ut, avick.'

"'I just dhropped in,' says Dermot. 'I happined to be passin' ——'

"'If ye'd passed I'd niver have forgiven ye,' says the ould man. 'What did ye say ye'd take for what ailed ye?'

"'A tasthe av butthermilk, thin, thank ye kindly,' says Dermot.

"Rory's eyebrows kem together at that, but he consayled his disgust an' nodded to the cupbearer.

"'An' tell the Lady Nora there's coompany, an' to sthep downstairs,' says he to the man.

"So in the coorse av half an hour, or such a matther, the Lady Nora kem down in a costume that showed she aimed to please, wid her cheeks like roses an' her black hair hangin' in thick braids below her waist. Dermot thought he'd niver seen a purtier sight. What she thought, there's no tellin'; but there's the wan thing sure, she didunt run away, an' whin Rory invited the lad to stay an' take pot luck, she asked him too—wid her black eyes. Ye'll mind Dermot was a well-favored lad, wid a straight back, a good leg an' a high-held head; an' up to that time he'd had a favorable opinion av himself by rayson he cud stick to a horse like a gadfly an' run like a deer on his own shanks. An', as bashful an' young as he was, he had committed siveral brilliant homicides an' stud well with the tinantry. So ye'll see there was ivery rayson to believe that the alliance wud be conthracted.

"Well, afther dinner was over—an' 'twas the grand dinner entirely—the Lady Nora prevailed on Dermot to play on the harp an' sing Shool Aroon. An illegant song ut is, an' he sang ut wid taste an' ixpression. An' afther that there was discoorse av a kind, until at last the lad tould thim he'd have to be joggin'.

"'Ye'll come agin soon, now ye've found the way,' says Rory av the Three Hills.

"'Sure an' I will that,' says Dermot, wid the tail av his eye on Lady Nora.

"'Ye'll be kindly welcome,' says she, wid a soft look.

"'Ye can't come too often,' says ould Rory.

"'I'll thry ye,' says Dermot.

"So he rode off, an' 'twas well the horse knew the way to Ballynacuish, for the lad's head was in the clouds an' the bridle-rein was slack in his hand; an' whin he got to his father's house ut tuk him a minute or two to remimber where he'd seen a front dure like that before.

"An' meantime, back in the castle av the Three Hills, ould Rory an' his daughter was talkin' him over.

"'What did ye think av him, acushla?' asks Rory, smirkin' at her wid pride.

"'He's a pup yit; but he's the best av the ould bitch's litter, an' I'll go bail he pulls down his stag inside av a twelvemonth,' says Nora, pattin' the head av the hound that was nosing her.

"'Botheration!' says Rory. 'Tis not av dogs I'm spakin'. I mane the young jackeen, Dermot O'Brien.'

"'Oh, him!' says she, sort av contimpchus.

"'Yis, him!' says her father. 'What's the matther wid him?'

"'He's a pup too,' says she.

"'He's a good breed,' says Rory; 'an' he's got a meaty bone to gnaw,' says he. 'A fine, upsthandin', well-behaved, respictful an' timperate young fella, I shud call him.'

"'I'll not gainsay ye,' she says; 'but his appetite's sharper than his wit, to my mind.'

"'He ate nixt dure to nothin', ye monkey,' says Rory.

"'Sure, I noticed that too!' says she.

"Rory av the Three Hills pulled his long red mustache an' made a sour face.

"'Did ye iver see a betther-lookin' lad?' he asked.

"'I've seen worse,' the Lady Nora admitted. 'At the same time there's a mole at the back av his ear, an' his neck is too long entirely; his hair's too short an' there's freckles on his knees. Another thing—purple is no color for a fair man to my mind.'

"'I'd not give much for the thing ye call your mind,' growled the ould man. 'Ye'll allow he can sing?'

"'Yis—so long as ye're not particular whether ut's off the key or on ut,' she makes answer.

"'I'm not,' says Rory. 'Divil the differ is ut to me. But ye'll mind the nixt time he comes—if he does come—ye'll be civil an' sweet to him, you impident hussy, or I'll take a hazel rod to ye!'

"'Sure, father dear, I need no hazel rod to make me do me jooty,' says Nora.

"'I'm not so sure av that same,' Rory grumbles; an', wid that, he whistled to his dogs an' terminated the interview.

"That same night the Lady Nora smiled to hersilf as she disrobed; an' whin she was tucked in her little bed she did some thinkin' before she wint to sleep, which was ahltogether conthrairy to her habit. Whin she got up in the mornin' she was wondherin' an' wondherin'; and as the mornin' passed she looked often from the turret windy that faced the road to Ballynacuish.

"'But he'll not come for a week at the laist,' says she to hersilf. 'Twould not be dacint manners!'

"She was sayin' that over for the fourteenth time or thereabout, an' sthrainin' her purty eyes, whin there kem a black speck along the boreen that grew to a white horse as she lukked; an', sure enough, on the white horse sat Dermot O'Brien!

"'Sorra a bit need I have worried,' says the Lady Nora; an', wid that, she wint to her bower to primp herself. But she didunt hurry about ut; an' whin she kem down ould Rory an' the lad was both in the last stages av exhaustion entertainin' aich other. Ye'll mind that ut is not an aisy thing for an ould man that's chock-full av wisdom an' judgment, an' intilligent inthrust in the things that's

worth a sensible person's attintion to talk to a simple gossoon in his twinties—a brat wid a thick thatch on him an' nothin' underneath bechune rafters an' flure. I've felt it many's the time mesilf, little as ye'd think ut to listhen to me now.

"Still, Rory was polite an' pleasant as need be, an' Dermot thried his best to putt in a word here an' agin whin the silence got too thick intirely. Ahltogether they did as well as cud be expicted, but 'twas a relief when Nora kem down.

"'Now, if ye'll excuse me, I've got a thrifle av a dozen or two bloody Sassenach traders to massacree,' says ould Rory. 'They're due at the Pass o' Crineagh in an hour; so I'll have to stip lively to inthercipt thim.'

"'Hurry thin, father dear,' says Nora. 'Sure, I hope they've brought a good seliction av dress pattherns, for I've not a single thing fit to wear.'

"So, wid that, Rory picks up his soord an' battle-ax an' beats ut; an' the young things settled down to a betther understandin' av aich other. About nightfall the ould man got back wid the gang an' a few muleloads of dry-goods an' notions. He was in a good timper, though he had lost an ear an' three av his faithful followers; for, to say nothin' av the gineral merchandise, he'd collicted a bag or two av hard money an' putt the man who sliced his ear to a lingerin' an' painful death. Nivertheless Dermot wud nut stay to the debauch that was to be held by way av cilibration, an' had his horse brought round an' made his ajoo.

"'Ye'll come again—soon?' says the Lady Nora.

"'Don't stand on cirimony,' says Rory. 'Drop in annytime. Ye'll find a knife an' foork whiniver ut is, an' a tasthe av—av butthermilk, if you will so insult your stomach, me young frind.'

"'Tis kind av ye, so ut is,' says Dermot. 'I'll be over again before long ye'll see.'

"The nixt mornin' Lady Nora didunt go to the turret windy, but she had the gyurl that waited on her brush out her hair an' do ut up wid a few extry kinks; an' she putt on the new goold bracelet the ould man had gev her out av what he'd collicted from the Sassenach traders. Also she chuned up the harp. About iluvin o'clock Dermot O'Brien kem ridin' up, an' shortly afther the ould man went out to take forty winks an' let thim alone; an' widin two shakes av a lamb's tail they were standin' togither, houldin' hands an' lookin' foolish.

"'Ah, Dermot!' says she. 'I was afraid somethin' might happen to prevint ye from comin'.'

"'Vein av me heart!' he makes answer. 'There's nothin' in sky or sea, or in mountain or valley, cud prevint me. If I lay dyin' I'd rise to me feet an' walk to ye through fire an' wather whin ye called me—or whether or no,' he says.

"She lukked at him a minute an' he niver blinked.

"'Sure, an' I believe ye wud!' she told him.

"Three days afther that Dermot had to wait the best part av an hour before the Lady Nora kem down to where he was coolin' his heels.

"'An' ivery minute seemed like a hundhred years in purgatory!' he tould her.

"'Turn Your Face Away Now!'"

"An' says Nora:

"'The gyurl, Kathleen, was back from her frinds in Ennis, an' she had a funny story about thim O'Rourkes she was tellin' me. Sure, I forgot you was here, alanna!'

"Three days after that the Lady Nora putt her little dimpled hand up before her rosebud mouth, which was stritched to the limit.

"'Ye've tould me that same sivinty times an' sivin before,' she says. 'Have ye no news from Limerick for a change?'

"'I'd niver weary av hearin' you say ut!' Dermot made answer. 'Wud ye say ut wanst agin to please me, avourneen?'

"'Write ut down an' I'll putt me mark to ut,' she says, for ye'll mind she was no scholar. 'Twill save me trouble,' she says.

"'Twill be a comfort to me whin I'm away from ye,' Dermot said.

"'That's little enough av the while,' says she. 'Go get a bit av parchmint, thin.'

"So, wid that, Dermot wint away an' got pen an' ink an' parchmint, an' sat down to a table, wid his head on his arm an' his tongue out. He sthruggled wid the pen an' dabbed himsilf wid the ink; an' whin he'd got through he'd wrote this po'thry:

"Me pen is poor, me ink is pale;
Me love for you will niver fail!

"He lukked ut over a moment or two, mighty proud, an' thin wint back to where he had left the Lady Nora—an', behould ye! Lady Nora wasunt there at ahl, at ahl.

"An' the nixt day she says to him: 'Do you know no song but Shool Aroon?'

"'Do ye not like ut?' he asks her.

"'I used tow hin I wasunt hearin' ut ivery day,' she answered. 'Did ye iver thry a charm for the mole at the back av your ear?'

"'Ye'll maybe not like the mole?' he says wid anxiety.

"'Sure, 'tis not exactly a novilty,' says she wid a sigh. 'I'm wondherin'!' she says.

"'What are ye wondherin', asthore?'

"'Whether your family misses you much,' she answered. 'How was your sister whin ye last saw her?'

"'This mornin'? Sure, she was well indade—thank ye kindly.'

"'As recint as that!' says she.

"Well, as Dermot was leavin', ould Rory meets him in the hall.

"'A word wid yez, me boy,' says the ould man. 'Will ye step into me sanctum a moment?' An' he takes him by the arm an' into a side room, an' seats him in a chair. Thin he pulls his mustache an' clears his throat. 'Hem!' he says. 'I've a word to say to ye, as I told ye, avick. Hem! Ye'll mind I'm a father. Ye're not a father yoursilf ——'

"'No, sir,' says Dermot.

"'I shud hope not!' says Rory wid a treminjus frown. 'But I meant to say that ye may not understand a father's feelin's where his daughter is concerned; an' the Lady Nora is the apple av me eye an' the delight av me heart an' the hope av me age. I'll not have her thrifled wid. If anny man won her thrustin' affections for his own divarsion an' widout sayrious intintions, an' I got my two hands on him—I'll not say what I'd do to him, bekase ye might think I was severe, which I'm not if nobody crosses me; an' I know that ye are not that kind av a scroundhrelly lowdown bla'guard. If I'd thought ye were I'd not have allowed ye to come here day after day moonin' round Nora. I'd have parted your hair wid the blade av this little ax an' nailed your hide to the barn dure. But I know that ye're a straightforward, honorable young gintleman av good family an' raysonable prospicts; so I'll just ask ye in a frindly way what your intintions is.'

"'If ut's plasin' to ye I'd like to ask the hand av the Lady Nora in marriage,' says Dermot.

"'Tis a thrifle sudden,' says ould Rory, 'but I won't say no if she's bent on ut. I'd deny her nothin'—the darlin'! I'll call her in now an' give ye both a father's blessin'.'

"'Lave me speak to her first, if ye don't mind,' says Dermot. 'She's got a headache just now, an' she's gone to her bower to lie down an' sleep ut off. Ye'll do me a favor not to mintion annything to her till afther I've seen her tomorry. I'll be round in the mornin' airly, an it plase yoursilf.'

"'Have ut your own way,' says Rory. 'Sure, I'm an aisy man. Tomorry, ye say? Well, I know ye'd not putt me to the inconvanience av goin' to Ballynacuish to fetch ye.'

"Well, bright an' early the nixt mornin' Dermot was back, wid his best clothes on an' a feather in his cap, an' the cap to the wan side av his head. A fine figure he was on his prancin' white horse, wid the sun shinin' on the goold bracelets that was round his arms an' the jools in his soord-hilt—a figure to be welkim annywhere, ye'd think; an' yet, when the Lady Nora met him, she smiled wan av thim smiles that chills a man to his marrow, an' there was no blush on the cheek that she turned to him to kiss.

"'An' do, for the kind Hivin's sake, be careful av me new robe!' she says.

"'Has your father said annything in particular to ye since me eyes was last gladdened by the sight av ye?' asks Dermot.

"'He has not,' Nora answered. 'His breakfast was cooked to suit him for wanst.'

Continued on Page 89

"She Tuk to Cryin' an' Considered How Cruelly She Was Used"

DEADHEADS

By CHARLES BURNHAM

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

HE WOULD go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see the plays." Thus wrote Mr. Samuel Pepys of how Tom Killigrew saw the play for nothing. Though there are many who still pursue this same method and get to be "supers," and so see the play for nothing, the majority prefer to seek the coveted pasteboard that admits them by the door. Originally the title of "orders" was bestowed upon what are termed today free passes, the possession of which gave to the holder the freedom of the theater. The recipients of this freedom may be divided into two classes: those who are legitimately entitled to the courtesy, such as members of the press, distinguished people and the manager's own personal friends; the other and by far the larger class consists of those who by hook or crook secure the coveted pass and are designated by the cabalistic letters D. H.—meaning Dead Heads.

In the olden times the strolling players gave their performances on the open street and were therefore unable to demand a fixed fee. They depended entirely upon what the auditors on the highway were pleased to drop in the hat passed by one of their number. He who refused to give and turned away when the player asked for his coin may truly be called the first deadhead. When the actor's art became established and players were enabled to demand a fixed fee, to be paid at the door, then there arose the vanguard of that great army of deadheads who have infested the theater ever since, and whose sole aim in life seems to be to pass the door without paying.

The Palmy Days of the Theater Pass

IN THE early days of the theater the press was hard put to it for news, and one of the chief sources for obtaining matter to fill the columns of the newspapers was the theater. All announcements, discussions of the plays and of the actors were published free of charge. So eager were the editors for items of this kind that they paid those bringing such news and even considered them valuable contributors. For this free advertising of their wares the managers gave the editors orders for seats at the theater, and in most cases they were allowed to write them themselves. It was looked upon as a sort of reciprocity. During those same times it was considered a sign of great favor to be able to display the bills of the theater in the windows of the shops, the shopkeepers frequently paying for the privilege. Those were perhaps the palmy days for the manager.

Times have changed since then. Though the press still seeks the news of the theater and treats such news liberally, the newspapers have obliterated the pay-with-a-pass system and, with the exception of accepting seats for their critics on opening nights, seldom seek the freedom of the theater, in many cases prohibiting the custom so far as it affects their attachés. In my opinion members of the press should never be required to pay their own way into the theater. They are the gatherers of news; the theater is always a good fount for news and the public read with avidity of its doings. It is a valuable asset of the theatrical business—this giving the freedom of the theater to the press. It is what President Wilson would call a sort of *quid pro quo*.

There have been times when the press and the theater have been at odds and the freedom of the theater has been withdrawn, both here and in England. Fortunately these differences were quickly adjusted and in this country did not reach the proportions they did in London. In the early fifties a dispute arose in that city which threatened the disruption of the pleasant relations that had long existed between the press and the theater. It was brought about by the custom that had long continued there of allowing the members of the press to write their own orders. The privilege had been abused to such an extent that at times there were no seats to be bought at the theaters—they had all been given away on press orders.

The managers finally determined to rescind the privilege, whereupon the press threatened retaliation. They issued a circular showing that during the years 1850, 1851 and 1852 the press had issued orders on three theaters for over seventy-one thousand persons, representing in money some sixteen hundred pounds. This number of free admissions was exclusive of the critics who had the privilege of passing the door with a friend. Good counsels prevailed, however, and today the same rule prevails in England that is in vogue here. In some of the minor cities of this country there still exists a custom of giving each newspaper in the town some twenty or thirty free tickets for every performance. In return for this the papers publish whatever notices may be sent them. It is worthy of note, for the sake of those concerned, that this system is being rapidly abolished, and likewise it is a pleasure to see that the relations of the two were never on so agreeable a footing.

Securing a pass to the theater by those not legitimately entitled to the courtesy is one of the strongest passions in the human breast, undoubtedly born of the desire to secure something for nothing. Charles Dickens, who was once an actor—though, according to all reports, not so good at that avocation as at writing—knew his theater well. In one of his stories he tells of how he was once a guest at a social discussion and proposed by chance the question as to what was the most absorbing and longest-lived passion in the human breast. The editor of a newspaper who was present replied: "The passion for getting orders for the play."

Dickens exemplifies this passion in a story he tells of a shipwrecked sailor whose life had been miraculously saved at sea, and who afterward made his way to London and presented himself at a newspaper office, where he told his terrible tale of suffering and the horrors he had passed through, and of his final providential rescue. "When he had finished, and the tale had been noted down from his lips, he was cheered and soothed, and asked if anything could be done for him. Even within him the master passion was so strong that he immediately replied he should like an order for the play."

People who are afflicted with this passion, though without any legitimate right to ask for free seats, go to the utmost extremes to gratify it and secure a pass for the theater. It is no uncommon occurrence for such people to expend in their endeavors to obtain the coveted pass more money in gratuities and the like than would pay for the seats twice over. Then there are those who like to pose as having "a pull" and as being able to secure passes at "any old theater." These individuals generally buy their seats if they cannot secure the pass, and always ask the ticket seller if there is not some way he can fix the tickets "so as to make them look like complimentary ones." If asked why he makes such a request the would-be deadhead generally replies: "I want to give these to a person who can do me a great favor, and he is crazy about the theater. Now he wouldn't accept if he thought I paid for them; so I tell him I can get them for nothing. I stand better with him for that. Besides, he thinks it's great to go in on a free ticket!"

Dickens' Story of the Billsticker

THERE are certain advertisers who have the passion, and who give their ads not for the return in business they may bring them, but because they are promised passes for the theater. I once knew the business manager of a prominent paper who increased his advertising to a large extent by just such practices. His demands upon the theaters finally became so noticeable that the managers made inquiries, with the result I have stated. In another story Dickens tells of a billsticker, describing him as one who secured places for his placards by a liberal distribution of orders for the theater. In his story he makes the bill man say: "If there was a building or if there were repairs going on anywhere you could generally stand something and make it right with the foreman; but orders would be expected from you, and the man who could give the most orders was the man who would come off best." Thus did the workman exhibit his passion.

The same practice prevails today—a practice that has grown with the business; and managers, well knowing the passion that ruled within the shopkeeper's breast, vied with each other in securing the most prominent positions for their bills—positions that could not be secured by money alone. For this purpose a special ticket was printed that was good for two admissions, and for each bill displayed one of these tickets was given. Some five or six years ago this practice was in full swing. At that time there were some twenty-five places of amusement issuing this form of free ticket; and as each theater was endeavoring to place from five hundred to a thousand placards, there were something like twenty or twenty-five thousand tickets of free admission to the theaters circulated in New York in one week from this source alone.

This was an evil of free admissions for which the managers had no one to blame but themselves; and finally, realizing the mistake of it all, they gave up the practice. When business was poor, or a new attraction was about to

be launched that was not known well enough to attract attention, the manager felt constrained to invite audiences to fill his theater. This system of filling a theater is known as "papering," and it finally became an art in itself. It brought into existence the class of individuals suggested by the following letter, which was sent to the various managers:

If you are desirous of having the seats of your theater well bestowed I can assure you of my ability to place any number among highly respectable people, guaranteeing you an audience of exceptional quality. All transactions strictly confidential!

This provider of deadheads was by no means an innovator, for he was known in England many years ago. A well-known writer on the English stage tells of a manager whose origin had been humble, and who had scarcely moved among the socially distinguished, who described an acquaintance as his greatest benefactor, adding the explanation: "He gives away my boxes to respectable people."

There are many managers who fully believe that papering a theater is a necessity and that it helps to mold public opinion. There is no doubt a large proportion of the theater-going public is prejudiced for or against a play by the size of the audience. It is a common occurrence to hear people inquire at the box office whether a play is drawing well, saying they would prefer not to go to the theater if the audiences were small. I once heard a woman ask the ticket seller for two seats for a certain performance which was to take place that night, stipulating that they must be in a certain location or she would not buy them. The man in the box office thereupon offered her the very seats she had insisted upon having, when she turned away with the remark: "Well, if you have such good seats as those at this hour the play must be rotten—and I won't take them!"

In certain cases there is some justification for papering; though I fully believe that if the people want the play they will eventually attend, whether the audiences are large or small. No doubt a play goes better when the house is full, and it is conceded that the actor puts more ardor into his work under those conditions; but these are not serious arguments in favor of the practice. The public, after all, is the best judge of what it wants; and, with an occasional exception, what the paying public patronizes must contain some merit. When Henrietta Crosman first presented in New York her famous creation of Mistress Nell there was hardly a corporal's guard in the theater, and many of the morning papers barely treated it with scant courtesy; yet her success was instantaneous—and without the aid of paper.

The Fine Art of Papering a Theater

ONE of the foremost of English managers previous to Garrick's time expressed the opinion that: "The indiscriminate distribution of orders is the most deceptive pivot upon which the fortunes of a theater can possibly turn. It is one of the most thankless, troublesome and injurious of the many duties devolving upon the manager of a theater. I doubt whether the issuing of free orders brings with it any return—in my opinion it does not. The giving of an order is attended with a certain demoralizing effect: the recipient is thenceforward disinclined to pay for his admission and finds an unworthy pride in his privileged state, flattering himself that he is much better off than his neighbors—he obtains for nothing what they would be required to pay for."

Not long since a well-known manager presented for the first time in New York a new play to an audience every member of which was an invited guest. The paying public were barred out. The result was a disappointment; for the audience, not knowing exactly what was expected of it, failed to show any unusual enthusiasm and was rather cold and unsympathetic. After the performance a member of the company expressed his opinion of the audience in these words: "It was distinguished in appearance and extinguished in appreciation!" The play was a failure. It had been hoped that by presenting it before an audience selected for supposed intellectuality it might receive a better start than if given first before the ordinary pay-as-you-enter one. An audience admitted free is not in full sympathy with the performance; it undervalues the entertainment set before it. But not only does the illegitimate recipient of a pass undervalue the play he is invited to see—he endeavors to change the mind of the paid auditor who does like it.

Then there is the deadhead who charges you for the pass you have given him, as was instanced in the case of a certain prominent attorney who had been invited to a theater by its manager. Between acts the attorney waited on the manager in his office for a friendly chat; and later on the manager was, to his astonishment, presented with a bill, one of the items for which he was charged being "for talk in office at theater."

There died in New York not long since a man who at one time was one of the most prominent managers in this country, and who had been a firm believer in the efficacy of the pass. At the beginning of his career this manager leased a theater for the purpose of exploiting Denman Thompson in his play of The Old Homestead. Mr. Thompson, though well known at that period in the variety theaters, lacked a reputation in the more important houses; so it was natural that when he first appeared in a first-class theater his audiences should be decidedly small. His manager at the time was J. M. Hill; and he, being determined to make the public accept his star, started a campaign of papering, in which night after night he gave away every seat in the house. When the paying public applied at the box office they were turned away. The success of Denman Thompson is so well known it needs no mention; but was it made in the way Mr. Hill adopted—by the use of deadheads?

The late Henry B. Harris achieved success for his star, Rose Stahl, by good press work and an unfailing faith in her merit, without the aid of paper. When Miss Stahl first appeared in The Chorus Lady the audiences were so small that many of Mr. Harris' friends endeavored to persuade him to give up the attraction. He held on; and, though his star and play were moved from theater to theater in his efforts to secure a foothold, the receipts grew and success financially was obtained. Managers of stars are often compelled to resort to papering against their own judgment in order to retain the star's services. At times when business is not of the best the star's pride is hurt by the sight of empty benches, and he insists on paper being issued.

I remember a certain star who was playing an engagement at the old Star Theater in New York, whose business was very bad—so much so that his manager was kept constantly busy writing passes. The audiences he gathered were certainly appreciative if their applause was any indication. They cheered themselves hoarse, standing on the seats waving their handkerchiefs in a seeming delirium of delight, and bestowing more plaudits upon the star than had ever been accorded Booth or Irving. John Stetson, the Boston manager, happened to be in the theater during one of these outbursts, when the star's manager approached him, saying: "What do you think about that, John? Isn't he a king?" "Yes," replied Stetson—"a paper king! That fellow can get more applause and less money than any actor on Broadway!" The applause of such an audience counts for little.

In a certain large city not a hundred miles from New York, where for years the free-pass system has been a detriment to the business, it was always customary for the audience on the first presentation of a new play insistently to demand the appearance before the curtain of the author—or some one—to make a speech. The poor misguided manager who put faith in the applause upon his first visit to the city in question would leave the theater fully believing he had a great success; but the experience of after years taught him it was but "the mockery of deadheads."

Macready, the famous actor and manager, in his writings and his public utterances, declared himself as unutterably opposed to the giving of orders; yet perhaps no man so prominent in the business ever issued so many. It was under his management that the free list of both Covent Garden and Drury Lane was increased to a far greater extent than ever before; and whenever he made a contract for his appearance in another theater the privilege of giving orders was made a part of it. This privilege was generally inserted in all contracts made with stars in the past. In a diary kept by the elder Wallack for the year 1847 occurs the following entry:

NEWARK, June first. Benefit and last night of Hamlet. House, $156—my share, $70 of which I received $20. I was charged $50 for orders I had given during the week. Relying upon the fairness of the management, I neglected to insert in the contract my right to orders. Robbery every night by the management! In the number of nights I acted my average share was $35. The houses seemed full—management claimed they were compliments.

He closed the entry:

But Newark and its neighborhood is a lovely place; so there was some balm in Gilead.

The privilege of writing orders, though a star's prerogative, is today more honored in the breach than in the observance. Different stars use the privilege in different ways. Some refer all applications to their managers; others are very liberal in the matter, and some, particularly the women stars, are much like the woman who opened her first bank account—she never could understand why her account was overdrawn!

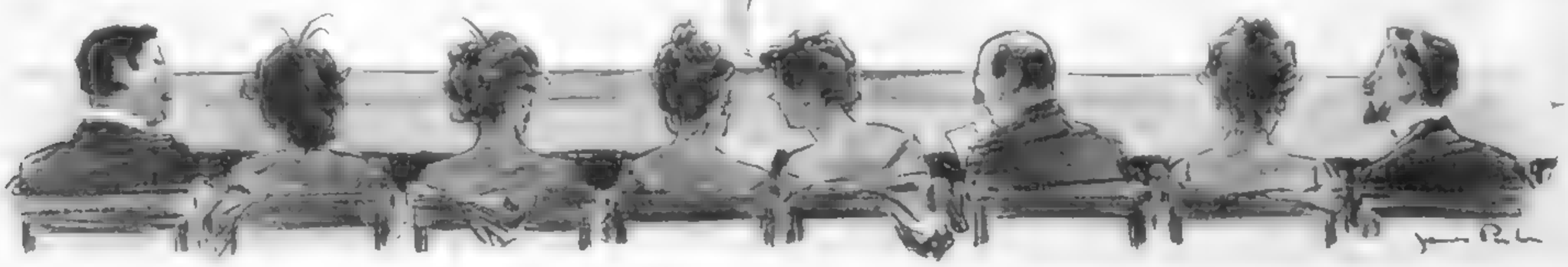
Two Down Front for Mother and Dad

MADAME BERNHARDT was rather generous in the matter of orders; and at times, while playing at the old Star Theater, we were often compelled to refuse her orders, as all seats had been sold. In writing a pass she would invariably use a small sheet of notepaper surrounded with a border in a color of a slightly different shade from the paper itself, surmounted by her crest. These orders were much sought after as souvenirs, and the holder of one could not understand why he was not able to retain it, at the same time using it to pass into the theater. These orders were always taken up at the office, tickets being issued in their place and the orders returned to Madame Bernhardt—for what reason I was never able to ascertain. It might have been because she thought some one might use them twice. She always had a good eye for business.

Henry Irving, during the time he was playing at the Star Theater, insisted upon the boxes being filled at every performance. When they were not sold he requested that they be given away. "I depend upon you to attend to this for me at every performance," he would say. "I always feel depressed when I come upon the stage and find those blank spaces staring me in the face. I cannot act so well. They seem to affect me."

Of the great stars whose methods have come under my notice Booth gave the least orders and Barrett the most. Jefferson's orders were more than liberally looked after by his sons. There was one star whose orders were always religiously kept on account of the signature. I have one of them that reads: "Please give this party a good box for tonight, and oblige Mary Anderson." The writing of the signature looked as though it read Martha Washington.

As a general rule these orders from stars are written upon their private stationery, though some are written upon any piece of paper that comes handy. One that reads, "Give the bearer a box or seats—or whatever you please. William Gillette," is written across the face of a circular. Mary Mannering wrote one that says: "Kindly give my Mother & Dad two nice seats, and oblige y'rs sincerely." When Olga Nethersole first presented Sapho in New York it was a difficult matter to buy seats, let alone secure an order; so Miss Nethersole was rather guarded when she did issue one. "If you can spare the bearer of



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Its attractiveness and much of its ultimate success depend on the paper

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Good clothes don't make a tramp look like a gentleman—a fine harness does not change a plug into a thoroughbred.

Your text, art work, cuts and typography are effective only on paper which, in itself, suggests all that you are seeking to convey of elegance, dignity and inviting legibility.

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Warren's Cameo Paper has a lusterless surface, with all of the warmth and velvety depth of old ivory. It enriches illustrations, deepens half-tones, dignifies type. Cuts of the finest screen hold the faintest gradations of color.

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Manufacturers of the best in staple lines of coated and uncoated book papers

this note, my friend, Miss ——, two seats for tonight I shall be very much obliged. Sincerely I sign myself." Another star who used the privilege sparingly was Eleanor Robson—the present Mrs. Belmont—who wrote: "Will you kindly take good care of my mother?" Brief and to the point is the one reading: "Admit bearer and friend. Lily Langtry."

One of the most legitimate uses to which the freedom of the theater can be put is extending that courtesy to those distinguished personages whose every movement is chronicled by the press, to be eagerly devoured by the public. Not only is the manager paid an honor but he receives publicity that money could not buy. First in order among these distinguished visitors come our presidents, to whom, since Washington's time, the freedom of the theater has always been extended.

When General Washington made his visit to the old John Street Theater in New York much ado was made over the event. When he entered the theater the band played, for the first time in this country, Hail Columbia! composed in honor of the distinguished guest. According to records of those days, "The President's box was gorgeously decorated and thoroughly in keeping with the other ornamentations of the theater, which had been beautified and illuminated in a style to vie with European splendor."

Most of our presidents of later years have been good theatergoers and have always been welcome guests. Some of these gentlemen have objected to any announcement being made in advance of their intended visit. Mr. Cleveland, who was a great friend of the theater, made such a request when he proposed visiting the Star Theater to witness Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, claiming that such an announcement brought many out of curiosity, who were not interested in the play and who spent the evening staring at the guest, much to the annoyance of the object of their steadfast gaze, the actors upon the stage and that portion of the audience who came to see the play. "I should like to go," he continued, "and enjoy myself like any other ordinary human being. Let the publicity come afterward."

Notables at the Play

General Grant was fond of the theater, and his presence in the house was always quickly observed by the audience, which showed its appreciation of the man by the welcome it accorded him, and would not be quieted until he recognized the greeting. Mr. Roosevelt is a delightful guest to have in the theater on account of his manifestations of pleasure if he likes the play; his enthusiasm communicates itself to the audience and the entertainment is much bettered.

Notable foreigners, especially titled ones, are valuable assets for the manager, and to them the courtesy of the theater is willingly extended; but the advertisement to be gained from foreign visitors is not so valuable as formerly. In 1870, when Prince Arthur, of England, visited New York, Lester Wallack tendered him the freedom of his theater, then situated at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. In recognition of his courtesy Mr. Wallack received the following note, which, by-the-way, was not made use of for advertising:

"Colonel Elphinstone presents his compliments to Mr. Wallack, and is desired to convey to him His Royal Highness Prince Arthur's thanks for the kind attention in placing his box at the disposal of His Royal Highness. The Prince was very much gratified by this considerate act, as well as charmed by the excellent performance of the piece, which enabled him to pass a most enjoyable evening."

Though Augustin Daly was never a believer in catering to the passion for orders, there were times when even he was guilty of papering, being desirous of seeing more people in his house than paid to enter. On one of these occasions he gave me a number of seats, with instructions to see that they were well distributed.

Having an errand at the custom-house, I thought it would be a good idea to hand some of the seats to the then collector, Chester A. Arthur. Accompanied by a friend who knew him, I was introduced to Mr. Arthur and, stating my errand, proffered him the seats, asking whether he would give them to his attachés. Looking somewhat puzzled, he asked if I meant that

Happy is the housekeeper who is wise to

Meadow Gold Butter

But keep your eyes wide open when you go to buy. Look for the golden-yellow package. It is a patented package—*three times wrapped and sealed*—to keep this pure butter pure. In it there is freshness and sweetness and fine flavor—everything that goes to make butter delicious.

Meadow-Gold Butter is made from pasteurized cream.

Don't count the butter problem solved until you have tried Meadow-Gold Butter. Thousands of dealers are handling it. If yours does not, write and let us send you the name of a dealer close to you who does.

THE FOX RIVER BUTTER CO.
Chicago

W-W-W Rings
Are Insured

If a Stone Comes Out and is Lost We Guarantee to Replace it Free

Lot 3706—[illegible] ring solid gold, in genuine amethyst and topaz, $10. In synthetic ruby $[illegible]

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Solid Gold, Splendid Stones

Handsome jeweled rings make the hands look beautiful. They are the one ornament always worn, admired and cherished by well-dressed men, women and children. The one ornament commanded by the latest fashions.

Now you can wear elegant jeweled rings without fear of losing the stones. Now you can make all your gifts *the longed-for gift* – a rich, jeweled ring. No other token brings such happiness on Graduation Day, Birthdays, Christmas or Anniversaries. Let *your* gift be the *best gift of all.*

Whole pearls, turquoise, sapphires, rubies—all the precious and semi-precious stones, are set in W-W-W solid gold guaranteed settings. All the birthstones in large or small stones, richest designs.

Stop at your jeweler's today and look over his collection of stunning W-W-W Rings for men and women.

Prices, $2, $3, $4 and up.

Whether you think of buying or not, send for our free catalog of beautiful rings.

Lot 3510—Ladies' little finger ring in genuine amethyst, topaz and garnet (solid gold, $10. Same ring for gentlemen, $12.

Lot 3525—Ladies' Cluster ring, solid gold, genuine garnet or any birthstone and four genuine whole pearls, $

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$5 Special
Ask to see W-W-W $5 Rings. Handsomest rings sold at the price. (35)

he was to have the seats to distribute. Upon assuring him that such was the fact, he jokingly replied: "Well, why not use some of these myself? If it's as easy as that to get into a theater I don't think I will buy seats any more." Some years afterward, when Mr. Arthur was president, I welcomed him as the guest of honor at the Globe Theater, in Boston. While escorting him to his box I referred to my visit to him in the custom-house in New York and asked him if he remembered the incident of the tickets. "I do, indeed," he replied; "and you see I am still on the free list!"

It is the custom with many managers to seek out a number of prominent people and invite them to an opening night in order that extra éclat may be given the event. Once, when looking up an audience of this class, I had an invitation sent to P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, asking him to occupy a box. Mr. Barnum, I understood, was always rather averse to the issuing of passes; so I was not surprised when, in answer to my invitation, he declined the proffered box, saying that, though he would be pleased to attend, he would like seats—"And, if you please, I prefer to pay for them." Possibly he may have thought he was invited so that later on he might be called upon to reciprocate.

Another noted man who was invited for the same evening declined, with thanks, the freedom of the house, saying: "Thank you! I want two good seats—and inclosed you will please find my check. Yours truly, W. T. Sherman, General." While connected with the Globe Theater, in Boston, I had endeavored at various times to secure the attendance at different performances of two of Boston's most distinguished citizens, Henry W. Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes; but I failed in my endeavors until the opening night of Signor Rossi, the famous Italian tragedian. For this event I sent each of the two gentlemen tickets for boxes, and received a note from Mr. Longfellow accepting with pleasure, while Mr. Holmes wrote: "I thank you for the ticket you have kindly sent me. The ticket says it admits six, and as this seems too liberal I write to ask whether I am at liberty to bring one or more of my family with me, or whether the ticket is meant as strictly personal." Evidently this was the first temptation in this line he gave way to.

The Theatergoers of Mormondom

The early Mormon residents of Salt Lake City were very fond of the theater, and for themselves they erected a very excellent one. An old actor who played there in the early days used to tell how Brigham Young would sit in the center of the pit in a rocking-chair, with his numerous family in the lower tier of boxes on each side. Payment at first was taken in produce—a bushel of potatoes or a fat turkey for a box ticket or pit admission. Everybody except Brigham and his family had to pay.

Lester Wallack once told me that on the occasion of a certain actor's funeral the superintendent of the cemetery where he was buried had been very attentive to the mourners, and to repay him for his kindness Mr. Wallack had invited him, with his family, to visit Wallack's Theater. The next evening the invited guest presented himself at the door with some thirty-four followers, saying that he was unable to reach all his family in so short a time. He may have belonged to the Young family and have come naturally by a desire for a family pass.

It is, however, the illegitimate guest that is the pest of the theater. There is no advantage he will not take; no opportunity arises that he will not utilize to gain the desired end. It is a hard task and many times an impossible one to circumvent these seekers, whose sole claim for the freedom of the theater is based upon the amount of gall they possess. One manager, in his endeavor to discourage this class, prepared a special ticket upon which he had printed: "Admit Two Deadheads!" On the top of the card were engraved a skull and crossbones. The first recipient of this card of freedom was a young lady who had pestered the manager's life beyond endurance in her efforts to secure passes, the only claim she presented being that her brother's wife's uncle was a member of the profession. Upon receipt of the card she exclaimed: "My, isn't that cute! Please give me another, so I may keep this for a souvenir!"

I wonder what Saint Peter will say when those afflicted with this passion knock at his gate!

"This soup beats a cocktail!"

Yes, beats it as an appetizer, and beats it still farther in the wholesome nourishing after-effect.

There's nothing makes a bigger hit with a tired hungry business man than

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

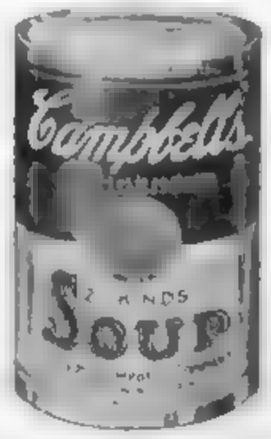
And nothing that does him more good. You can prepare it easily in the way he likes best—plain or with milk or cream and with croutons or rice or noodles, etc. There are many different ways. And you can make it as hearty or as light as you choose. It will make the whole meal relish better and digest better.

Write for our little free booklet which describes some new and inviting dishes which can be prepared with this tempting soup.

"Campbell's, you're my baby, sweet,
O you cute little label!
My Marguerite gives up her seat
When you come to the table."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

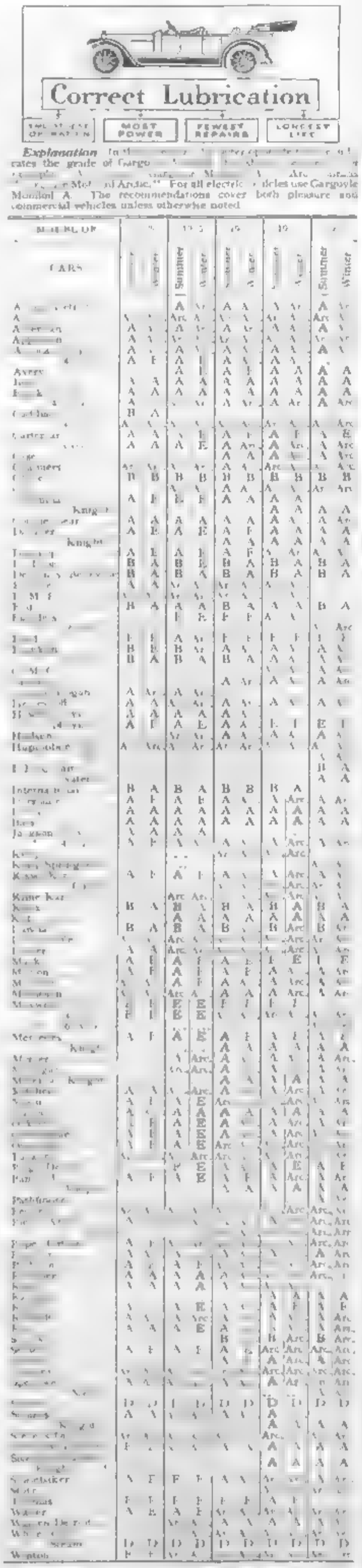


Look for the red-and-white label

For You or For Friction?

Friction steals mileage that belongs to you. In time its constant rub—rub—rub wears out every motor. The time depends on the lubrication.

Every year hundreds of thousands of automobiles go over the road—lubricated—yes—but lubricated badly. Generally these motorists will say that their cars "seem to be working all right." But unnecessary friction is at work.



Its common results are:

(1) Undue loss of power.
(2) Unnecessary repair troubles.
(3) An excess consumption of fuel.
(4) An excess consumption of lubricating oil.

These losses are traceable to one common cause—careless and improper lubrication.

Any oil will lubricate to an extent. So will lard. But a lubricating oil, to have efficient lubricating qualities, must both wear well in use, and furnish proper protection under the heat of service.

Such oils are rare.

Given an oil with these qualities (and remember they are rare), you must next make sure that the oil's "body," or thickness, meets the feed requirements of your motor.

Motors and feed systems differ widely. The oil suited to one motor will often be entirely too light or too heavy for another.

The problem presented is both serious and complex.

To establish a sound guide to correct automobile lubrication, we have taken a step of the utmost importance to the motorist.

We have done what *had* to be done. Each year we carefully analyze the motor of each make of automobile.

Based on this motor-analysis and on practical experience, we have specified in a lubricating chart (printed in part on this page) the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of automobile.

The superior efficiency of these oils has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

If you use oil of less-correct "body," or of lower lubricating qualities, than that specified for your car, sooner or later your motor must pay the consequences. Unnecessary friction must result. Ultimate serious damage will follow.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.

These are the facts.

Your lubrication will determine the life of your car. It remains for you to decide on your lubricant for the coming season.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from dealers [illegible] *Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyle appear on the container.*

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Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world

THE GOD OF COINCIDENCE

(Continued from Page 6)

"Some one had to tell him," said Sam gloomily. "Anyway, as a source of revenue father is eliminated. I have still one chance in London. If that fails I must go home. I've been promised a job in New York reporting for a Wall Street paper—and I'll write stories on the side. I've cabled for money, and if the London job falls through I shall sail Wednesday."

"Wednesday!" cried Polly. "When you say things like 'Wednesday' you make the world so dark! You *must* stay here! It has been such a long six months; and before you earn three thousand dollars I shall be an old, old maid. But if you get work *here* we could see each other every day."

They were in the Sewards' sitting room at Claridge's. Sam took up the desk telephone.

"In London," he said, "my one best and only bet is a man named Forsythe, who helps edit the Pall Mall. I'll telephone him now. If he can promise me even a shilling a day I'll stay on and starve—but I'll be near you. If Forsythe fails me I shall sail Wednesday."

The telephone call found Forsythe at the Pall Mall office. He would be charmed to advise Mr. Lowell on a matter of business. Would he that night dine with Mr. Lowell? He would. And might he suggest that they dine at Pavoni's? He had a special reason for going there, and the dinner would cost only three and six.

"That's reason enough!" Sam told him.

"And don't forget," said Polly when, for the fifth time, Sam rose to go, "that after your dinner you are to look for me at the Duchess of Deptford's dance. I asked her for a card and you will find it at your lodgings. Everybody will be there; but it is a big place—full of dark corners where we can hide."

"Don't hide until I arrive," said Sam. "I shall be very late as I shall have to walk. After I pay for Forsythe's dinner and for white gloves for your dance I shall not be in a position to hire a taxi. But maybe I shall bring good news. Maybe Forsythe will give me the job. If he does we will celebrate in champagne."

"You will let me at least pay for the champagne?" begged Polly.

"No," said Sam firmly—"the duchess will furnish that."

When Sam reached his lodgings in Russell Square, which he approached with considerable trepidation he found Mrs. Wroxton awaiting him. But her attitude no longer was hostile. On the contrary, as she handed him a large square envelope decorated with the strawberry leaves of a duke her manner was humble.

Sam opened the envelope and, with apparent carelessness, stuck it over the fireplace.

"About that back rent," he said; "I have cabled for money; and as soon ——"

"I know," said Mrs. Wroxton. "I read the cable." She was reading the card of invitation also. "There's no hurry, sir," protested Mrs. Wroxton. "Any of my young gentlemen who is made welcome at Deptford House is made welcome here!"

"Credit, Mrs. Wroxton," observed Sam, "is better than cash. If you have only cash you spend it and nothing remains. But with credit you can continue indefinitely to—to ——"

"So you can!" exclaimed Mrs. Wroxton enthusiastically. "Stay as long as you like, Mr. Lowell."

At Pavoni's Sam found Forsythe already seated and, with evident interest, observing the scene of gayety before him. The place was new to Sam, and after the darkness and snow of the streets it appeared both cheerful and resplendent. It was brilliantly lighted; a ceiling of gay panels picked out with gold, and red plush sofas, backed against walls hung with mirrors and faced by rows of marble-topped tables, gave it an air of the Continent.

Sam surrendered his hat and coat to the waiter. The hat was a soft Alpine one of green felt. The waiter hung it where Sam could see it, on one of many hooks that encircled a gilded pillar.

After two courses had been served Forsythe said:

"I hope you don't object to this place. I had a special reason for wishing to be here on this particular night. I wanted to be in at the death!"

"Whose death?" asked Sam. "Is the dinner as bad as that?"

Forsythe leaned back against the mirror behind them and, bringing his shoulder close to Sam's, spoke in a whisper.

"As you know," he said, "today the delegates sign the Treaty of London. It still must receive the signatures of the sultan and the three kings; and they will sign it. But until they do, what the terms of the treaty are no one can find out."

"I'll bet The Times finds out!" said Sam.

"That's it!" returned Forsythe. "Hertz, the man who is supposed to be selling the secrets of the conference to The Times dines here. Tonight is his last chance. If tonight he can slip The Times a copy of the Treaty of London without being caught, and The Times has the courage to publish it, it will be the biggest newspaper sensation of modern times; and it will either cause a financial panic all over Europe—or prevent one. The man they suspect is facing us. Don't look now, but in a minute you will see him sitting alone at a table on the right of the middle pillar. The people at the tables nearest him—even the women—are detectives. His waiter is in the employ of Scotland Yard. The maitre d'hôtel, whom you will see always hovering round his table, is a police agent lent by Bulgaria. For the Allies are even more anxious to stop the leak than we are. We are interested only as their hosts; with them it is a matter of national life or death. A week ago one of our own inspectors tipped me off to what is going on, and every night since then I've dined here, hoping to see something suspicious."

"Have you?" asked Sam.

"Only this," whispered Forsythe—"on four different nights I've recognized men I know are on the staff of The Times, and on the other nights men I don't know may have been here. But after all that proves nothing, for this place is a resort of newspaper writers and editors—and The Times men's being here may have been only a coincidence."

"And Hertz," asked Sam—"what does he do?"

The Englishman exclaimed with irritation.

"Just what you see him doing now!" he protested. "He eats his dinner! Look at him!" he commanded. "Of all in the room he's the least concerned."

Sam looked and saw the suspected Adolf Hertz dangling a mass of macaroni on the end of his fork. Sam watched him until it disappeared.

"Maybe that's a signal!" suggested Sam. "Maybe everything he does is part of a cipher code! He gives the signals and The Times men read them and write them down."

"A man would have a fine chance to write anything down in this room!" said Forsythe.

"But maybe," persisted Sam, "when he makes those strange movements with his lips he is talking to a confederate who can read the lip language. The confederate writes it down at the office and ——"

"Fantastic and extremely improbable'" commented Forsythe. "But, nevertheless, the fact remains, the fellow does communicate with some one from The Times; and the police are positive he does it here and that he is doing it now!"

The problem that so greatly disturbed his friend would have more deeply interested Sam had the solving of his own trouble been less imperative. That alone filled his mind. And when the coffee was served and the cigars lit, without beating about the bush Sam asked Forsythe bluntly if on his paper a rising and impecunious genius could find a place. With even less beating about the bush Forsythe assured him he could not. The answer was final, and the disappointment was so keen that Sam soon begged his friend to excuse him, paid his bill and rose to depart.

"Better wait!" urged Forsythe. "You'll find nothing so good at a music hall. This is Houdini getting out of his handcuffs before an audience entirely composed of policemen."

Sam shook his head gloomily.

"I have a few handcuffs of my own to get rid of," he said, "and it makes me poor company."

He bade his friend good night and, picking his way among the tables, moved toward the pillar on which the waiter had hung his hat. The pillar was the one beside which Hertz was sitting, and as Sam

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approached the man he satisfied his curiosity by a long look. Under the glance Hertz lowered his eyes and fixed them upon his newspaper. Sam retrieved his hat and left the restaurant.

His mind immediately was overcast. He remembered his disappointment and that the parting between himself and Polly was now inevitable. Without considering his direction he turned toward Charing Cross Road. But he was not long allowed to meditate undisturbed.

He had only crossed the little street that runs beside the restaurant and passed into the shadow of the National Gallery when, at the base of the Irving Memorial, from each side he was fiercely attacked. A young man of eminently respectable appearance kicked his legs from under him, and another of equally impeccable exterior made an honest effort to knock off his head.

Sam plunged heavily to the sidewalk. As he sprawled forward his hat fell under him and in his struggle to rise was hidden by the skirts of his greatcoat. That, also, he had fallen heavily upon his hat with both knees Sam did not know. The strange actions of his assailants enlightened him. To his surprise, instead of continuing their assault or attempting a raid upon his pockets, he found them engaged solely in tugging at the hat. And so preoccupied were they in this that, though still on his knees, Sam was able to land some lusty blows before a rush of feet caused the young men to leap to their own and, pursued by several burly forms, disappear in the heart of the traffic.

Sam rose and stood unsteadily. He found himself surrounded by all of those who but a moment before he had left contentedly dining at Pavoni's. In an excited circle waiters and patrons of the restaurant, both men and women, stood in the falling snow, bareheaded, coatless and cloakless, staring at him. Forsythe pushed them aside and took Sam by the arm.

"What happened?" demanded Sam.

"You ought to know," protested Forsythe. "You started it! The moment you left the restaurant two men grabbed their hats and jumped after you; a dozen other men, without waiting for hats, jumped after them. The rest of us got out just as the two men and the detectives dived into the traffic."

A big man, with an air of authority, drew Sam to one side.

"Did they take anything from you, sir?" he asked.

"I've nothing they could take," said Sam. "And they didn't try to find out. They just knocked me down."

Forsythe turned to the big man.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine, inspector," he said. "He is a stranger in town and was at Pavoni's only by accident."

"We might need his testimony," suggested the official.

Sam gave his card to the inspector and then sought refuge in a taxicab. For the second time he bade his friend good night.

"And when next we dine," he called to him in parting, "choose a restaurant where the detective service is quicker!"

Three hours later, brushed and repaired by Mrs. Wroxton, and again resplendent, Sam sat in a secluded corner of Deptford House and bade Polly a long farewell. It was especially long owing to the unusual number of interruptions; for it was evident that Polly had many friends in London, and that not to know the Richest One in America and her absurd mother, and the pompous, self-satisfied father, argued oneself nobody. But finally the duchess carried Polly off to sup with her; and as the duchess did not include Sam in her invitation—at least not in such a way that any one could notice it—Sam said good night—but not before he had arranged a meeting with Polly for eleven that same morning. If it was clear the meeting was to be at the duck-pond in St. James' Park; if it snowed, at the National Gallery in front of the Age of Innocence.

After robbing the duchess of three suppers, Sam descended to the hall and from an attendant received his coat and hat, which latter the attendant offered him with the inside of the hat showing. Sam saw in it the trademark of a foreign maker.

"That's not my hat," said Sam.

The man expressed polite disbelief.

"I found it rolled up in the pocket of your greatcoat, sir," he protested.

The words reminded Sam that on arriving at Deptford House he had twisted the hat into a roll and stuffed it into his overcoat pocket.

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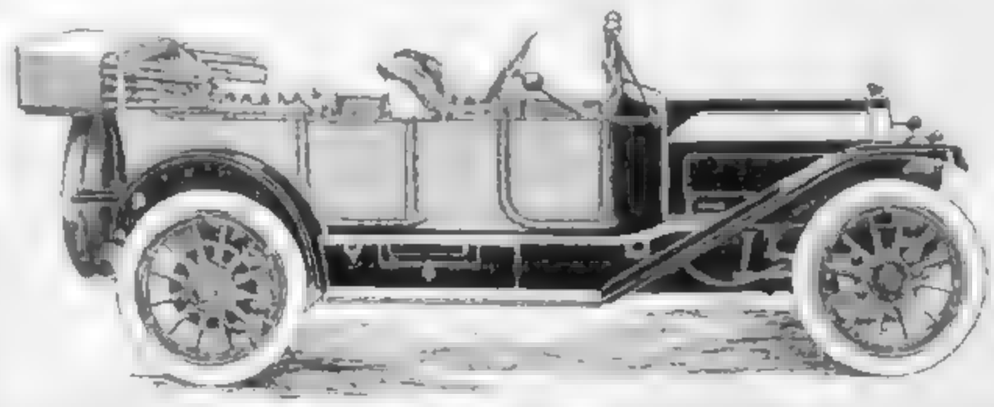

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"Quite right," said Sam. But it was not his hat; and with some hope of still recovering his property he made way for other departing guests and at one side waited.

For some clew to the person he believed was now wearing his hat, Sam examined the one in his hand. Just showing above the inside band was something white. Thinking it might be the card of the owner, Sam removed it. It was not a card, but a long sheet of thin paper, covered with typewriting and many times folded. Sam read the opening paragraph. Then he backed suddenly toward a great chair of gold and velvet, and fell into it.

He was conscious the attendants in pink stockings were regarding him askance; that, as they waited in the drafty hall for cars and taxis, the noble lords in stars and ribbons, the noble ladies in tiaras and showing much-furlined galoshes, were discussing his strange appearance. They might well believe the youth was ill; they might easily have considered him intoxicated. Outside rose the voices of servants and police calling the carriages. Inside other servants echoed them.

"The Duchess of Sutherland's car!" they chanted. "Mrs. Trevor Hill's carriage! The French ambassador's carriage! Baron Haussmann's car!"

Like one emerging from a trance, Sam sprang upright. A little fat man, with mild blue eyes and curly red hair, was shyly and with murmured apologies pushing toward the exit. Before he gained it Sam had wriggled a way to his elbow.

"Baron Haussmann!" he stammered. "I must speak to you. It's a matter of gravest importance. Send away your car," he begged, "and give me five minutes."

The eyes of the little fat man opened wide in surprise, almost in alarm. He stared at Sam reprovingly.

"Impossible!" he murmured. "I—I do not know you."

"This is a letter of introduction," said Sam. Into the unwilling fingers of the banker he thrust the folded paper. Bending over him, he whispered in his ear. "That," said Sam, "is the Treaty of London!"

The alarm of Baron Haussmann increased to a panic.

"Impossible!" he gasped. And, with reproach, he repeated: "I do not know you, sir! I do not know you!"

At that moment, towering above the crush, appeared the tall figure of Senator Seward. The rich man of the New World and the rich man of Europe knew each other only by sight. But, upon seeing Sam in earnest converse with the great banker, the senator believed that without appearing to seek it he might through Sam effect a meeting. With a hearty slap on the shoulder he greeted his fellow countryman.

"Hello, Sam!" he cried genially. "You walking home with me?"

Sam did not even turn his head.

"No!" he snapped. "I'm busy. Go 'way!"

Crimson, the senator disappeared. Baron Haussmann regarded the young stranger with amazed interest.

"You know him!" he protested. "He called you Sam!"

"Know him?" cried Sam impatiently. "I've *got* to know him! He's going to be my father-in-law."

The fingers of the rich man clutched the folded paper as the claws of a parrot cling to the bars of his cage. He let his sable coat slip into the hands of a servant; he turned back toward the marble staircase.

"Come!" he commanded.

Sam led him to the secluded corner Polly and he had left vacant and told his story.

"So, it is evident," concluded Sam, "that each night some one in the service of The Times dined at Pavoni's, and that his hat was the same sort of hat as the one worn by Hertz; and each night, inside the lining of his hat, Hertz hid the report of that day's proceedings. And when The Times man left the restaurant he exchanged hats with Hertz. But tonight—I got Hertz' hat and with it the treaty!"

In perplexity the blue eyes of the little great man frowned.

"It is a remarkable story," he said.

"You mean you don't believe me!" retorted Sam. "If I had financial standing—if I had credit—if I were not a stranger—you would not hesitate."

Baron Haussmann neither agreed nor contradicted. He made a polite and deprecatory gesture. Still in doubt, he stared at the piece of white paper. Still deep in thought, he twisted and creased between his fingers the Treaty of London!

Returning with the duchess from supper, Polly caught sight of Sam and, with a happy laugh, ran toward him. Seeing he was not alone, she halted and waved her hand.

"Don't forget!" she called. "At eleven!"

She made a sweet and lovely picture. Sam rose and bowed.

"I'll be there at ten," he answered.

With his mild blue eyes the baron followed Polly until she had disappeared. Then he turned and smiled at Sam.

"Permit me," he said gravely, "to offer you my felicitations. Your young lady is very beautiful and very good." Sam bowed his head. "If she trusts you," murmured the baron, "I think I can trust you too."

"How wonderful is credit!" exclaimed Sam. "I was just saying so to my landlady. If you have only cash you spend it and nothing remains. But with credit you can ——"

"How much," interrupted the banker, "do you want for this?"

Sam returned briskly to the business of the moment.

"To be your partner," he said—"to get half of what you make out of it."

The astonished eyes of the baron were large with wonder. Again he reproved Sam.

"What I shall make out of it?" he demanded incredulously. "Do you know how much I shall make out of it?"

"I cannot even guess," said Sam; "but I want half."

The baron smiled tolerantly.

"And how," he asked, "could you possibly know what I give you is really half?"

In his turn, Sam made a deprecatory gesture.

"*Your* credit," said Sam, "is good!"

That morning, after the walk in St. James' Park, when Sam returned with Polly to Claridge's, they encountered her father in the hall. Mindful of the affront of the night before, he greeted Sam only with a scowl.

"Senator," cried Sam happily, "you must be the first to hear the news! Polly and I are going into partnership. We are to be married."

This time Senator Seward did not trouble himself even to tell Sam he was an ass. He merely grinned cynically.

"Is that *all* your news?" he demanded with sarcasm.

"No," said Sam—"I am going into partnership with Baron Haussmann too!"

Vaporized Metals

DELICATE laces in silver or bronze or gold, for the trimmings of a gown, gorgeous paintings in the rich colors of polished metals, brass-coated balloons, and scores of other strange articles, are made possible by a little device that sprays hot metal particles so that they will stick on a fabric and yet will not burn it. For many years attempts have been made with more or less success to spray metal successfully, and a Swiss engineer seems to have discovered the secret.

His metal-spray machine is used much as is an ordinary atomizer, or almost exactly as an artist uses an airbrush; and it is about the size of an atomizer. The wire or strip of the metal, such as gold, that is to be used, is placed in the device, and gas, fed by a flexible pipe from a tank, heats the end of the wire or strip of metal to a white heat. Another flexible pipe from a tank of compressed air supplies power for blowing tiny particles of the white-hot metal on the material to be coated.

It has been found that the metal particles grip well on the fabric they hit and almost seem to weld together, yet they do not set it afire; and coatings have been successfully applied to wood, paper, lace, cloth, celluloid, and even explosives, as well as to other metals. It is possible to apply a very thin coating by means of this machine. Balloon cloth has been coated with brass by means of the metal-spray pistol in order to render the cloth more impervious to gas. So thin are the coatings that when the spray is applied to lace the material is hardly appreciably increased in weight and is still flexible.

So striking are the effects that sprayed metals make possible for gowns, that the first use of the new device is likely to come in dress goods and trimmings; but many uses of more commercial importance have been suggested. The inventor has coated radiators with brass, lined cans with tin, copper-coated metal for ships' bottoms, covered moving-picture screens with aluminum and cables with zinc.

WHAT NEXT?

Parachutes for Airmen

PARACHUTES to provide a safe descent for the aviator when an aëroplane collapses high in the air have been given most attention by Russians, though in no country have they been neglected by inventors or seriously adopted by airmen. The pilots have said that a parachute would not be apt to be of much use at the very moment it was needed, for the collapse of the aëroplane would be too sudden to get the parachute into use, and probably at too low an altitude to give the parachute a chance to open out and work.

A Russian in Paris has now completed a parachute to meet these objections, and, though he has not tried it out himself, he has had success in demonstrating it with lifesize dummies. The parachute is to be carried on the aëroplane back of the pilot, attached to a wooden bar that fits into the muzzle of a sort of cannon.

When an accident occurs the aviator pulls a string, which explodes the cannon and shoots the parachute free of the wrecked aëroplane. As it shoots out, some smaller cannons explode and throw out the folds of the parachute and so expand it without the usual long fall before the air opens it up.

Concrete Shingles

CEMENT shingles, which may be nailed on roofs without fear of leaks, offer a new field for concrete. The shingles are made of cement and cotton fiber and are nailed down like wooden shingles. The holes close tightly round the nails, but for additional protection a tin washer is used round the nailhead. Quantities of these shingles are being exported from England.

Possibilities of Powdered Coal

POWDERED coal, blown under a boiler before it has a chance to settle, is a new possibility for railroad engines. The coal is ground into such a fine dust that it can be handled in pipes much the same as oil fuel for locomotives. So far it has been used but little, except in furnaces for some kinds of metal work; but the application of it to locomotives is being given much study. The advantages of powdered coal lie in the fact that it is easily handled by machinery, that it burns with comparatively little smoke, that it is free from ash and that it means less loss up the chimney, easy control and large capacity. There are objections to it, of course. Most serious among these is the cost of powdering the coal, with incidental problems of dust explosions and deterioration.

A New Shoal-Detector

A MARINE alarm bell that will ring when a vessel nears shore or shallow water is the hope of Prof. H. T. Barnes, of McGill University. He has found during his experiments that water is slightly cooler near shore than out at sea, and eventually he may prove the thermometer to be sufficiently reliable for practical use.

On the ship Montcalm he studied water temperatures last summer. Along the Canadian coast and in the Straits of Belle Isle he found that the near-shore water is cooler by a few degrees or fractions of a degree than the water farther out. The explanation for this is simple enough. Deep water is cooler than surface water, and the dashing of the sea along the coast or on shoals brings up enough deep water to cool slightly the surface water at such points. Investigations on the coast of Great Britain have given similar results, but Professor Barnes desires to extend his experiments still further before advising the adoption of thermometer alarms. Once the principle is established the application will be simple, for a thermometer carried by a ship in the water at the bow can easily be connected up with a dial or alarm in the pilot-house.

His method of warning ships against icebergs has been a practical success. It is based on the strange fact that as a ship approaches an iceberg it will find the surface water growing warmer instead of colder. The melting iceberg sinks the cold water and sets up a surface current toward itself, and this surface water gets a chance to become a little warmer because its surface flow is unmixed with the colder water below.

Radium in Medicine

JUST what radium can do in curing disease is shown by the first official figures of the Radium Institute, of London. This institute was founded in 1911 at the suggestion of King Edward, for the purpose of furnishing the most favorable opportunity for testing the medical value of the great discovery. Summed up, the figures show that radium is really a great help in many diseases, including cancer, even if it is not the marvelous cure-all that some people proclaimed it a few years ago.

In cancer cases, almost all of them extreme cases that were too advanced for treatment under the knife, the use of radium has been followed by improvement in from one-quarter to one-half of them. Cancer in some parts of the body has not been helped so much as cancer in other parts. In rodent ulcers, many cases of which were experimented with, four-fifths were either improved or apparently cured.

Out of five hundred and seventy-six cases treated, three hundred and twenty-five were decidedly helped, twenty-eight being fully cured, fifty-two apparently cured—which means that every trace and symptom disappeared—and two hundred and forty-five were somewhat improved. Of the remainder, seventy were not improved, thirty-eight received only limited and precautionary treatment, eighty-eight abandoned treatment, and fifty-five died.

All the radium the institute could possibly use was purchased, and the applications have been made in two ways. According to the method of treatment, flat, varnished pieces of fabric, coated with anywhere from seven to a hundred and fifty milligrams of radium, are placed on the skin over the seat of the disease. The duration of the application may be anywhere from twelve hours to one hundred hours, in extreme cases the strips being used for periods twelve hours long and at regular intervals of twelve hours. Tubes containing from twenty-five to one hundred milligrams of radium are used in much the same manner.

The real effects from the radium treatment do not become apparent for a week or two, and sometimes not for four weeks; though about the fourth day after the treatment has been given the patient passes into a marked condition of lethargy, which, however, soon passes off.

Wireless Alarm Calls

ONE of the great difficulties in wireless telegraphy—the need of constant attention in a wireless station day and night in case of a possible call—will probably be eliminated soon. Today if an operator goes to sleep at his post or takes a rest with his telephone receiver laid aside he may miss an important call. So wireless engineers all over the world have been working to devise a call system that will ring an alarm when another station is sending a message. Several are now being perfected, including one by Marconi, which he expects will be satisfactory. His plan is to have the sending station send one prolonged signal or dash much longer than the dots and dashes used in telegraphing. At the receiving station a delicate galvanometer detects the current, and in the case of a prolonged dash, this galvanometer starts an electric bell ringing. The real difficulty is to overcome false alarms from atmospheric discharges of electricity. An operator quickly learns to tell by the sound what is a real call and what is a false one, but it has proved difficult to make a machine show equal discrimination.

Clearing by Fire

NEW uses for little air blowers are constantly being discovered. One of the most practical ways that the air blower is being employed is for clearing up stumps from a woodlot that has been cut over. The new method of stump-clearing is so much easier than the old methods that it looks like a lazy man's idea. A gas engine, a small blower and pipes for an air blast are set up in the field. Fires are started against stumps and are fanned by blasts from the pipes. By directing the fanning, the fire is made to eat the stumps so thoroughly that the remnants are easily removed.

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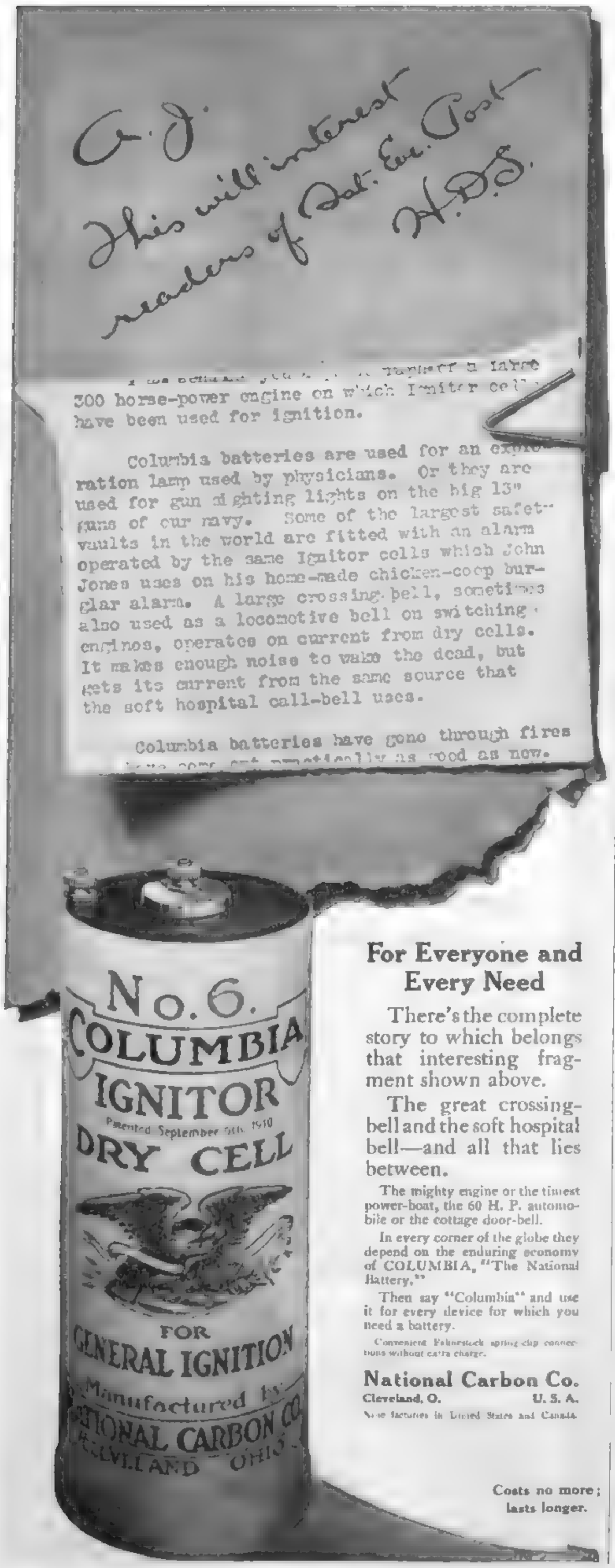
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A QUESTION OF CHARM

(Continued from Page 12)

an' that di'mond markee ring'd set 'em crazy down in Vaudeville Row! But th' Avenoo says nit on the gargoyles this season! An' that platinum vanity-box edged wit' sparklers is apt t' give yuh eyestrain! An' that gold-mesh laundry-bag an' that rubystudded puffholder an' that cardcase wit' the seed-poil initials! Jus' forgit the tin-kitchen act! Yuh'd mebbe make a hit rattlin' that junk down on Fourteent' Street; but it won't go, dearie, up to the Sin' Regis! An' fur the love of Mike, git off them mauve-colored silk stockings an' that rainbow underskirt an' them raspberry pink slippers! An' can that fancy stuff roun' the neckpiece! My land, goil, if yuh rustled into the Plazzer wit' all them sleighbells on they'd take yuh fur a Christmas tree an' steer yuh roun' to th' freight elevator! Git simple. Chic but simple—that's the warpaint wit' th' Avenoo dames this season!"

"But think of the money I've put into those diamonds!" mourned the ruthlessly denuded Venus Anadyomene.

"Then hock 'em an' put th' money in that grape farm yuh gas about," was Yvonne's implacable retort. "Don't try t' scream money, dearie; jus' whisper it! An' if yuh want to step out o' the secundrater class, jus' take a little tip or two from Ivvie!"

Mlle. Trudaine had taken her tips, without further question or protest, for it was plain to see that Yvonne knew whereof she spoke. Every passing day had brought its proof of that. And there had been fresh evidence of it on the face of Michael d'Auvergne Regan. Mlle. Claire Trudaine could tell when a man approved of her. She had been in professional life long enough to know when her audience was with her. She prided herself on the fact that she was able to read faces. And there had been that in the face of Mr. Regan which enkindled something long dormant and neglected in her soul. She liked him, and she was not ashamed of it. She let her mind wander back to their meeting in the Park. She recalled what he had said and how he had looked.

She made her toilet with great deliberation that next afternoon, when she was to meet him in the Mall. She even hummed to herself as she dressed, and smiled into the mirror as she pinned on her new Paris hat, the somber mass of which brought out so well the color of her hair and the clearness of her cheek.

"I am beautiful!" she audaciously and vaingloriously acknowledged as she leaned forward for a last scrutiny. Then she sighed as she started drawing on her gloves. It was all a pretense, she remembered. Her pose of refinement was a mockery, hungrily and heroically kept up, but still a mockery. She was not even on the same footing with the overdressed actresses who motored along the Avenue. She had once been a circus woman, a sideshow snake-charmer. She had never been able even to rise above the level of Chang. Chang held her like a handcuff to her past life, her strangely isolated life of tents and wagon-strewn lots and sleeping cars. She tried to imagine herself turning to her new-found friend and saying: "I was once the snake-woman in a sideshow with Cooney's Circus!" She stopped breathing for a moment as she dramatized his surprise, as she bathed her hands in the fires of that self-imposed martyrdom.

She drew near the Mall and caught sight of Daubby feeding the Park gray squirrels with peanuts. Even this young man with the rapt and wonderful eyes, she realized as Daubby removed his hat and held out his hand to her, was something forlornly beyond her life, something about which she might hover for a little time, just as she hovered about the great city which still intimidated her. Then she forgot her sorrow in the ardor of his greeting, in his gasp of admiration that even against her own will filled her with a lulling satisfaction.

"You're wonderful!" he breathed out as he stood staring at her smiling wistfully down from under the wide oval of her hat-rim. Still again his spine needled with vague rapture as he saw that superb and statuelike figure in the clear April sunlight. And again he felt as though he stood face to face with the Venus of the Louvre made human, warm with life, radiant with the fullness of youth merging into mysterious womanhood.

"I—I scarcely know what to call you," he hesitated as they walked side by side northward under the budding trees, where the birds were so busy with their spring nest-making.

"Claire," she reminded him.

"Then you must call me Daubby!" he implored.

"All right, Daubby," she said without even a smile.

"It scarcely seems real!" he murmured. They rounded a lake fringed with a litter of little fresh-painted rowboats and ascended a hill thick with vernal-smelling shrubbery.

"And it can't last!" she murmured back.

"Oh, why can't it?" he passionately demanded.

"Because you'll ——" She left the sentence unfinished. There was a moment of silence before she spoke again. "Because I'll be gone in a week or two!"

"In a week or two?" he echoed with open misery on his face.

"Will you care?" she asked. He tried to tell her, as they walked on in the quietude which left the beleaguering city a thing of remote and misty shadows, just how much he would care. And the spring sunlight bathed them as they went on side by side, unconscious of time or place, as immured in their own ends, as content in their own chatter, as were the birds so busy in the shrubbery about them.

When they came to the Belvidere, which overlooked the reservoir like a gray castle overlooking a lake, they climbed the stone stairway to the battlemented towertop. They stood side by side, leaning over the parapet, staring out over the water and the billowy treetops and the misty city beyond. Then they sighed in unison.

"Claire," said Daubby, covering her gloved hand with his own thin hand.

"Yes," she answered.

His face was quite colorless.

"May I kiss you?" he asked.

She did not speak; but she slowly nodded her head.

"May I?" he murmured.

"Yes," she answered.

They kissed.

He felt the warmth of her lips on his. He felt the clasp of her arms as his own hungry arms closed about her forward bending body. He felt the precious weight of her as for one brief moment she closed her eyes and seemed to droop a little, while he held her. Then she turned away with a deeper sigh. He echoed that sigh as he leaned against the graystone parapet, breathing the hyaline of the gods. The April sunlight lay golden on the world. From far away came the sleepy cry of birds. From still remoter regions came the dull-noted song of the city, hymning of life and hope. And still again Daubby sighed. He breathed deep and felt a little dizzy, and tingled with vague rapture, and experienced a vague ache somewhere under his breastbone, and knew that he was head over heels in love.

All the rest of that day and on the next and on still the next Daubby knew that he was head over heels in love. He was unable to work. He showed little inclination to eat. He drew ideal heads with ultra-classic profiles, and watched the clock, and arrayed himself with meticulous care, and disappeared Parkward afternoon after afternoon.

Miss Roselle Marriet watched these disquieting signs with ever narrowing eyes. Then came the time when she could stand it no longer. She deliberately shadowed Daubby as he set off for his tryst, followed him to the Park, and saw that which filled her predacious little soul with vitriolic envy.

She too watched the clock the next day, and anticipated Daubby's arrival in the Mall by a lucky quarter-of-an-hour. She walked straight up to the idle and dreamy-eyed Venus Anadyomene figure in blue serge. Roselle's hands were shaking a little, but the line of her mouth was firm.

"You've been meeting my husband here every day for a week," she announced.

The dreamy cerulean eyes looked over the tense little figure from top to toe.

"Have I?" murmured the soft contralto.

"You think you can take him away from me!" cried Roselle, and by some sudden flash of inspiration she added—"from me and my baby!"

The larger woman turned and studied the white face confronting her.

"And who is your husband?" Mlle. Trudaine McCool languidly inquired.

It was not until Roselle cried out the telltale name that the woman with the cerulean eyes changed color.

"So he's your husband?" she slowly repeated.

"Yes," was Roselle's answer.

"And there's a baby?"

"Yes," said Roselle.

It took Mlle. Trudaine some time to digest this. The glory had suddenly gone out of that golden April afternoon.

"He told me he wasn't—wasn't married," cogitated the wistful-eyed Venus Anadyomene aloud.

"They always do," snapped back the thin-lipped Roselle.

"He—he must be an awful liar," was the next slow-noted remark from the meditative woman.

"D'you ever see the man who wasn't?" demanded the shriller voiced Roselle. And again the cerulean eyes studied her face.

"Where do you two live?" questioned the still hesitating Mlle. Trudaine.

Roselle told the street and number of the studio. The Venus Anadyomene bosom deepened with a great sigh.

"Is it any wonder I hate men?" she suddenly asked of the April skies.

"I want him back," said Roselle.

"Oh, you'll get him back," announced the grim goddess in blue serge.

"But he can't go on meeting you," pursued Roselle.

"Don't worry about that," announced Mlle. Trudaine; "he'll stop!"

"How'll you stop him?" demanded the wordly-wise little Roselle.

Mlle. Trudaine sat for a minute or two in deep thought.

"How'll you stop him?" repeated Roselle.

"You leave that to me," was the other woman's answer. "I'll stop him all right, and I'll stop him quick!"

It was Roselle's turn to hesitate.

"But when he knows I've told you he'll ——" She seemed loath to put into words the deeds that would result from that discovery.

"He won't know," calmly announced the pale-cheeked goddess. "At least he won't know unless he walks up and sees you here!"

"You mean you want me not to stay?"

"I don't care," said the indifferent-eyed woman, whose thoughts seemed far away.

"But you'll send him back?" persisted Roselle.

"Yes," absently replied the other as she leaned back on the Park bench and stared with unseeing eyes at the battlemented turret of the Belvidere that showed itself beyond the avenue of stately elms bordering the Mall.

Her clouded eyes were still staring at the turret of graystone when Daubby strode up and stood before her. She did not move.

"Claire," he said, "what has happened?"

She let her eyes rest on his thin and ardent young face for several moments of utter silence. Never before had she seemed more alluring, more Olympian, than during those moments of cool and marmoreal silence. More than ever she made Daubby's mind go back to the Venus of the Louvre, and more than ever the sense of her calm loveliness awoke in his heart that vague ache which he could never quite put into words.

"I guess I'd better go home," she quietly announced at last as she rose to her feet.

"But what is it?" he demanded.

"I've got to go home," was her only answer.

"Can't I go with you?" he pleaded.

"If you like," was her indifferent reply.

She said little as they left the Park and walked together down through the busy, many-colored, sunlit crowds of Fifth Avenue. She remained abstracted and impassive as they entered her hotel. It was not until he was seated in a chair, staring with puzzled eyes about her velours-carpeted sitting room, with its piano and books and vase of orchids, that she seemed able to emerge from her mood of self-absorption.

"Listen, Daubby," she began as she put her hat and gloves on one end of the piano; "you wanted to know what I was, didn't you?"

"But I know what you are," he cried. "You're a Norse legend turned to life! You're a Greek goddess warm with human blood! You're the Venus de Milo with a soul that's as beautiful as your body!"

"No, I'm not," corrected Mlle. Trudaine. "Not by a long shot!"

"You are!" persisted Daubby.

"Do you want to know what I am?" she repeated.

"Yes," he finally admitted. Some sense of climax about the situation had taken the last of the color from his face.

"I'm a circus woman," she suddenly flung out at him.

"A what?" he cried.

"I'm a freak out of a sideshow!"

"A circus woman?" he slowly repeated. He showed less astonishment than she had expected. It was more a vague perplexity. "Why, you told me you owned a grape farm up on Lake Erie!"

"We'll come to the grape farm later. What I want you to know is that for three years I was one of the Le Claire Sisters!"

"Who were they?" asked Daubby.

"They were me and Tillie. We did an aerial act with the Cooney Circus."

"Go on!" said Daubby.

"Tillie had a husband, but he abused her. One day, after he'd been ugly, she was doing a double somersault and twister and got a fall. It was a bad fall. She died from it—and it was all that man's fault! And that's another reason why I've always hated men."

He waited for her to go on. He felt a little light in the head. It occurred to him that this passing dizziness may have been due to the fact that he had eaten nothing since morning, and then only coffee and rolls.

"It didn't altogether break my nerve, Tillie being killed in our act; but after that I didn't hanker for trapeze work. I got a chance to take over the snake act in the sideshow. I was big enough to hold up three hundred pounds of serpent. It was easy work and it gave me a chance to read."

"Yes?" he vacantly prompted.

"I was a snake woman for two years, one year in America and one year in Europe!"

"Well, what difference does that make?" Daubby finally inquired.

"Don't you understand the difference?" she in turn demanded.

"There is none," he maintained.

"Oh, yes, there is," she said in her triumphant contralto, "and I'll show you what it is!"

She crossed to the wicker hamper, unlocked it, and tapped sharply on the lid.

She stood close beside the hamper, facing Daubby, watching him every moment of the time. She did not look down as she heard the soft rustle over the edge of the basket. She did not look down as the huge body coiled and flowed out about her feet and the uplifted narrow head with the lidless eyes raised itself interrogatively to her knees. She still watched Daubby as she felt the pressure of those first encircling coils about her.

Daubby did not move. Whatever the emotions that stirred his spirit, there was no touch of fear on his face. He sat watching the softly undulatory body as it ascended higher and higher.

It was not physical fear that showed itself on Daubby's thin and mobile face. It was something deeper, something more devastating, something more cataclysmic. It was the look for which Mlle. Claire Trudaine McCool had been so triumphantly waiting.

"Well, are you hep?" she demanded, knowing that by the use of that tent-slang she was turning the knife in the wound of her self-abasement.

"Oh-h-h!" groaned the inarticulate Daubby.

Mlle. Trudaine snapped a fingernail against Chang's horny nose and spoke one sharp word of command. Slowly the great dilatable body relaxed and shifted and descended, flowing back over shoulder and hip until it reached the floor. There it melted shadowlike into the shadows beyond the piano end. Then the woman stepped closer to the man sitting as colorless as ashes on the chair. She touched him on one shoulder with her fingertips.

"Now we've found each other out," she said, "so we can get down to tin tacks again!"

"Oh-h-h-h!" groaned the speechless Daubby.

"You can go back where you belong, and I'll go back where I belong!"

Daubby scarcely heard her. He was not even looking at her. His gaze, in fact, was directed toward Chang, the slowly vermiculating Chang, who was emerging from behind the shadowy piano. And still it was not terror that showed itself in Daubby's eyes. It was more a feeling of revulsion, the utter and absolute revulsion of a sensitive soul confronted by an ugliness that seemed to belong to some cruel and inchoate age of slime.

It was more than that delicately attuned instrument of emotion could stand. Daubby felt the need of escape, a necessity for the

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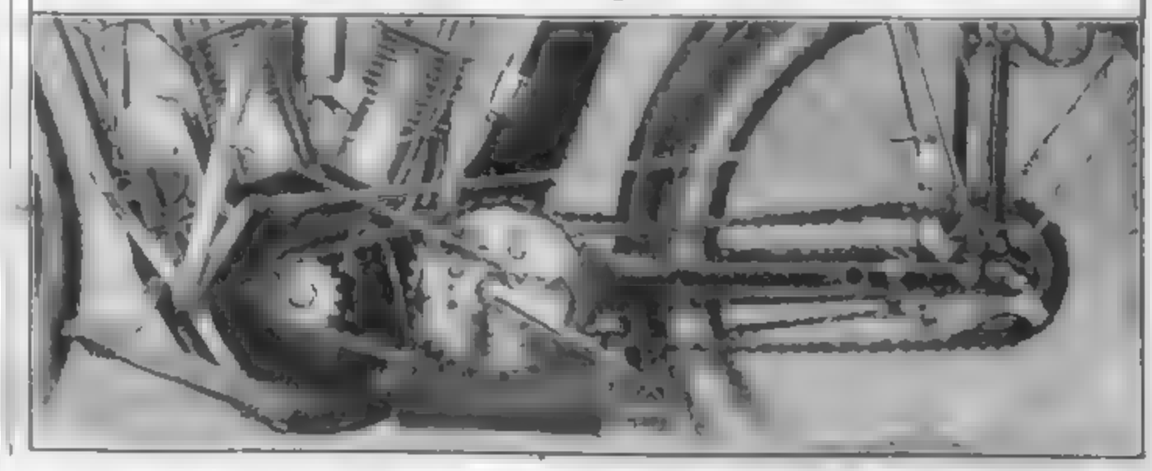

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"'*Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,*
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.'

"My eyes closed still, the music swelled, throbbing into intensity—just as I *pressed*—just as I *felt*.

"I was back with the gay tender colleens, their eyes pure as their hearts, in the wonderland of the lost years.

"Soft as a fantasy the music died. Kathleen and her lover faded. I opened my eyes at last. They were wet. I looked at my wife; she was crying, too.

"'My dear,' said she, 'I didn't know you could play like that.'

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sanities of sunlight and open air. He rose to his feet and turned unsteadily toward the door.

"Go back to your wife, Daubby," said Mlle. Trudaine with a throaty little laugh and at the same time a tragic arm movement of repudiation, "and I'll get along with Chang!"

She stood looking after Daubby as he vanished through the door. She stood staring about the room that seemed of a sudden so desolate; then she sank back on a chair with her elbows on her knees and her hands clasped tightly together. Tears sparkled on the dark and heavy lashes that fringed the cerulean eyes. The corners of the warm lips were downdrawn with anguish, like the lips of a wounded child. But she neither sighed nor moved. She simply sat staring ahead of her with unseeing eyes, self-immured in her utter misery.

She sat there so long that Chang, apparently mystified by her immobility, advanced interrogatively toward her feet. It was then, for the first time in her life, that she lost her temper with Chang. She gave him a prompt and sharp cuff on the side of the head.

Chang slid to the floor, collapsing as though with bewilderment at that unmerited rebuff. He lay there sulkily, without moving for several moments. Then the great body slowly elongated itself, the lidless eyes peered about the room, and Chang started for the still open door. He passed through the door unnoticed by his mistress.

He made his adventurous way along the hall until he came to the elevator shaft. Then he rippled adroitly and lightly down the marble stairway that surrounded this shaft. He continued his descent until he found it blocked by a door, turned about, ascended the marble steps for one flight and emerged on the main floor of the apartment hotel.

A white-powdered soubrette, in white shoes, carrying a white poodle, stepped toward the elevator door as Chang appeared about the corner of the grillwork surrounding the shaft. This soubrette promptly flung herself in the arms of a quite unknown stout gentleman in a silk hat, who in turn promptly clambered up on the desk, and from the desk sought still greater altitudes along the top of the office safe.

But Chang did not tarry. He made his uninterrupted way through open doors to the freedom of Forty-Sixth Street. Then he turned westward toward Sixth Avenue.

Before Chang had wandered forty feet he encountered a diminutive Italian boy, with a basket of groceries on his arm and a time-honored air of Mascagni's on his lips. The Italian boy riveted his eyes for a moment on Chang, dropped his basket, and then scurried like an autumn leaf in the direction of Broadway.

At the corner of Sixth Avenue Chang approached an elderly gentleman in an advanced state of inebriacy, who merely clung to a lamp-post and grinned sheepishly at what he regarded as a recurring fiction of his own fancy. But by the time the inebriated gentleman had waved a second affectionate greeting to Chang a vast change had overtaken Sixth Avenue. Crowds that had been surging northward suddenly changed their minds and undertook brisk migratory movements in the opposite direction. Chang found his pathway unimpeded. He continued to wander about at his own sweet will. He ascended an elevated railway pillar, coiled up through the ties, disapproved of the third rail, and dropped scorched and startled to the lower level of Sixth Avenue again. There he beheld a surface car bearing down on him.

But the mind of the motorman in charge of that car was, at the moment, not entirely under control. An eighteen-foot boa-constrictor arguing about a right-of-way was something new in his experience. Nor was that argument settled until the great snake found himself calamitously involved with the running gear of an onrushing and uncomprehended enemy. The car, it is true, was finally brought to a stop. But before that was effected the life of Chang had also come to a stop.

It was two days later that Daubby, wandering lugubriously and aimlessly about Central Park, dropped into one of the empty benches along the Mall. He picked up an abandoned evening paper, stared at it with unseeing eyes, and wondered if he would ever again know worldly happiness or ever again be able to work. He hated the city; he hated life; he hated even himself. He had quarreled with the garage-owner under his studio. He had had a scene with his scrubwoman. He had vilified the head of the art-calendar concern, and he had slammed his door on the tear-stained face of Roselle, who had promptly and passionately told him many things through the transom and had later indited a note to none other than Mlle. Trudaine herself. This note was brief and born of the bitterness of a hopeless heart:

"I lied when I said I was Daubby's wife. I only wanted to be. And now he hates me, and he hates you, and I don't care what happens. I followed you and found out your name and where you lived, but I'm not small enough to let that lie hang over poor Daubby. And it doesn't matter anyway, for he says he's going back to Paris."

The Daubby who had so disconsolately proclaimed that he was going back to Paris flung the newspaper that he held in his hand to the asphalted path, ground his heel on it, and stared down at the soiled back page, whereon his bewildered eyes made out the photographic print of an unknown and unclaimed boa-constrictor which, the lines went on to say, had been met and overcome by a modern Saint George in the form of a Sixth Avenue motorman.

Daubby was still bent low over the sheet, reading how seven women had fainted and an excited policeman had turned in a fire alarm, when he became conscious of a shadow falling across the paper at his feet.

He looked up and found himself staring into the cerulean eyes of a Venus Anadyomene in a black charmeuse gown and a black hat surmounted by an aigrette. The cerulean eyes that gazed down at him were as unhappy as his own.

"Claire," he said, rising a little unsteadily to his feet.

"Daubby," murmured Claire, studying his thin young face with sorrowing yet watchful eyes.

She stood there without moving, keenly aware that for a second time they were poised on the brink of a great divide. She knew that if those imaginative eyes still pictured the coiling ghost of Chang about her body there could be no return of his peace of mind and no hope for his friendship.

She stood there impassive and impartial, waiting. And by that very effort to achieve a stern and judicial calmness she brought clustering about her the older and stronger associations, the vague look of the mild and brooding Venus of the Louvre, the suggestion of that marmoreal beauty to which he had first capitulated.

He did not shrink back from her, as she had half expected. He even moved closer, until his hand was on her arm and his face was within a foot of her own.

"Oh, I can't live without you!" he cried, quite oblivious of the seven wide-eyed children on roller skates who stood about in an attentive semicircle.

The shadow of a smile hovered about the corners of her lips.

"He's—he's gone," she whispered.

"Oh, but you're beautiful!" was the cry that her sorrowfully smiling face wrung out of Daubby. He had captured both her white-gloved hands by this time.

"He's gone!" she repeated.

"Couldn't—couldn't I kiss you?" he demanded.

"Here?" she asked, turning shell-pink.

"What do I care!" proclaimed the reckless Daubby. "Couldn't I?"

The head under the aigrette moved slowly up and down in assent. And there, before seven wide-eyed children, a German governess and an indignant old gentleman with an Airedale, Daubby put his thin young arms about Mlle. Claire McCool and kissed her.

And the old gentleman with the Airedale frowningly watched that strange and audacious couple as they walked off arm in arm. Had he followed them into the quietness of the bud-scented Ramble he might have witnessed a less hurried repetition of that shocking scene and he might have heard language to deepen the frown on his forehead.

"Oh, Daubby, I want you to learn me things," he might have heard the wistful-eyed woman cry out. "I need you to learn me—everything!"

And Daubby, with a tremolo of happiness in his voice, might have been heard replying: "Dearest, you're perfect! You know you are!"

But the old gentleman merely knew it was the dinner hour, and shuffled off toward home and the humdrum world of mere humdrum human beings.

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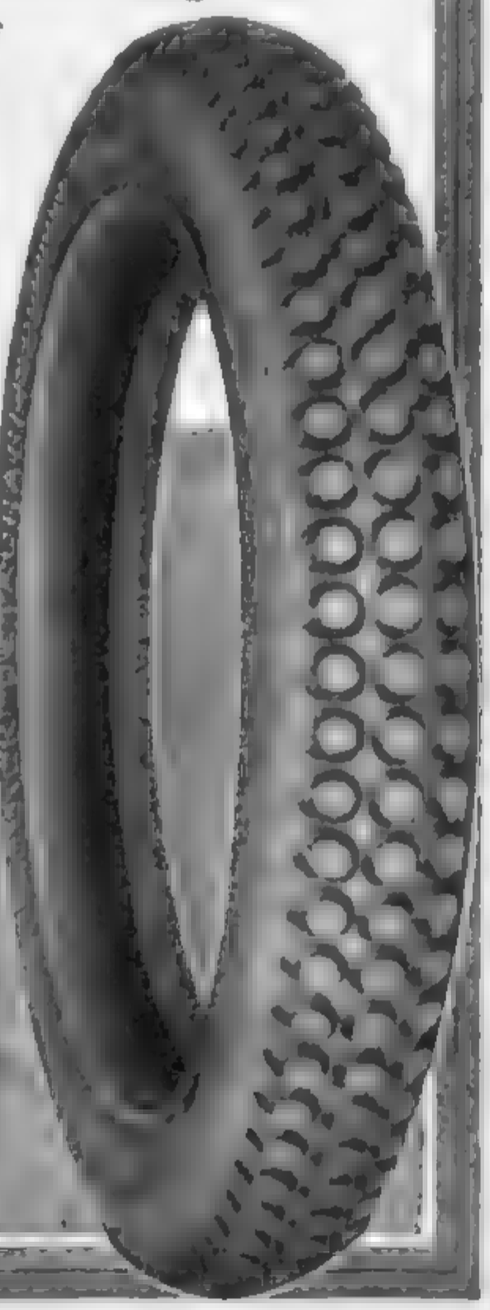


THE BEAVER AND STREAM FLOW—By Enos A. Mills

A NEW MEXICO stockmen's association recently declared a beaver trapper to be a more undesirable visitor than a horsethief. On many ranges, sometimes for weeks, the only available stock water is in beaver ponds. The beaver is a reservoir builder and each colony maintains one or more ponds of water. Throughout the arid West stockmen who are acquainted with the beaver appear to appreciate his value as a water provider and try to protect him. Twenty years ago the stockmen of North Dakota secured laws for the protection of beavers. Numerous irrigation engineers, too, have recognized the importance of beaver ponds to a sustained water supply. A few water-storing companies have recently shown their appreciation of the usefulness of the beaver as a water storer by colonizing their watersheds with this builder and maintainer of reservoirs. A few years ago localities in the Adirondacks were successfully stocked with these original conservationists. The works of beavers in many ways help to equalize stream flow.

These works are excellent flood-resisting barriers. Many an imposing flood has lost its power through the interference of a few beaver ponds and dams. Each pond spread the inrush of floodwater and retained a part of this water for hours, some of it for days, and greatly reduced the speed of that which went on downstream.

One day in Colorado I was in a beaver colony when an avalanche of water came downstream into the pond. The pond was about two hundred feet across. In the center of it stood a large beaver house. A violent downpour on the steep mountain-slopes above sent this rush of water that swelled the stream a thousandfold. Down a moderately deep ravine rolled this dark watery mass, with a front ten or twelve yards high. Dozens of fallen logs and other kinds of forest wreckage were swept down by the water. The front of this appeared like a broken and moving log jam; wreckage was writhing and tumbling in every direction as the mass rolled out of the ravine into the pond. Almost explosively this up-piled water and débris toppled and spread over the pond. Logs were flung in all directions and numbers were left stranded several feet above waterlevel on both sides of the pond. A driftwood jam remained upon the beaver house. A section of the dam was torn out and carried down with the flood. A short distance downstream was a larger pond. Into it rushed the already half-broken flood.

Good Work That Beavers Do

The dam held fast and the foaming floodwater spread over the pond and covered the surface with broken logs and limbs. All but a few of these were left behind in the pond. To see still further effects of this water rush, I beat it to a series of beaver reservoirs a quarter of a mile downstream. The first dam was swept out by the momentous water, but the others held and their ponds mastered the wild water by resisting and spreading it. By the time the mass poured over the last dam its waters were cleared and chastened and had lost all their enthusiasm as a destructive flood.

Within two hours after the uppermost pond was wrecked I had returned to it. Three vigilant beavers were on the job repairing the dam. Along the upper edge of the now empty pond basin were several carloads of débris which the pond had compelled the flood to drop. By prolonging the run-off of floodwater, and by taking from it quantities of channel-filling débris, beaver works are perpetually useful.

Beaver ponds lay up water for the dry days and also for the sunny weeks when rain comes not. Beaver dams are very leaky. The stored water of the pond, through steady leakage, supplies the channel with water, even though the stream source goes dry. A beaver pond is thus a kind of everflowing spring. If there be a number of these ponds along a brook or streamlet they will maintain flowing water during long droughts. Streams governed in their flow by the works of beavers have their waters more usefully distributed than streams not so regulated.

Usually each old beaver colony maintains a number of ponds. The heavy-bodied and short-legged beaver is a slow fellow upon the land. He has sealegs; his hind feet are webbed; he is an excellent swimmer and will not walk when there is opportunity to swim. Then, too, he has numerous nimble-footed enemies upon the land from which he is safe only in the water. For the most part he must stick to water routes, these afford him safe and convenient transportation for the numerous trees that are used for food and in house and dam repair.

Most beavers take a kind of annual migration or summer vacation. This usually is spent a few miles up or down stream. If the stream upon which the beaver lives is small, then the more deep-water ponds along the way the safer and the easier it is for him to travel and the better he likes it. While in shallow water, as on land, he is in constant danger of being caught by bears, wolves and lions. It is thus but natural that he work like a beaver in order to have and hold numerous ponds that add so much to his safety and his comfort.

There are chains of ponds along many streams where all conditions are favorable for beavers. In many cases the dams are so close to each other that each dam backs water to the dam above it. Many ponds are forced to overflow to one side into the stream's wider lowlands, where a cluster of ponds is maintained by compelling the water to flow hither and thither through them all. Along a single mile of brook channel I have counted more than three hundred of these ponds.

Hydraulic Engineering

There are a few localities still inhabited by beavers in which this clustering chainwork of ponds may be seen. The first settlers found numerous streams in this condition. Lewis and Clark wrote concerning streams that stretched away a close succession of beaver ponds as far as eye could reach. Numbers of these ponds along the brooks of a watershed would guarantee good behavior to the rivers that rose therein. Such rivers would most nearly maintain that constant happy medium of flow that is most useful to man.

From the bottom of every beaver pond enormous quantities of water are absorbed into the porous earth. Every additional beaver pond will thus increase the flow of underground water. This water will, in turn, create new and continuous springs and add to the flow of the old ones. Beaver works equalize stream flow by storing floodwater that is transformed into slow, steady flow by constant leakage through the dam and by seepage-sustained springs.

Beaver works also arrest erosion—the gnawing wear and tear of running water. In Italy, Spain, China and elsewhere numerous and expensive masonry barriers are built to stop erosion. In many places the more elastic and inexpensive barriers built by beavers are equally effective.

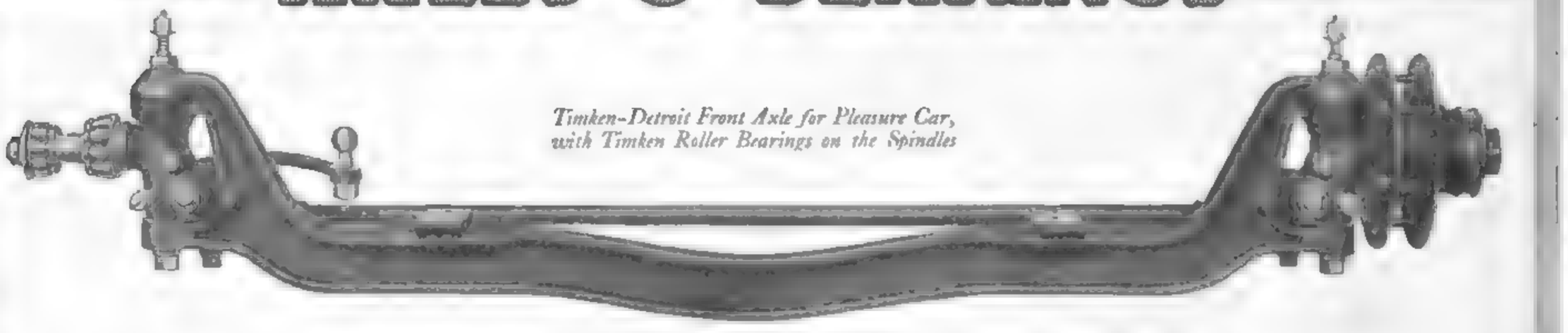
Beaver ponds not only put a stop to the washing and wearing away of soil, but they stop and build up with débris and soil washed down into their basins. After a time the inwash of sediment and soil fills the pond and changes its area to meadow. Beavers have given a fertile surface to thousands of square miles of land now farmed. Soil deposited in ponds is thus kept out of deep river channels downstream where already the excessive deposits have caused endless trouble and constant expense. Beavers are conservationists of soil and water.

Clearer water also results from the presence of our friend the beaver. Each of his ponds is a settling basin. In the quiet pond much of the sediment carried in is dropped. The water that flows from a pond is clearer than the water that flows into it.

Add beaver ponds to a stream and the fish-producing capacity of the stream is increased. The pond is a deep, quiet hole. It does not go dry or freeze to the bottom in winter. It stays, year after year, and affords the fish a safe, permanent residence.

Beavers are vegetarians and never trouble fish. Most of the food of beavers is the bark of willow, aspen, cottonwood and other water-loving deciduous trees. Every kind of tree that beavers fell for food or building purposes sprouts from both stump and roots to renew itself.

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS



Timken-Detroit Front Axle for Pleasure Car, with Timken Roller Bearings on the Spindles

Unseen Wonders of Motor-Car Axles

THEY are not complicated, yet each Timken-Detroit Axle is a mechanical marvel.

In the two axles shown on this page there are 848 pieces, counting each Timken Roller Bearing as one. Of these 848 pieces, 723 are in the rear axle.

That is because the rear axle must drive the car, allow the rear wheels to turn at different speeds in rounding corners, and through its brakes take the stresses of stopping.

It, with the front axle, must carry the whole load and take all the shocks and vibrations of hard travel.

Every part in these axles has a duty to perform. Every part must be correctly designed for that duty.

It is one thing to make these hundreds of pieces of metal right. It is another—and just as essential—to prove them right after they are made.

Both are equally important to your satisfaction—and to your safety.

You must be able to put your reliance on the steel—on the skill with which it is fashioned into the axle-parts—on the proper heat-treating of these parts—on the unerring, unchanging accuracy with which they are assembled—on the unfailing thoroughness with which they are tested.

It's impossible for you to prove that each part and piece is rightly made.

But you can prove that it has been made by men whom you can trust—if it's a Timken-Detroit Axle.

In good axle-building, the name "Timken" stands for experience that goes back before the day of the first motor-car.

Experience that has profited by every motor-car builder's experience—and that has led to Timken improvements revolutionary in their effect on axle-building generally.

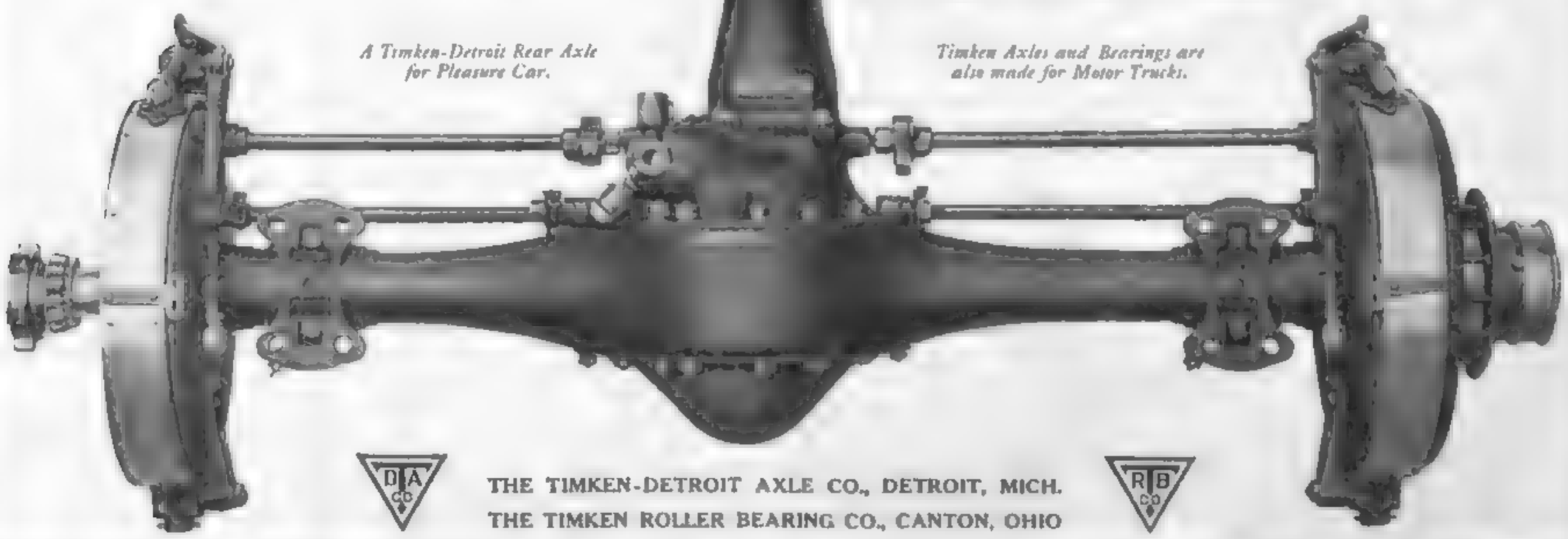
"Timken" stands for an organization devoted wholly to one ideal—the building of good motor-car axles.

And "Timken" stands also for another organization, whose product is the Timken Tapered Roller Bearing—the one type of motor-car bearing that combines greatest capacity for vertical load, and for end-thrust; least tendency to wear, and perfect adjustment for wear.

You can get the full details of axle and bearing importance by writing for the Timken Primers, A-7 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," and A-8 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." Sent free postpaid from either address below

A Timken-Detroit Rear Axle for Pleasure Car.

Timken Axles and Bearings are also made for Motor Trucks.



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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with 12 Blades $1

The EVER-READY is never completely sold to any man until he is completely satisfied. No user can keep the razor if the razor doesn't keep our pledges.

There are more than three millions of EVER-READY 12 Bladed Dollar outfits in use throughout the world and every razor is sold under an extraordinary liberal guarantee of complete satisfaction, or your dollar back.

The EVER-READY is smooth, sure, quick, safe, easy and simple. We claim that the EVER-READY blade is the most remarkable blade that ever touched a beard. There are twelve of these remarkable EVER-READY blades in each dollar outfit, together with a triple plated, rust-proof safety frame, guaranteed for ten years service and stropping handle device. The complete outfit is compactly arranged in a velvet lined, solidly made, splendidly finished case.

We could say more—you could pay more—but words and extra dollars can't add to the shaving value of the EVER-READY.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Each blade is guaranteed—triple tested and keen—clean and sanitary. Look for the trade mark face on the wrapper of each genuine EVER-READY blade.

Count the 12 Blades in each outfit retailing for $1.00—we emphasize the precaution to insist on the name EVER-READY and to count the 12 blades in each $1.00 outfit.

Sold by most every Druggist—Hardware Store and most Cutlery—Men's Furnishers—Jewelers—Sporting Goods and General Stores in your town.

If your dealer attempts substitution we will mail the EVER-READY outfit or extra blades direct to your house, prepaid

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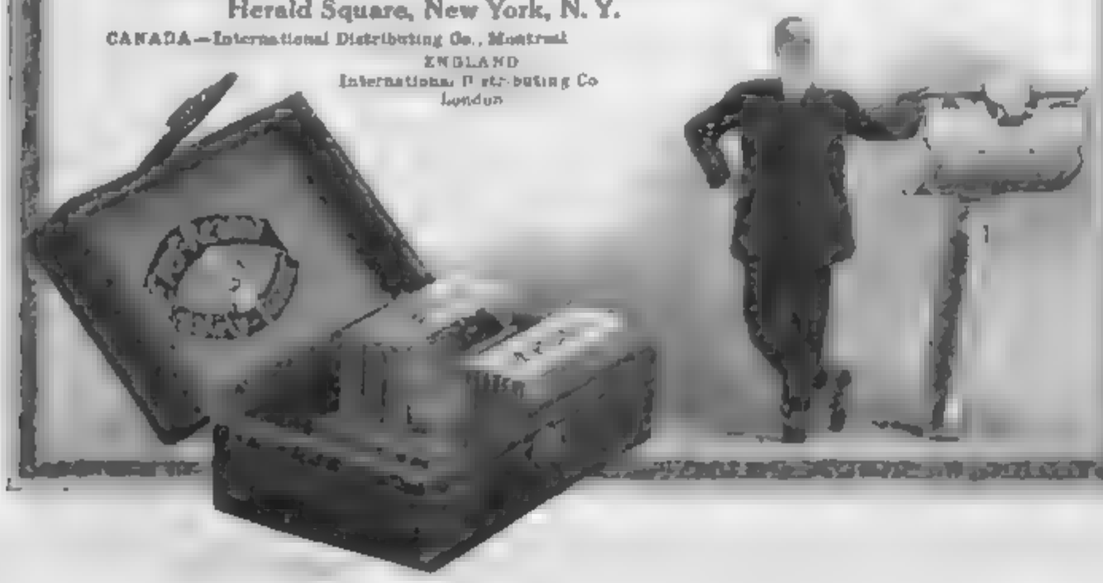

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: There is a lot of comfort, even though there is comparatively little cash, in being a philosopher. I am reminded of this because I met a patriot from Indiana this morning who is a candidate for a job as ambassador to a foreign court. He isn't particular about the court. Any old court will do for him, so long as it is foreign. He desires to retire for a time from the atmosphere of Indiana. But he is a philosopher as well as a pie-pursuer.

"You've got nerve," I said, "to blow in here from Posey County and try to horn in as an ambassador when the hotel lobbies of this town are all cluttered up with millionaires of recently discovered Democratic proclivities, who are trying to get a tag to tie on to themselves in the way of an appointment as ambassador, in order that they may hold up their heads in their communities as possessors of something more than money! All they want is recognition; and you want the job for what is in it. Where do you get off in the circumstances?"

"That's all right," he replied. "I know I am a hundred-to-one shot, but I may land at that. It has always been my theory to ask for the seemingly impossible—not with any acute hope of getting it, but with accurate knowledge of what I will get if I do get it. Besides," he said, "a philosophic contemplation of recent events inclines me to string along with the late Sam Patch, who guided his career on the assumption that some things can be done as well as others. And in this connection let me draw your attention to the case of John W. Kern, of the same state as myself."

A Quick Turn of the Wheel

Well, Jim, there is a good deal in what he said. What politics can do for and to a man is as excellently illustrated in Senator Kern as in any one I know about. Only a short time ago the Democrats in the Senate elected Senator Kern as their leader. The Democrats are in the majority—not only in the Senate but in the House; and they have the President—the entire works. Hence Senator Kern becomes about as important a Democrat as we have, next to the President—for they have taken a good deal of the power away from the Speaker of the House; and you know the sort of influence Aldrich had when he was in a similar position with the Republicans in the Senate.

Any American citizen who has a close look at the career of Senator Kern has a right to aspire to an ambassadorship, or anything else—not because Mr. Kern is deficient in any way as to qualities of leadership, but because he is so perfect an example of the unexpected that frequently happens in politics. Until John Kern finally landed in the United States Senate he had been running for office for years and years out in Indiana, and he never got anything but a job as official reporter for one of the courts and as a special assistant district attorney.

Time and again the Democrats put John up as their candidate for governor—often before the conventions that did not nominate him, and twice before conventions that did nominate him. Whenever he ran he was beaten. Other times, for other places, he failed to reach the nomination stage; but he tried just the same. Then Tom Taggart put him on the ticket with Bryan in 1908; and what happened to that combination is still fresh in our minds.

Along came a Democratic legislature and coincidentally a chance for a United States senatorship. Kern was a candidate for the place, but Ben Shively beat him out. Another chance came. A Democratic successor to Beveridge was needed. Tom Taggart wanted that himself, and there seemed to be no chance for Kern; but Taggart couldn't reach it and they named Kern. That was in 1911, Jim—and here he is, two years later, the Democratic leader in the Senate, with the Democrats in a majority and one of the biggest Democrats potentially in the country. No wonder my Indiana friend thinks he has a chance to land a job as ambassador.

Well-known Users of Dixon's Lubricants

The cause of friction and the cure

UNDER a microscope the highly polished bearing surfaces of your car show full of depressions and projections. When bearing surfaces meet, these projections interfere and cause friction.

Dixon's Flake Graphite introduced into a bearing by means of a vehicle, such as grease, interposes itself between the surfaces and prevents all metallic contact. *Dixon's Flake Graphite* as contained in

Dixon's Graphite Grease No. 677

cures friction troubles

This graphite grease is unexcelled for transmissions and differentials. For sale by all good dealers. Try it.

Dave Lewis, who has used Dixon's [illegible] lubricants for the past three [illegible] "I have just taken down my [illegible] Car that I drove in all the races of the past season (1912), and I find every ball-race, every bearing, every pinion perfect, and, if any thing, in better condition than at the start of the season."

Teddy Tetzlaff says: "Would rather pay $5 per pound for Dixon's Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

Hughie Hughes says: "Dixon's Automobile Lubricants not only reduce friction to a minimum, but their lasting qualities are remarkable."

For your car's sake, get our free book, No. 246, on "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car. Write for copies of very interesting testimonial letters from the "Speed Kings of Motordom."

D X N

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company

Established in 1827

Jersey City New Jersey

And what a heap of others there are who aspire to be diplomats too! You run against them on every corner. As a booster said to me this morning:

"They are talking of Mr. Magusalem for ambassador to the Court of St. James."

"Who is talking of him?" I asked.

"Well," he confessed, "Mr. Magusalem is doing most of the talking at present; but we have hopes we may incite some conversation elsewhere in due time."

They have hopes! They all have hopes! The Democratic party is loaded to the guards with hope. It is a strange thing, as I pointed out a time ago, how these sturdy citizens—who have devoted the earlier years of their lives to collecting all kinds of money from every auriferous and argentiferous source, regardless of whether that source is tainted or not—aspire to respectability as soon as they get their wads. While they are getting they do not think of that end of it; but, so soon as they find they are a few millions to the good, the inevitable result is a mad desire for respectability.

The rush some of them are making to get away and get an office at the same time recalls to my mind the story the late Senator Tom Carter used to tell about the man from Iowa who moved out to Montana and took up one hundred and sixty acres of homestead land in a particularly uninviting and disconsolate place.

He built a shack, and one night a man rode up and introduced himself as his nearest neighbor, who lived about fifteen miles along on the plains.

"Where'd you come from?" asked the visitor.

"From Ioway."

"Huh!" said the visitor. "I can't see, for the life of me, how a man who lived back there in Ioway, with all the conveniences of civilization, could come out here to this lonesome country and live in that sort of a shack on this sort of ground!"

"Well," replied the Iowa man, "I didn't like it down there no more. They got to tellin' things about me. They said I was a hossthief and a liar, and no better'n I oughter be. An' I just pulled up and left them scandalous folks."

"By George!" exclaimed the visitor. "I wouldn't leave a place on that account. I'd make 'em prove what they said."

"The trouble is," sighed the new settler, "they did prove it!"

However, it is not likely many of these will get past the close inspection Mr. Bryan will put on them before he O. K.'s them for Mr. Wilson, or past the close inspection Mr. Wilson will make before he tells Mr. Bryan to O. K. them for him. I merely brought this up in passing as an illustration of a dominant millionaire trait.

Senator Stone's Little Item

Meantime I observed during the closing hours of Congress that the system of the Senate is nowise impaired by the absence of many of the old-time systematic ones. It seems there always are enough of the trained performers left to carry out the traditions and precedents and other embroideries of the system—to say nothing of knowing how to deal all the cards.

They had a neat little public-buildings bill this year—a neat one, but not so little at that. Early in the session it was observed that certain of the younger senators, particularly on the Democratic side, displayed some traits of independence. You could see one of them jump up almost any day and go to bat for the dear people. Also, you could observe various of the old-timers looking at them speculatively through half-closed and heavy-lidded eyes.

As time wore on there was less and less of this projection of the younger senators into the game when such projection had a tendency to muss up the program. Most of them subsided. When that public-buildings bill and that Rivers and Harbors Bill came rattling out of the box the reason was plain. They had handcuffed these young chaps—handcuffed every one of them had these old-timers, the conductors of the system—by giving them appropriations for their states. No matter how new the Congress is, Jim, as to its units, there are always enough of the old-timers left to play the game.

Occasionally one of the old-timers takes a hand too. There was the case of Senator Stone, of Missouri, as astute a politician and as able a senator as the Democracy boasts. Senator Stone was interested in a certain item of $47,850—or something like that—for a public-building improvement in St. Louis. When they were jamming the bill through in the last hours, with every minute of time as valuable as a six-carat diamond, the senator was informed that his favorite item had been—carelessly, of course, but quite effectually—removed from the bill.

"How about that?" asked the senator, addressing in parliamentary language Senator Gallinger, who was in the chair.

"That seems to be the case," the presiding Gallinger informed him.

"If that is so," said Senator Stone, "it becomes necessary for me to inform the Senate concerning the terrible wrong that has been done!" And he reached down into his desk and pulled out some papers.

Now when they were filibustering a year or two ago on the currency bill Senator Stone held the floor for twelve or thirteen hours and made a speech on the currency systems of each country on the habitable globe. He is capable of extended flights of oratory. So the other senators began to shiver when they saw him dig up his papers and square away for action; for they knew he would talk for hours if necessary, and defeat not only this bill but most of the other bills that were pending.

"It is absolutely desirable that I should inform the Senate on this point," said Senator Stone genially.

"Wait a minute!" urged some others who had bills that needed attention. "Perhaps this matter can be arranged."

And it was arranged. The senator's item was returned to the bill, and he stands in history as one man who received almost fifty thousand dollars for not making a speech, which shows that silence is golden and that your old friend William Joel Stone knows a custard pie from a hard-boiled egg.

Those Old College Chums

Coincidentally with the appearance of President Wilson in Washington there also appeared the grand old class of '79, of Princeton. Out they came from the high grass, all the way from Shanghai to Snohomish Slough, just as the grand old boys of the grand old class of '78, of Yale, projected themselves into the brief but ardent limelight in 1908—the same being the class of William Howard Taft, at that time in some acclaim.

One of the chief disturbances of the holy calm of President Taft was the endeavor of his grand old classmates of the grand old class of '78 to inform, instruct, advise, guide and control him in relation to all policies of all kinds, of all personal attributes and enterprises, and of everything else, from what he should do or should not do to the Standard Oil to how many lumps of sugar he should put in his tea.

Probably, inasmuch as President Wilson has been in closer relation to the grand old class of '79 than Mr. Taft was to his class, the seventy-ninesters will not try to put over so many things on him as those Yale boys did on Mr. Taft; but they were right there—the boys of '79—when the ceremonies were turned on; and they all told the President he could rely on them for anything he wished in the way of counsel or assistance or sacrifice of personal affairs by accepting public office—especially the latter.

Joseph Patrick Tumulty, secretary to the President, with his wife and six children, lived modestly in Jersey City, with a servant or two to help out, like millions of other sturdy American citizens. When J. Patrick got to Washington and took his house he soon found there are things that go with that house and that position of his which the Tumulty domestic economy never experienced before. One of these appurtenances is a butler.

On the morning after Joe got here there appeared at his house a very ornate butler, fully uniformed and grave and dignified of demeanor. He told the Tumultys he had been sent up from the White House to do what was necessary.

"What shall we do with him, Joe?" asked Mrs. Tumulty.

"Oh," Tumulty replied, "set him to work. Have him put in a ton of coal or something."

That morning Joe had a few of his Jersey City boyhood friends up for breakfast. The new cook realized the importance of the occasion and served a meal of eleven courses to the pop-eyed host and guests.

And in passing to a hurried close let me say, Jim, that there is no occasion for losing any sleep over the question as to whether this Tumulty youngster will make good or not. He will!

Yours certainly, BILL.

Hand Tailored Kirschbaum Clothes
$15 $20 $25

Hand tailoring is vital to style, fit and individuality in your clothes.

There is that distinctive character in Kirschbaum clothes which comes only with the creative touch of expert hand tailoring. Further—

Kirschbaum Hand Tailoring means well-built clothes, from the foundation up, hidden parts as well as the visible.

Shoulders, lapels and fronts are needle-moulded on cold-water shrunk linen canvas and finest hair cloth.

All Kirschbaum clothes, even at $15, are strictly hand-tailored. And the Kirschbaum label in your clothes, binding on us and the retailer, absolutely guarantees All-Wool, cold-water shrinking, hand-tailoring, and perfect wearing satisfaction.

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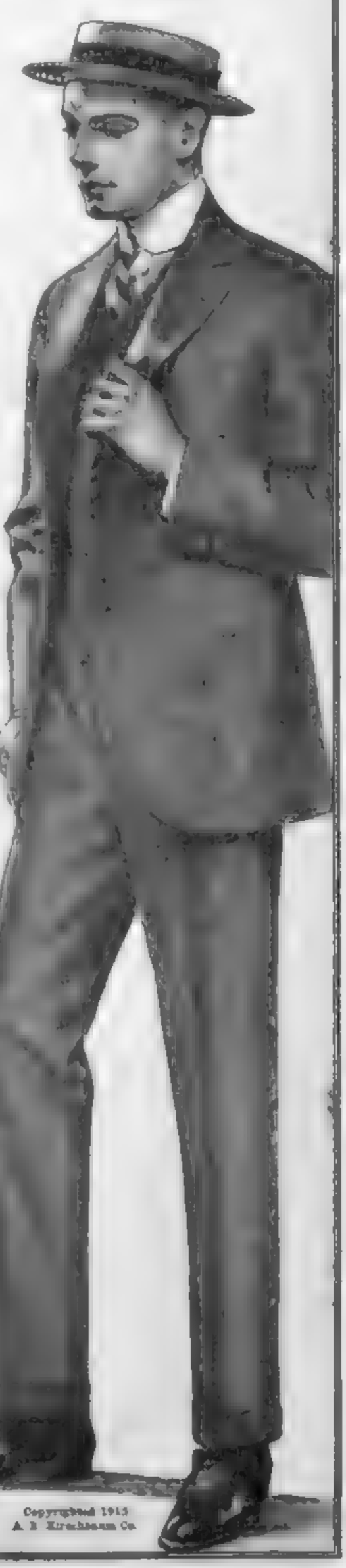

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Overland

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Completely Equipped

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Self-Starter	Timken Bearings	Mohair Top and
30 Horsepower	Center Control	Boot
5-Passenger Touring	Remy Magneto	Clear Vision, Rain
Car	Warner	Vision Wind-Shield
110-inch Wheel Base	Speedometer	Prest-O-Lite Tank

THE more closely you analyze competing automobile values; the more intimate you are with huge production economies—the more you will be impressed and convinced of the fact that this car,

produced by any smaller factory, would have to cost you in the neighborhood of $1200.

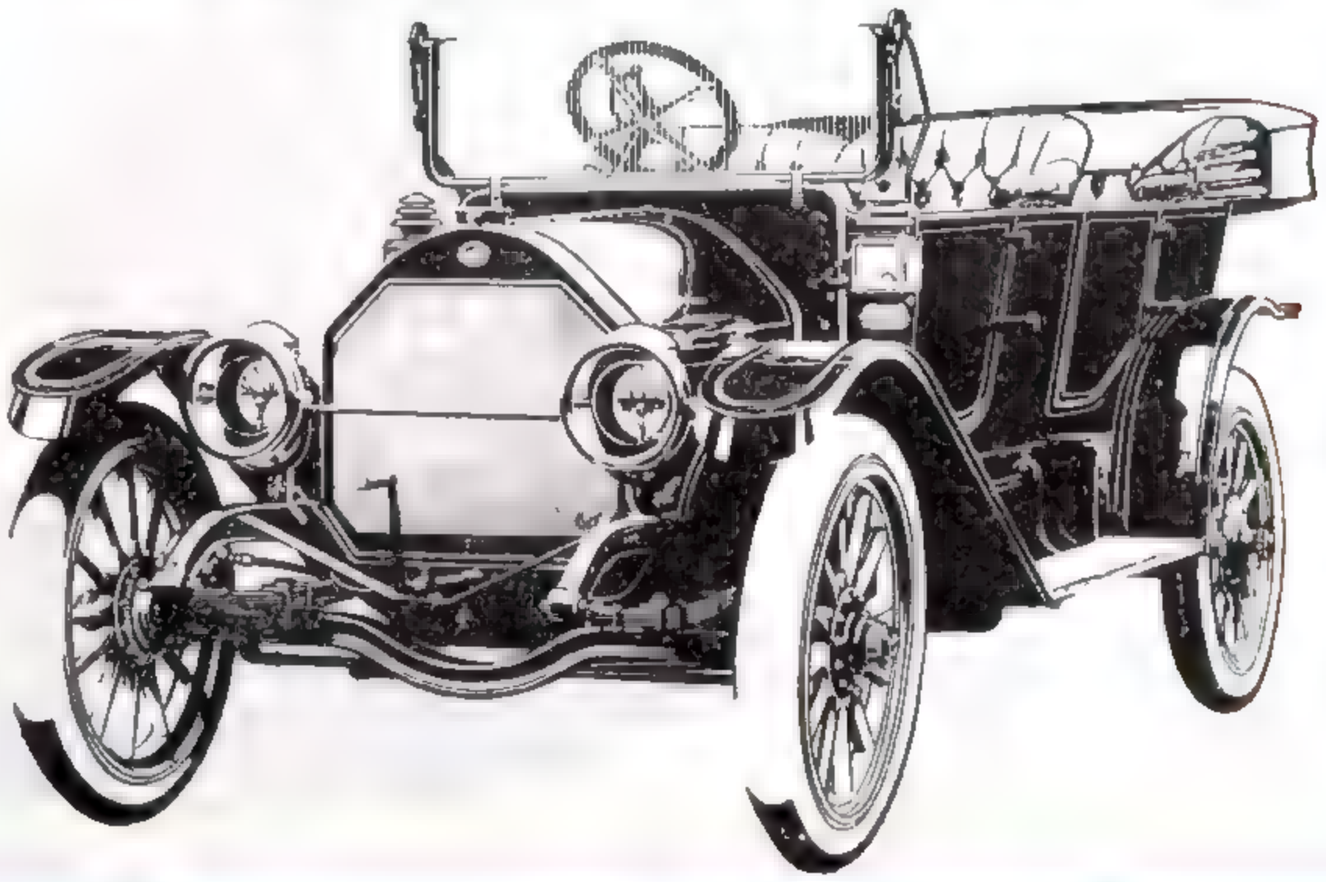
¶ The more you investigate big factory facilities—the more closely you examine large quantity production means and methods—the more advanced your knowledge and experience of manufacturing is—the more you will realize, recognize and concede the individual economy, per car, of manufacturing automobiles in lots of 40,000.

Run over the big fundamentals of this car—the wheel base—the motor—the seating capacity—the chassis—the equipment—the power—the finish—the comfort—the style, etc., and you will acknowledge it to be a perfect and absolute description of the average $1200 car.

There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up. Have a good talk with him. Listen carefully to all he says. He will show you an actual 30% saving. Get a real demonstration. Inspect this car at your leisure. Don't rush about the purchase of your car. Take it easy. Buy right.

Send for a 1913 Catalogue. Please address Dept. 26.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



An Ovation To a Discoverer

In every group of friends is an *explorer*, who—like this girl—has discovered the **Big Taste**—the taste of good Underwood Deviled Ham It's the taste of real home cooked ham; boiled *en casserole* to keep in all the delicious salt-and-sugar-and-hickory-smoke savor; ground fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of many mild spices—pungent—not hot.

Explore the Big Taste yourself, and give it to your friends in sandwiches, salads, souffiés, etc., etc. The famous Little Red Devil Recipes (sent you free if you mention your grocer's name and say whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham) include dainty dishes for every meal. Or send 15c and grocer's name for small can to try. Economical—makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

When your friends Taste the Taste they will give you a rousing ovation that will make you keep Underwood Deviled Ham on hand for all taste occasions. 'Phone your grocer for some now. William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 42—Baked Eggs

Mix one cup fine bread crumbs into paste with one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls Underwood Deviled Ham, and enough milk to moisten. Line buttered cups with the mixture—the quantity is enough for 4 to 6 cups—and drop a whole egg into each. Bake or steam until firm. Turn out onto buttered toast and serve.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods."

Over 2,000 Different Ways of Using

"STANDARD" Motors

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Sense and Nonsense

Rugs as Radiators

ELECTRIC carpets, which heat a room by means of wires concealed in the fabric, give a fine opportunity for high-priced luxury. A rug measuring nine feet by twelve would heat a room for somewhere between twenty and forty cents an hour, according to local rates for electric current, though the cost might be brought down heavily under very favorable conditions. These rugs have only recently appeared on the market, so there is not as yet any record of a house heated entirely by them. Of course their real use will be for emergency heating, or for short periods when a little heat is needed to avoid starting the furnace or to supplement the furnace on a cold day. The carpets cost about $10 a square yard and use 300 watts of electricity an hour for each square yard. A carpet measuring nine feet by twelve would use 3.6 kilowatts an hour. With city current charged at nine cents a kilowatt this rug would cost thirty-two cents an hour. Where electricity is required for a special use such as this an arrangement can sometimes be made to obtain current at lower rates, and by using only half or quarter capacity the price of such a carpet can be still more reduced. At best, however, electric carpets are more or less of a luxury.

Home-Made Mineral Springs

MEDICAL spring waters, in imitation of the famous foreign baths, can now be made at home from the city water supply by making the water radio-active, or slightly charged with radium. Whether radio-active water really does any good is a matter of controversy. Almost all of the noted springs, such as Bath, for instance, have recently been found to be giving out tiny radium emanations, and consequently it has been suggested that the radio-activity of the waters gives them their reputed value.

The new scheme is to make water tanks or water filters out of baked clay in which had been mixed a small amount of some radio-active material. It need not be radium that is pure or anywhere near pure, for only a small amount is needed to make the clay radio-active. As the water stands in the tank or filter the water in turn becomes slightly charged with radium. Salts extracted from any particular spring can be added to complete the imitation.

On the theory that radio-activity may affect the growth of plants, experiments are now being conducted by raising plants in clay pots that have been charged with radio-active matter in this same way.

T. R.'s Fault

THERE is an old mammy cooking for a Philadelphia family, who has been greatly exercised over the soaring price of eggs.

It was during the time of excitement caused by Schrank's bullet fired at the ex-president that Aunt Calline's mistress came into the kitchen one day in time to hear the old woman mumble:

"Ef hit hadn' 'a' been fo' dat Roosevelt de price of 'em wouldn't 'a' gone up no higher!"

"What are you talking about, Aunt Calline?" inquired her mistress.

"Didn' I heah you-all say dat as soon as de pres'dent was hit wid dat bullet he went somewheres an' got eggs raise?"

German Repartee

EXAMPLE of repartee in debate in the German Reichstag: Herr Ledeboer, a Socialist, is discussing the chancellor's warning to the Powers that if Russia treads on Austria's toes Germany will go to war to help Austria whip Russia and England and France, too, if necessary.

Herr Ledeboer is talking of Albania. A Clerical, or member of the Center party, rises.

"The gentleman seems to be concerned about Albania," says the Clerical; "but he need not be. There is no office vacant in Albania except that of court jester."

Loud laughter from the Center!

"The gentleman seems to have informed himself concerning the only office he is fitted to fill," replies Herr Ledeboer.

Mocking cheers from the Socialists—and the incident is closed.

Getting Even With the Sultan

THE late William T. Stead, who died on the Titanic, was in Turkey once and was received by the sultan.

The sultan wanted to give Stead a present and offered him a fine jeweled cigarette case. Stead didn't smoke cigarettes, but he did want a jeweled cigar case the sultan had. He tried diplomatically to make the exchange, but couldn't. The sultan wanted Stead to have the cigarette case.

"Very well," said Stead, "I will take the case, but only on the condition that I may be allowed to make your Supreme Highness a present in return."

The sultan consented.

In telling the story Stead said: "I got even with him. I gave him a jeweled fountain pen and he can't write."

Collapsible Platforms

STEEL coaches, with collapsible platforms and vestibules, are a new American idea for preventing death in railroad wrecks. In many wrecks it has been proved that steel coaches are less apt than wooden coaches to smash and telescope in a collision; but even they have not been strong enough to resist some collision shocks. Therefore the use of the platforms as buffers was suggested.

In the new type of car that has just been announced the vestibules are not properly part of the steel coaches, but are added afterward, and made of steel or wood less able to resist shock than the car itself. The vestibules will withstand a crash as severe as the old wooden coaches could stand; but if a greater shock comes the vestibules will buckle up or mash in, thus giving eight feet of space between the steel coaches to take up the shock. These vestibules would not be popular lounging-places!

Work for a Grasshopper

WHEN the late Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, was making his second campaign for governor he was forced to stop overnight at a small town in Kentucky on the way to one of his river appointments.

There was but one vacant room in the hotel. The governor and his secretary were told they would have to put up there. The bed was narrow and the straw mattress full of knots and lumps.

In the morning the host inquired:

"Well, governor, how did you rest last night?"

Taylor hedged.

"Are you ever worried by those chronic kickers coming round?" he asked the landlord.

"Sometimes I get one of them," he replied.

"Well," said the governor, "next time a good kicker comes along I wish you would do the suffering public and myself the favor of sending him up to that room where I tried to sleep last night—and let him kick the knots out of that straw tick!"

Couldn't Live Up to It

THERE is a comic artist on a New York paper who used to drink a little too much and a little too often. Also he wore a heavy brown beard of which he was very proud.

One morning he came to the office, showing signs of indiscretions the night before. His managing editor endeavored to appeal to his better judgment.

"Old man," he said seriously, "you're too old and too smart to be doing this sort of thing. It might be all right for a lot of smooth-faced kids to spend the night over a bar, but you ought to remember that you're no longer a kid. You ought to try to live up to the dignity of that beard of yours!"

This last suggestion seemed to throw the culprit into a brown study. He retired to his corner of the art room to think it over. In a few minutes he put on his hat and coat and slipped out; and he didn't come back for two weeks either. But within an hour after his departure the managing editor heard from him. A messenger boy brought in a pasteboard box such as florists use to pack flowers in. The managing editor cut the wrappings and opened the box.

There was nothing inside except a heavy brown beard, which had been newly sheared off the owner's face, with one lone rosebud reposing in the center of it.

AN ACCOUNT WITH CUPID

(Continued from Page 22

"I'll not run the risk of one sea finishing this voyage," Sinnott returned. "We'll ride her out this way until daybreak and then see what is best to do."

"And I'm going down to bed," Ruth put in. "I'm cold and I'm tired. Don't forget to take your troubles to Richardson, captain. I feel sure he is the man!"

"I will!" he called after her; and as she groped her way down into the cabin she wondered at the peculiar inflection of his powerful voice as he said this. Tonight everything was strange, though. She slipped past Richardson with a soft "good night," and reached her own room. It had been set to rights. She sat down precariously on the edge of the bed and tried to pull the heavy boots off. She failed, and after several attempts went to the door and called: "Richardson!"

"Yes, miss!" answered the steward anxiously.

"Please help me off with these terrible boots. I can't get them off myself."

He knelt and drew them off; and then, still on his knees, leaned back as the old bark rolled wildly over, and held the two articles up as if offering them to her inspection, while she herself tried to cling to her position on the edge of the bunk.

"I don't need them any more tonight," she said gravely.

"Beg pardon, miss; I was trying to balance myself, miss," Richardson returned very respectfully. "Certainly, miss; I'll take them away."

"No-o," Ruth said slowly; "put them under the bed."

"Certainly; quite so. Thank you," the steward murmured as he shoved the boots far under and watched them a moment to see whether they would stay. Ruth smiled to herself, leaned over anxiously and tried to peer under the bed too.

"Do they really look all right there, Richardson?" she inquired.

"Quite—certainly, miss. I was just —"

"They do look all right," she said with an air of great satisfaction. "You see, Richardson, I really never considered how big seaboots would look under a bed. They are admirable. Don't you think every woman with taste ought to have them?"

"Thank you, miss. Anything else?" Richardson rejoined, quite bewildered.

"Nothing," she answered sleepily. "What more could any girl desire than—than a pair of good sturdy seaboots under the bed? That is the end and ambition of ten million women, Richardson!"

"Good night, miss," he returned anxiously. "A little fever? A bit of toast before you go to sleep?"

She looked at him gravely.

"I want some advice," she said confidentially. "This is a very important question, Richardson; and I wish you to think of it very hard."

"Certainly, miss."

"When a girl has got the boots, Richardson, how ought she to proceed to get a husband to set in them?"

"Boots, certainly—husband, did you say, miss?"

"Of course I did. What earthly good are boots without a man in them?"

The steward glanced down at the articles, turned the lampwick up a thousandth of an inch, brushed a phantom fly from an imaginary flower and would probably have been afflicted finally with apoplexy had not Ruth Evans, tired of the jest, suddenly said: "Good night, Richardson!" and so dismissed him before his mental faculties had destroyed themselves in the effort to get at her meaning.

When she was at last in bed she smiled to herself sleepily, cuddled down among the packed pillows, and forgot the Eliza Brown, the tempest, and all the turmoil and stress that surrounded her.

On the sleety, leaping, brine-washed deck Archibald Sinnott and his crew fought to see another dawn.

▼

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning Sinnott left the deck, with a lingering glance into the unrelieved blackness in the east. He was drenched to the skin and his oilskins were stiff with ice. He felt no chill, however. The old bark would live until daybreak. He was equal to greater struggles than this just past. Like most strong men his mood was one almost of contempt for what still remained to be accomplished.

He found Richardson directing two sullen Japanese boys in the work of cleaning up the cabin and restoring order to its tumbled contents.

"Good work," he commented gruffly as the steward stepped forward. "Anything warm for me?"

"A pot of tea just made, sir. Toast?"

"No," Sinnott responded carelessly. "Bring me the tea and a loaf of bread, with any cold stuff you have handy."

Richardson watched his employer tear savagely at the heavy loaf, assumed a grieved air, and stated in set terms that he was prepared to serve a perfectly fitting breakfast.

Sinnott cut into a huge slab of salt beef, tore another chunk from the loaf and scowled.

"Keep your dainties for the women; I'm hungry."

"Yes, sir," was the response; "but —"

"Keep your 'buts' for them too," Archibald growled, chewing rapidly. "Bring some more beef!"

"In five minutes I can broil you a chop, sir," Richardson pleaded.

"Eat it yourself," was the cool answer; "I need real food. I have something else for you to do besides fussing over little bones with bites of meat on 'em. You bought this ship—didn't you?"

"Yes, sir; quite so, sir."

"Well, it was a good buy. For pure grit this old packet takes all prizes. In view of your great talent I am going to intrust some further business into your hands."

"Thank you, sir."

"I think I shall get married," Sinnott went on awkwardly. "Arrange it!"

"Quite s— — Did you say, sir —" Richardson bent respectfully over his employer: "Did you say married, sir?"

"I did," was the response.

There was a pause. Richardson carefully removed a single crumb of the many that sprinkled the damp cloth, picked up the teapot, held it a minute, set it in the rack again, looked for something not to be found, coughed gently and murmured:

"Married, sir?"

"Yes! Is there anything strange in my getting married? Don't all people get married some time or other?"

Richardson recovered himself. It is a great help in an embarrassing position to know what one's inquisitor has eaten. The valet-butler-secretary-steward swiftly made logical deductions from the premises of cold beef, a soggy loaf and strong tea—victuals never before in his experience tasted by Archibald Sinnott. When he said "In San Francisco, sir?" it was in the tone of a man prepared for anything.

"I suppose so," was the gruff reply.

"Supp——" Richardson swallowed the "ose" with some difficulty. "Yes, sir—married in San Francisco—as soon as we arrive. I'll attend to it the moment we get in."

"You will attend to it now," was the sharp correction. "It must be settled before tomorrow night. We may have to run down and put into Honolulu if this weather keeps up; so be smart and let me know as soon as you can."

The steward's hand shook perceptibly as he removed the teacup. His austere face was a shade paler when he returned from the pantry. He bent over to say in a low voice:

"A liberty, I know, sir—is the lady Miss Evans?"

"Yes. I think so," Sinnott rejoined quietly.

"Think so!" Richardson whispered to himself. Then he said aloud and in a firm voice: "You couldn't do better, sir, if you will excuse the freedom—quite the lady in every way! A little young, but very clever. In San Francisco? Exactly. I shall take great pleasure in making the preparations. Possibly"—he hesitated a moment—"it is possible I had better consult her, sir? The ladies sometimes make very good suggestions in such matters—little details, and so on. Excellent taste, sir, they show in such affairs."

"It might be well to consult Miss Evans," Sinnott said dryly, "as it happens that she knows nothing about it so far."

Now Richardson had known his employer for many years, studied his ways of going through life, and was acquainted with his brusk, often brutal manner of dealing with matters where his imperious will was

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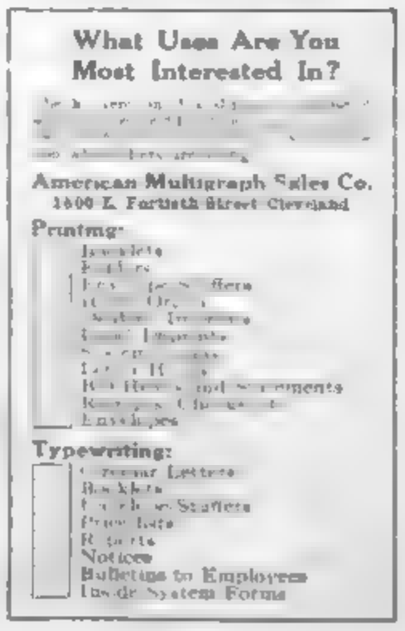

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STAG

fixed on a single object; but the present situation took his breath away. He stammered incoherently and finally stopped.

Sinnott looked at him very gravely.

"I'm aware that this is not the conventional way of proposing marriage," he said. "Understand me, Richardson; Miss Evans knows nothing whatever of my intentions. On the contrary she is firmly convinced that she is going to San Francisco to marry another man. But I wish to marry her myself; so I leave it to you"—the master's keen eyes met the servant's—"I leave it in your hands to speak to her, and you understand I expect you to be successful."

Richardson merely nodded.

"In addition to arguments that will naturally suggest themselves to you I wish her distinctly to comprehend that I am worth a great deal of money, that my position enables me to offer my wife anything she desires, and that I am ready immediately to settle upon her several million dollars. I do not authorize you to be more explicit—several millions, Richardson. That appeals to the fancy. You will find she will advance a few objections of real weight, such as other arrangements and a legacy. You will overcome them."

Sinnott rose and departed as though the thing were finished. Richardson gazed after him with a strange gleam of indignation in his usually discreet eyes. "I could buy him a steamer," he said to himself. "I hope I mayn't find it so easy to buy him that young woman for a wife."

When daylight was come Sinnott and Mr. Macey agreed there was but one course to pursue, in their knowledge of the unseaworthiness of the Eliza Brown. All sail was stowed and the engines allowed half speed. Much eased by this, the old bark turned her bows toward the south.

Mrs. Evans found instant relief, Richardson's toil was lessened, and even the cynical mate opined that the weather was better. Sinnott did not seem cheered up amid the universal congratulations and kept moodily to the deck, where he scowled into the clouds like a man deep in perplexities. The steward soon understood that this mood was due to impatience with his own dilatoriness in executing his commission; yet it seemed impossible to approach Ruth Evans on so preposterous an errand.

In the afternoon he found it out of the question to postpone the inevitable hour. Mrs. Evans had decided that a couple of hours on deck would fully recover her; the mate was snoring in his cabin, and Archibald Sinnott was in the engine room. Ruth had settled herself in a corner of the little saloon with a book.

Richardson had prepared himself carefully. He was freshly shaved, wore neat gray trousers, a frock coat, a black tie, and carried gloves in his left hand when he stood before Ruth and said gently: "Miss Evans!"

She looked up quickly, smiled and said: "Why, Richardson—how nice! You are quite stylish this afternoon. Do sit down and let me admire you!"

"Thank you, ma'am," he responded, seating himself respectfully. "I—I am Mr. Sinnott's secretary this afternoon."

"I see," she returned amiably. "You look very nice indeed. I suppose I ought to call you Mr. Richardson now."

"Thank you," was the grateful reply; "very good of you, I'm sure. I—I came on business, ma'am."

"About our tickets?"

Richardson waved a deprecatory hand, consigning tickets to the briny waste.

"I represent Mr. Sinnott," he explained.

His distress was so evident that she tried to help him out.

"I know," she said sympathetically. "He's horrid—isn't he? I can say that to Mr. Richardson, I'm sure. What has he done now? Does he disapprove of me?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; quite the contrary; quite so, indeed!"

Ruth leaned forward with the book held carelessly between her slim fingers.

"Now, Mr. Richardson, please don't keep me in suspense. I know it's something important. Is the ship sinking?"

Richardson allowed himself a gloomy shake of the head, giving the impression that an instant announcement of this catastrophe would have been most welcome.

"No, ma'am—no. It's a personal matter. Mr. Sinnott often has me arrange these matters for him. I am to make a proposal to you, ma'am."

"I know what it is!" she said desperately.

An expression of profound relief swept over Richardson's face.

"Then what do you say, ma'am?" he inquired anxiously.

"I think it's horrid!" she said with a pout. "I'd set my heart on being in San Francisco on Christmas Day and settling everything; and now I suppose we won't get there. What does Mr. Sinnott say?"

The secretary looked crestfallen.

"I thought you meant something else," he murmured. "Mr. Sinnott's proposal had nothing to do with our not being in San Francisco. He told me, in fact, to make all the arrangements in San Francisco."

"Arrangements for what? Don't be stupid, Richardson."

"The arrangements for your wedding, ma'am."

"My wedding!" she repeated. "What has Mr. Sinnott to do with that?"

"Quite so, miss," said the poor man, thankfully retiring into the butler. "So I suggested, miss. The ladies have great taste in such matters. Mr. Sinnott has never been married before, miss. Quite ignorant indeed!"

"Never been married before," Ruth said slowly. "Is he going to be married too?"

Richardson brushed his sleek hair with his gloves and looked at her.

"But you said you knew what the proposal was," he murmured half to himself.

The book slipped from Ruth's hands and lay unheeded on the floor.

"Richardson," she said sharply, "before you say another word explain exactly what you are driving at."

"Very embarrassing indeed!" he responded slowly. "Mr. Sinnott authorized me to make a proposal of marriage to you on his part, Miss Evans." He wiped his forehead. "It was your marriage to him I was to arrange for in San Francisco. I misunderstood you when you said you knew about the matter. I thought he had spoken to you. I'm very sorry, miss."

Ruth broke a long silence by saying:

"And he asked you to make the necessary arrangements in San Francisco?"

"Yes, miss."

Alternations of vivid color and extreme pallor caused Richardson to think he had never seen a girl so lovely. Mindful of his instructions, he ventured further.

"Mr. Sinnott is very wealthy, Miss Evans. He has millions of dollars. He told me to tell you—most respectfully—that he would settle several millions on you for yourself and that he could offer you a splendid social position and he can afford anything you wish. A great many ladies"—he assumed the secretary again—"have earnestly sought this alliance, Miss Evans. I know Mr. Sinnott well and I assure you this is the first time he has seriously considered marrying, or indeed even consented to speak of it at all."

Ruth fixed bright eyes on him.

"And what would this several millions really be, Richardson?" she asked coolly.

"He didn't mention any particular amount," was the truthful reply. "He spoke of several millions, miss."

She leaned forward confidentially:

"You attend to a great deal of Mr. Sinnott's private business—don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Evans; nearly all of it. I appreciate his confidence in my ability."

"It is evidently very great and well founded," she responded cordially. "And you are always careful to tell him exactly the facts in every case?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will explain to him just what I say now and be careful not to mix up my words in any way? In a matter involving several millions one can't be too careful."

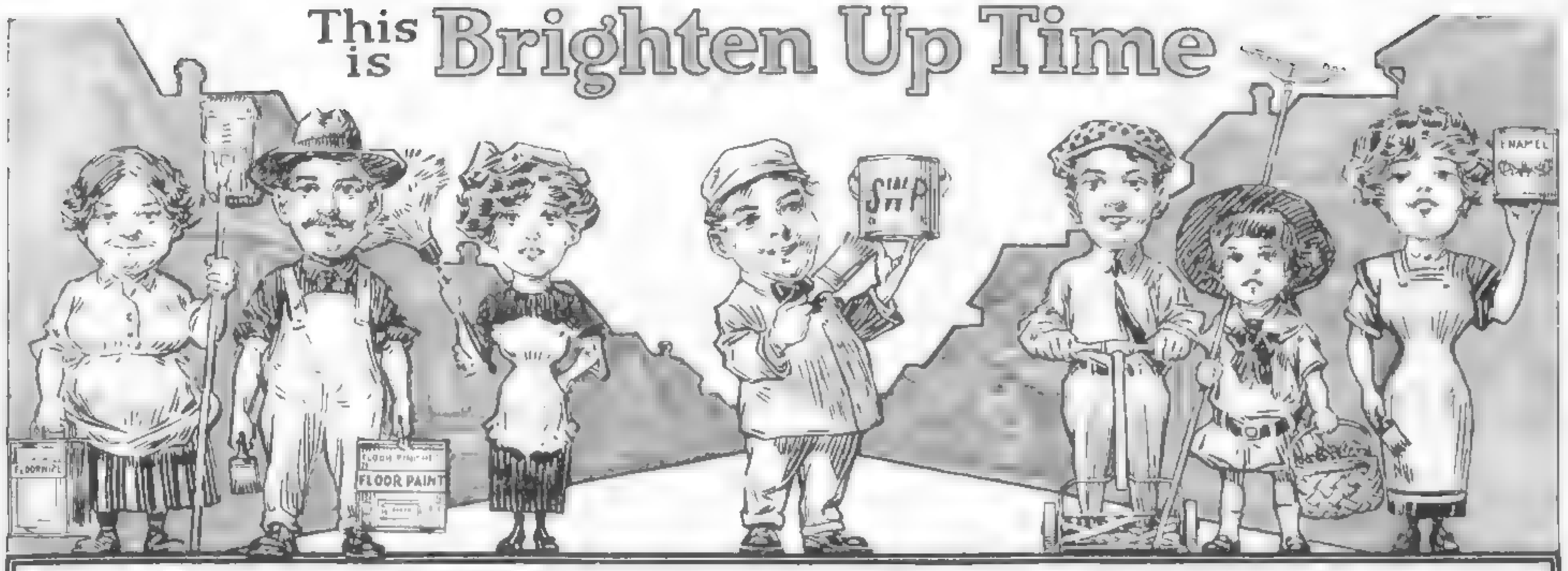
"I shall take pains to repeat your words to him precisely," he assured her, evidently relieved at her businesslike attitude.

"Listen!" she said with so sudden and intense a tone that he involuntarily drew back. "Tell your master I am not for sale. Tell him I might marry a working man for twenty-five thousand dollars, but not even several millions could induce me to marry a fat man without manners. Tell him I prefer pink to purple in complexions, not to go into detail or speak of other qualities desirable in husbands. Just explain all that to him—will you?"

She rose and swept out of the cabin, leaving Richardson to twirl his gloves in absolute bewilderment. For some time he stared at the door by which she had vanished. Then he retired to his little pantry, put away the gloves, shook his head many times, poured out a glass of wine and finally drank it slowly as if it were intensely bitter.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

This is Brighten Up Time



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	cars		cars
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August Belmont	1	F. Sulzberger, Pres. Swartzschild, Sulzberger Co	1
William Greenough	3	J.C. Stewart, Pres. J.C. Stewart Construction Co	4
Fred O. Haveneyer		John Aspegren, Pres. N. Y. Produce Exchange	1
Lloyd C. Griscom	1	John H. Shults, Pres. Shults Bread Co.	2
Arthur Scott Burden	1	Lawrence B. Elliman, Pres. Pease & Elliman	2
J. Townsend Burden, Jr.	1	L. B. Gawtry, V.-Pres. Consolidated Gas Co.	1
Arthur Iselin	1	Ed. Brush, V.-Pres. Am. Smelting & Refining Co.	1
Percy Rockefeller		Geo. R. E. Cochran, V.-Pres. U. S. Life Ins. Co.	1
William Woodward, Pres. Hanover Nat'l Bank	1	Robert [illegible], Pres. Germania Life Insur.	1
R. L. Winthrop, Jr., Pres. Board of Education	1	[illegible] T. [illegible], V.-P. Great Northern Ry.	1
Darwin P. Kingsley, Pres. New York Life Ins. Co	1	W. B. O. [illegible], P. Standard Roller Bearing Co.	1
Walter Geer, Pres. New York Terra Cotta Co	1	N. C. Kingsbury, V.-P. Am. Telephone & Tel. Co.	6
J. J. Bach, Pres. Public Bank	1	Belvidere Brooks, Gen. Mgr. West Union Tel. Co.	1
James Bradley, Pres. Bradley Construction Co.	1	L. J. Spence, Traffic Mgr. Southern Pac. Ry. Co.	3
J. Romaine Brown, Pres. J. Romaine Brown Co.	1	Walter R. Ma[illegible], Gen. Mgr. Natl. Biscuit Co.	1
Henry L. Crawford, Pres. Century Bank	1	The O. J. Gude Co.	1
James C. Colgate, Pres. Colgate & Co.	1	Barber Asphalt Pavement Co.	1
David Huyler, Pres. "Huyler's"	1	City of New York	1
J. B. Martindale, Pres. Chemical National Bank	1	New York Telephone Co.	1

The wise judgment of the above listed owners regarding values and investments has put them where they are in the business world. Why not be guided by their experience in choosing your motor car?

What's the use of shopping around any longer?

You know that Chalmers cars are good cars. Chalmers owners have told you so; for over 35,000 of them are helping us sell Chalmers cars. Owners of other cars, motor-wise people, have said the same thing. The "man in the street," your friend who somehow knows about everything—plays, restaurants, hotels, baseball, motor cars—he has reflected the general verdict. Even dealers for other cars have probably had a good word for the Chalmers.

All the facts are before you. You can decide and decide now. What's the use of waiting? What's the use of looking further? Act on your conviction that the Chalmers is a good car—the best car for you—and place your order now.

Here are some nationally known owners of Chalmers cars

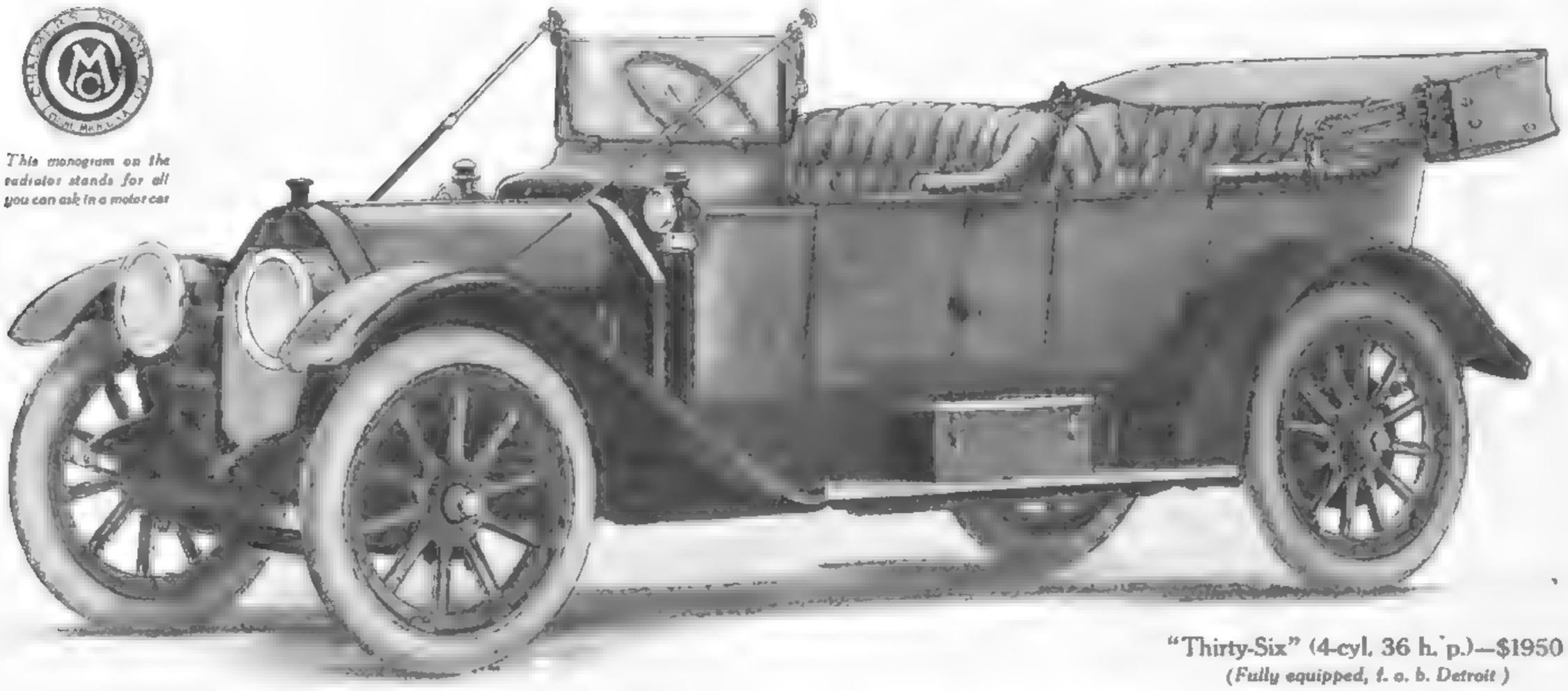
Consider this list of nationally prominent Chalmers owners. Men who are leaders in every line of activity. Men who are well informed. They are used to having the best and are willing to pay for it. And they have chosen the Chalmers.

Cyrus McCormick, Chicago, Ill.
Pres. International Harvester Co.
Glenn Curtiss, Hammondsport, N. Y. (2 cars)
Famous Aviator.
Rear-Admiral W. S. Cowles, Farmington, Conn. (2 cars).
Col. James Elverson, Philadelphia, Pa. (4 cars).
Publisher Philadelphia Inquirer
E. E. DuPont, Philadelphia, Pa. (2 cars).
DuPont DeNemours Powder Company.
Hon. Charlemagne Tower, Philadelphia, Pa.
Ex-Ambassador to Russia.
[illegible] Delaware [illegible] Washington, D. C.
Head of Virginia School of [illegible]
U. S. Senator A. J. Vontrol [illegible]
Congressman Jno. M. Mo[illegible] Richmond, Va.
Hon. S. J. Hay, Ex Mayor of Dallas, Tex.
Judge Eugene Marshall, Dallas, Tex.
Judge N. A. Stedman, Austin, Tex.
Colson Gardner, Washington, D. C.
Newspaper Correspondent.
Ex-Gov. D. R. Francis, St. Louis, Mo.
Capt. W. B. Cochran, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.
Ex-Mayor Cyrus B. Walbridge, St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. Houser, St. Louis, Mo.
[illegible] St. Louis Globe Democrat.
[illegible] St. [illegible] Mo.
[illegible] Washington Hall [illegible] Co.
[illegible] J. [illegible] St. [illegible] Mo.
Pres. Mercantile Trust Co.
Senator J. F. Overfield, Independence, Kan.
E. L. Copeland, Topeka, Kan.
Treasurer, A. T. & S. Fe R. R.
Arthur Capper, Topeka, Kan.
B. S. Hanchett, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Pres. Grand Rapids Railway Co.
Senator C. S. Huffman, Columbus, Kan.
Hon. R. E. Lee, Mayor, Springfield, Mo.
Lewis G. Larus, Richmond, Va.
Professor L. D. Ludy, Lafayette, Ind.
Prof. of Mechanical Engineering [illegible]
W. W. McClench, Springfield, Mass.
Pres. Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.
M. C. Patterson, Richmond, Va.
Pres. R. A. P[illegible] Tobacco Co.
Col. Wm. H. Phelps, Carthage, Mo.
Wm. J. Rogers, Newark, N. J.
Pres. Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Hon. C[illegible] Kansas City, Mo.
Mayor Robert A. Speer, Denver, Col. (2 cars).
Congressman H. [illegible] Swan, Keene, N. H. (3 cars).
Ex-Mayor Wm. B. Thompson, Detroit, Mich.
Hon. Chas. E. Townsend.
U. S. Senator from Michigan.
Henry W. Wood, Richmond, Va. (2 cars).
Pres. Chamber of Commerce.
Hon. Chas. V. Audenreid, Philadelphia, Pa. (2 cars).
Charles P. Grayson, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa. (3 cars).
Asa P. French, Boston, Mass.
U. S. District Attorney.
Hon. Jared Y. Saunders, New Orleans, La.
Ex-[illegible] of Louisiana.
Eugene H. Roberts, New Orleans, La.
Pres. Bank of Orleans.
J. G. Vance, Los Angeles, Cal. (4 cars).
W. P. Taylor, Los Angeles, Cal. (5 cars).
Emeline Childs, Los Angeles, Cal. (4 cars).
Jno. S. Stern, Los Angeles, Cal. (5 cars).
M. Dowling, Omaha, Neb.
Banker and Capitalist.
Judge Claude A. Waller, Nashville, Tenn.
A. H. W[illegible] Pres. Mississippi Bankers Association.
F. N. Doubleday, Garden City, L. I. (4 cars).
Pres. Doubleday Page & Company.
Quincy A. Shaw, Boston, Mass.

Col. E. M. House, of Texas.
M. E. Allen, Washington, D. C.
Vice-Pres. Riggs National Bank.
Honorable W. P. Borland, Washington, D. C.
Congressman from Fifth District of Missouri;
Backer of "Ocean to Ocean Highway."
C. R. Crane, Crane Company, Chicago, Ill.
R. H. A[illegible] Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gen. Mgr. Chicago & Northwestern R. R.
B. E. Bensinger, Chicago, Ill.
Pres. Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Hon. Wm. L. Carpenter, Detroit, Mich.
Ex-Judge Supreme Court of Michigan.
W. B. Day, Newark, N. J.
Pres. Newark Trust Company.
Congressman W. W. Rucker, Keytesville, Mo.
T. M. Abernathy, Kansas City, Mo.
Pres. First National Bank.
Congressman J. W. Ragsdale, Florence, S. C.
Lieut. Gov. C. A. Smith, Timmonsville, S. C.
Hon. R. B. Scarborough, Conway, S. C.
Hon. W. S. Reamer, Columbia, S. C.
John Cudahy, Omaha, Neb.
Cudahy Packing Company.
Hon. U. C. DeFord, Yo[illegible]
Ex-Judge Circuit Court.
Rear-Admiral Drake, U. S. N.
Hon. J. Sloan Fassett, Elmira, N. Y. (3 cars).
P. L. Hoadley, Newark, N. J.
Pres. American Insurance Co.
A. B. Swetland, New York City (3 cars).
Pres. The Automobile.
J. B. Book, Detroit, Mich. (3 cars).
Capitalist.
J. R. Clark, Elmira, N. Y. (3 cars).
Pres. American LaFrance Fire Engine Co.
E. B. Field, Jr., Denver, Col. (3 cars).
Vice-Pres. Mountain State Telephone Co.
[illegible] B. Hu[illegible] Boston, Mass.
[illegible] Va[illegible]
A. [illegible] Boston, Mass. (3 cars).
Locke Brass Co., Mass.
R. M. Mackintosh, Boston, Mass. (4 cars).
[illegible] & Co., Boston, Mass.
Geo. B. Poole, Boston, Mass. (6 cars).
Real Estate, Poole & Bigelow.
Wm. S[illegible], Newark, N. J. (6 cars).
Pres. Union National Bank.
R. F. Tucker, Boston, Mass. (4 cars).
Warner, Tucker & Co. Invest. Secur.
Dr. M. S. Gregory, New York City (4 cars).
Childs Grocery Co., Camden, N. J. (6 cars).
Jno. Stambaugh, Youngstown, Ohio.
Pres. Youngstown Iron & Steel Co.
Boston & Northern St. R. R., Boston, Mass. (5 cars).
F. L. Higginson, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Lee, Higginson & Co., Bankers & Brokers.
S. W. Winslow, Jr., Boston, Mass. (2 cars).
United Shoe Machinery.
Jno. M. Wyatt, El Paso, Tex.
Vice-Pres. American National Bank.
R. W. Trafford, Richmond, Va. (3 cars).
Consult. Elec. Engineer.
W. K. Ferg[illegible] Ala.
Pres. First N[illegible] Bank.
Chas. S. Colwell, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pres. Corn Exchange National Bank.
Alba B. Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa. (2 cars).
[illegible] Baldwin Locomotive Works.
A. H. Buckley, Philadelphia, Pa.
American Can Company.
L. G. Fouse, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pres. Fidelity Insurance Company.
Los Alamitos Sugar Co., Los Angeles, Cal. (5 cars).
R. Schuffman, Los Angeles, Cal. (4 cars).
Los Angeles, Cal., Gas & Electric Co. (6 cars).
H. P. Stewart, Los Angeles, Cal. (3 cars).
Banker.

Many of these owners bought their first Chalmers at a time when Chalmers cars were not as well known as they are now. Time and service have proved that they chose wisely. Profit by their experience and order *your* Chalmers now.

We speak from experience when we say: Every year many people are disappointed by placing their orders too late; decide now and have your Chalmers all through the best motoring season.



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

"Thirty-Six" (4-cyl. 36 h. p.)—$1950
(Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit)

500 Dealers find Chalmers the best car to sell

A car that pays the dealer to handle will pay you to buy

Six years ago there were 80 Chalmers dealers. Today there are 500 Chalmers distributors and dealers.

In the last four years we have made only six changes among our dealers. They stick—and so do we. For we believe a stable organization means best service for our owners.

If we wanted to make changes we could get any number of automobile men to handle Chalmers cars. Dealers are eager to handle our cars.

The reason is this: Chalmers cars make money for the dealers. They stand up. They give service. They make satisfied owners. They stay sold.

We print on this page a list of our distributors. In addition to them we have a great many dealers, so that we are represented almost everywhere.

You can't go wrong if you buy a Chalmers "Thirty-Six"—$1950

(All prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit)

If you could follow a Chalmers "Thirty-Six" through our factory, from raw steel to finished car, we wouldn't need to advertise this car to you. People who visit our plant, who see the huge buildings, costly machines, skilled workmanship, minute inspection, marvel that we can sell such a car at so low a price as $1950.

Built thus—Chalmers fashion—beautiful to look at, perfect in appointments, fitted with every equipment for comfort and convenience of operation, backed by the Chalmers guarantee—the "Thirty-Six" at $1950 is the safest 4-cylinder motor investment you can make. Eight thousand of these cars in use are daily proving this.

We believe no price will buy a better car than this "Six" at $2400

(Seven passenger, $2600)

We mean just what we say when we state that we are prepared to prove there is no better car at any price than the Chalmers "Six." Our dealers are prepared to show it and demonstrate it under any and all conditions against any car you can name. We have no fear of the result.

You must see this car in action to appreciate it fully. You must watch it scamper over the hills, tear along through the sand and mud, or creep through the congested streets. You must experience the bodily comfort of its springs, and its upholstery—and the mental comfort of its convenience and easy control.

We don't expect you to buy a Chalmers "Six" till you know it. And you can't know it till you see it. So see the "Six" at our dealers'.

Chalmers Representatives Everywhere

In addition to these distributors, there are more than 300 Chalmers dealers who work through these direct representatives

Alabama
Birmingham
Birmingham Motor Co
Montgomery—Stuart & Berrouge

Arizona
Phoenix—Phoenix Auto Co

California
Los Angeles—West'n Motor Car Co
San Francisco—Pioneer Auto Co

Colorado
Colorado Spgs—Beecher Motor Co
Denver—McDuffee Motor Co

Connecticut
Hartford—Skinner Bros
Middletown—F L Caulkins Gar. Co.
New Haven—W. A. Maynard Co.
Torrington—E A Perkins Elec Co.

District of Columbia
Washington—Zell Motor Car Co.

Florida
Jacksonville—
Chalmers Mot Co. of Jacksonville
Miami—Miami Gar & Mch Co
Tampa—Tampa Auto & Supply Co.

Georgia
Atlanta—Jo[illegible] M Smith
Macon—Chambers & Young
Savannah—T A Bryson

Illinois
Bloomington—C. U. Williams & Co
Chicago—Chalmers Motor Co of Ill
Decatur—Decatur Auto Garage
Danville—E. B. Collins
Galesburg—Judd Seacord & Son
Monmouth—Weir-Moore Mot'r Co.
Peoria—Mackemer & Pinkerton
Rock Island—Benj. C. Barth
Quincy—
T. C Nichols Motor Car Co
Springfield—O. W. Hatcher Co

Indiana
[illegible] Randall Motor Car Co
[illegible] Goodwitt Auto C
Mt. Vernon—Keck Gonnerman Co
Mishawaka [illegible]
Terre Haute—Cole Auto Co.
[illegible]
[illegible] Buggy Co
Lafayette—Jamison Bros. Co., Inc.

Iowa
Burlington—Shearren & Hunt
Cedar Rapids—Lattner Bros
Des Moines—Iowa Auto & Sup. Co.
Davenport—Mason's Carriage Wks
Dubuque—Peter Even & Sons
Ft. Dodge—Ft. Dodge Auto Co.
Sioux City—H. A. Wetmore
Waterloo—Bryant Motor Car Co.

Kansas
Hutchinson—Taylor Motor Co
Topeka—Imes-Clark Motor Co.
Wichita—Wichita Automobile Co.

Kentucky
Catlettsburg—C C Magann
Lexington—C. M. Marshall Co
Louisville—Hite D. Bowman

Louisiana
New Orleans
Chalmers Motor Co of La
Shreveport
Bernstein Smith Auto Co

Maine
Portland—Maine Motor Car Co

Maryland
Baltimore—Zell Motor Car Co
Cumberland—Citizens' Garage

Massachusetts
[illegible] Walter Grosse Co
[illegible] J. Edward Newton
[illegible] C. E. Whitten
[illegible] Pittsfield Auto Garage
Springfield—Norcross-Cameron Co
Worcester—Frank H Kenney
New Bedford—S.C Lowe Supply Co.

Michigan
Benton Harbor—W H Hearn
Bay City—C J. Bousfield
Bessemer—R. H. Thompson
Boyne City—L. H White
Calumet—Michigan Auto Co
Detroit—Neumann-Lane Co
Grand Rapids—W S. Farrant
Kalamazoo—Globe Gar. & Mfg Co.
Ludington—Donald MacVichie
Marquette—Cloverland Auto Co
Menominee—
Menominee River Auto Co
Muskegon—Chas. J Durheim
Saginaw—Saginaw Auto Co.

Minnesota
Duluth—Motual Auto Co
[illegible] Barclay Auto Co.
St. Paul—Smith & Heberle

Mississippi
Brook Haven—Albert A. Lally
Greenwood—E. M. Purcell.
Meridian—Chas. K. Cohn & Co.
Vicksburg—Mississippi Electric Co.

Missouri
Jefferson City—T G Burkhardt
Kennett—Kennett Motor Car Co.
Kansas C[illegible]
Chalmers Motor Co of Mo
Kirksville—Chas. S. Sands
St. Louis—Park Automobile Co
St. Joseph—Wyco Car Co.
Webb City—M H Wood

Montana
Butte—Silver Bow Auto Co
Helena—F B. Sheriff

Nebraska
Hastings—Stutt Motor Car Co.
North Platte—Maier Hinman
Omaha—Stewart-Toozer Motor Co

New Hampshire
[illegible] O L Blake & Co
[illegible] Pollard Auto Co

New Jersey
Lakewood—Lakew'd Gar & Mch. Co.
Newark—Paddock-Zuel M. C. Co
New Brunswick—Jno. Weigel
Trenton—John L. Brock

New York
Albany—Albany Garage Company
Buffalo—Mason B Hatch Inc
Binghamton—June Auto Co
Ithaca—La France Garage Co
[illegible] Geneva Auto Co
[illegible] Gas Engine & Garage Co
Jamestown
Peterman Motor Sales Co
New York—Carl H Page & Co
Poughkeepsie—J. Van Benschoten
Rochester—Arthur McNall
Syracuse—Chalmers-Syracuse Co
Schenectady—B A Buttles
Utica—Westcott Garage Company

North Carolina
Asheville—Asheville Auto Company
Charlotte—O. L. Barringer Co
[illegible]
Greensboro Chalmers Co
Raleigh—Raleigh Motor & Mch Co
Windsor—Windsor Hardware Co

North Dakota
Fargo—Fargo Auto & Supply Co
Grand Forks—Moore Auto Co
Jamestown—Northern Auto Co
Minot—Minot Auto Co.

Ohio
[illegible] Motor Car Co.
[illegible] Highland Auto Co.
Akron—[illegible] Garage
[illegible] Standard Motor Car Co.
Columbus—Broad-Oak Auto Co.
[illegible]
Cleveland—E. B. Finch
Canal Dover—S. Toomey & Co
[illegible]
Findlay—Collingwood & Edwards
Lima—W. E. Rudy
Mansfield—Ideal Gar & Supply Co.
Portsmouth—W. J. Friel
Toledo—Union Supply Co.
Washington C. H.—
P. F. Ortman Motor Car Co.
Wooster—J. M. Ginter
[illegible]
Standard Auto Sales Co

Oklahoma
Muskogee—Roberts Motor Car Co.
Tulsa—Tulsa Motor Car Co

Oregon
Portland—H L. Keats Auto Co

Pennsylvania
Coudersport—White Agency Co.
Erie—Murphy Bros
Harrisburg—Keystone Motor Car Co.
[illegible]—Park Ave. Garage
[illegible]—Garvey & Malerich
Pittsburgh—
Pittsburgh-Chalmers Co.
Philadelphia—
Chalmers Motor Co. of Phila.
Reading—E. S. Youse Co.
Scranton—Lackawanna Auto Co
Sharon—Hoffman Motor Car Co.
Uniontown—Keystone Auto Co.

Rhode Island
Providence—Davis Auto Co.

South Carolina
Columbia—Gibbes Machinery Co.

South Dakota
Aberdeen—Blain Auto Co
Redfield—Blain Auto Co
Sioux Falls—Power City Auto Co.

Tennessee
Chattanooga—Chatta. M. Car Co.
Memphis—Tri-State Chalmers Co
Nashville—Deeds & Herzig Mfg. Co.

Texas
[illegible] The Hall Co
[illegible] Chalmers M Co of El Paso
[illegible] Hawkins Hall Co
San Antonio [illegible]
Austin [illegible]
Waco—Willis-Hall Company

Utah
Salt Lake City and Ogden—
Cheesman Auto Co

Vermont
Burlington—Van Ness Garage
Rutland—Rutland Mch & Auto Co.

Virginia
Charlottesville
Irving Way-Holt Co
Fredericksburg
W H Richards, Jr
Lynchburg—Piedmont Motor Co
Norfolk—Chalmers Motor Co of Va.
Richmond—B A Blenner
Roanoke—The Model Garage
Staunton—Beverly Garage

Washington
Spokan
Hodgins-Fosdick Motor Co.
Seattle—Olympic Motor Car Co.
Tacoma—Union Motor Co

West Virginia
Elkins—E. O Fling & Co
Parkersburg
Logan Car & Auto Co.
Wheeling—
Woodsdale Motor Car Co.

Wisconsin
Eau Claire—Hobbs Supply Co
Green Bay—Leslie Bros M Car Co
Madison—Hokanson Auto Co
Milwaukee—Southern Hoppe Auto Co
Wausau—[illegible] Auto Co

Canada
Calgary—Lougheed & Webster
Edmonton, Alta.—The Bellamy Co.
London—J C Beemer
Montreal—Comet Motor Co., Ltd.
Regina—J L McLaren
Saskatoon, Sask.—J O McLaren
St. John, N B—F. J. Harding
Sydney, N. S.—Shaw & Mason, Ltd.
Toronto—Auto. & Sup. Co., Ltd
Vancouver—H M Welsh Auto Co.
Victoria—Wood Motor Co.
Winnipeg—Jos. Maw & Co., Ltd.

There is a Chalmers distributor or dealer near you. You will find him a good business man, established and reliable—a safe man to do business with. See your Chalmers dealer. Let him show you the latest models. And settle the question now—and right—by placing your order for a Chalmers.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Protect Your Porches With PEARL Wire Cloth

There's a special grade of Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—extra *heavy* and extra *strong*—that's purposely made for screening summer porches—outdoor dining rooms, sleeping chambers, etc.

Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth is the handsomest and longest lived screen on the market today. Its beautiful pearl-like metallic finish makes it distinctly ornamental—a *decided* contrast to old-fashioned ugly painted wire screen. And Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth requires no painting. Its handsome metallic finish is highly weather-proof—keeps "PEARL" free from rust and makes its efficiency *permanent*.

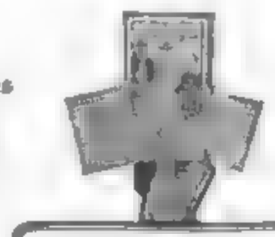
GILBERT & BENNETT
Pearl WIRE CLOTH
For Screening Doors, Windows and Porches

Architects

Find out about *Pearl* Wire Cloth. Send us your name and we'll send full particulars and samples

We guarantee you a door or a window screen [illegible] looking, better wearing [illegible] the kind you have been using in the past. Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth stays clean and clear all the time. Its smooth meshes afford no lodging place for dust or dirt. It [illegible] accept [illegible] of substitution. They are internal [illegible] Look for the mark of identification — *two copper wires* in the selvage.

The best hardware dealer in your city sells Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you. Or if you prefer—write our Chicago office for samples and particulars.



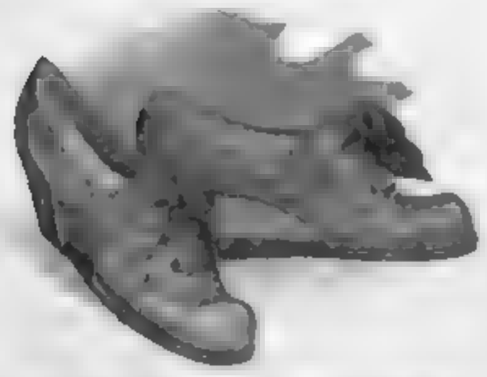
Write for These Samples and Particulars—
Address our Chicago Office

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. (Est. 1818)
CHICAGO GEORGETOWN, CONN. NEW YORK CITY KANSAS CITY, MO.

SHOE for WOMEN

IN these times of *value-demand* and *appearance-desire*, LA FRANCE Shoes come strongly into the foreground.

If you are an ordinarily careful buyer and are not without a natural touch of vanity, LA FRANCE is the shoe you are looking for.



Our No. 6447 illustrated herewith comes in Gun Metal or our Vogue last, welt sole. We also make this oxford in Spartan (tan) calf

One of our LA FRANCE stores is ready to supply you. If you don't know which one, write us and we will inform you. We will also send you our Spring 1913 Style Book.

Williams, Clark & Company
377 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 25)

expense of a slight going aside. Louis did not know girls in their homelife. He had the entrée to no girl's home. And of course I, a stranger in this new world, was similarly circumstanced. But, further, Louis and I were unable to go to dancing schools or to public dances, which were very good places for getting acquainted. We did not have the money. He was a blacksmith's apprentice and was earning but slightly more than I. We both lived at home and paid our way. When we had done this and bought our cigarettes, and the inevitable clothes and shoes, there remained to each of us for personal spending a sum that varied between seventy cents and a dollar for the week. We whacked this up, shared it, and sometimes loaned what was left of it when one of us needed it for some more gorgeous girl adventure, such as carfare out to Blair's Park and back—twenty cents—bang! just like that; and ice-cream for two—thirty cents; or tamales in a tamale parlor, which came cheaper and for two cost only twenty cents.

I did not mind this money meagerness. The disdain I had learned for money from the oyster pirates had never left me. I did not care overweeningly for it for personal gratification; and in my philosophy I completed the circle, finding myself as equable with the lack of a ten-cent piece as I was with the squandering of scores of dollars in calling all men and hangers-on up to the bar to drink with me.

How to get a girl? There was no girl's home to which Louis could take me and where I might be introduced to girls. I knew none. And Louis' several girls he wanted for himself; anyway, in the very human nature of boys' and girls' ways, he could not turn any of them over to me. He did persuade them to bring girl friends for me; but I found them weak sisters, pale and ineffectual alongside the choice specimens he had.

"You'll have to do like I did," he said finally. "I got these by getting them. You'll have to get one the same way."

And he initiated me. It must be remembered that Louis and I were hard situated. We really had to struggle to pay our board and maintain a decent appearance. We met each other in the evening after the day's work, on the street corner or in a little candy store on a side street, our sole frequenting place. Here we bought our cigarettes and occasionally a nickel's worth of "red-hots." Oh, yes; Louis and I unblushingly ate candy—all we could get. Neither of us drank. Neither of us ever went into a saloon.

But the girl! In quite primitive fashion, as Louis advised me, I was to select her and make myself acquainted with her. We strolled the streets in the early evenings. The girls, like us, strolled in pairs. Strolling girls will look at strolling boys who look. And to this day, in any town, city or village in which I, in my middle age, find myself, I look on with the eye trained of old experience, and watch the sweet innocent game played by the strolling boys and girls who just must stroll when the spring and summer evenings call.

The trouble was that in this Arcadian phase of my history I, who had come through case-hardened from the other side of life, was timid and bashful. Again and again Louis nerved me up. But I did not know girls. They were strange and wonderful to me after my precocious man's life. I failed of the bold front and the necessary forwardness when the crucial moment came.

I improved, of course, after experiences too numerous to enter upon, so there were divers girls to whom I could lift my hat and who would walk beside me in the early evenings. But girl's love did not immediately come to me. I was excited, interested, and I pursued the quest. And the thought of drink never entered my mind. Some of Louis' and my adventures have since given me serious pause when casting sociological generalizations. But it was all good and innocently youthful; and I learned one generalization, biological rather than sociological—namely, that the "colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins."

And before long I learned girl's love—all the dear, fond deliciousness of it; all the glory and the wonder. I shall call her Haydee. She was between fifteen and sixteen. Her little skirt reached her shoetops. We sat side by side in a Salvation Army meeting. She was not a convert; nor was her aunt, who sat on the other side of her, and who, visiting from the country where at that time the Salvation Army was not, had dropped in to the meeting for half an hour out of curiosity. And Louis sat beside me and observed—I do believe he did no more than observe, because Haydee was not his style of girl.

We did not speak; but in that great half-hour we glanced shyly at each other, and shyly avoided or as shyly returned and met each other's glances more than several times. She had a slender, oval face. Her brown eyes were beautiful. Her nose was a dream, as was her sweet-lipped, petulant-hinting mouth. She wore a tam-o'shanter, and I thought her brown hair was the prettiest shade of brown I had ever seen.

All too soon the aunt and Haydee departed—this is permissible at any stage of a Salvation Army meeting. I was no longer interested in the meeting and, after an appropriate interval of a couple of minutes or less, started to leave with Louis.

He said her name was Haydee. He knew where she lived. Each day she passed the blacksmith shop where he worked, going to or from the Lafayette School. Further he had seen her on occasion with Ruth, another schoolgirl; and, still further, Nita, who sold us red-hots at the candy store, was a friend of Ruth. The thing to do was to go round to the candy store and see if we could get Nita to give a note to Ruth to give to Haydee. If this could be arranged all I had to do was to write the note.

And it so happened. In stolen half-hours of meeting I came to know all the sweet madness of boy's love and girl's love. So far as it goes it is not the biggest love in the world, but I dare to assert that it is the sweetest. Oh, as I look back on it, never did girl have a more innocent boy lover than I who had been so wicked-wise and violent beyond my years! I did not know the first thing about girls. I, who had been hailed Prince of the Oyster Pirates; who could go anywhere in the world as a man among men; who could sail boats, lay aloft in black and storm, or go into the toughest hangouts in sailortown and play my part in any rough-house that started, or call all hands to the bar—I did not know the first thing I might say or do with this slender little chit of a girl-woman, whose scant skirt just reached her shoetops and who was as abysmally ignorant of life as I was—or thought I was—profoundly wise.

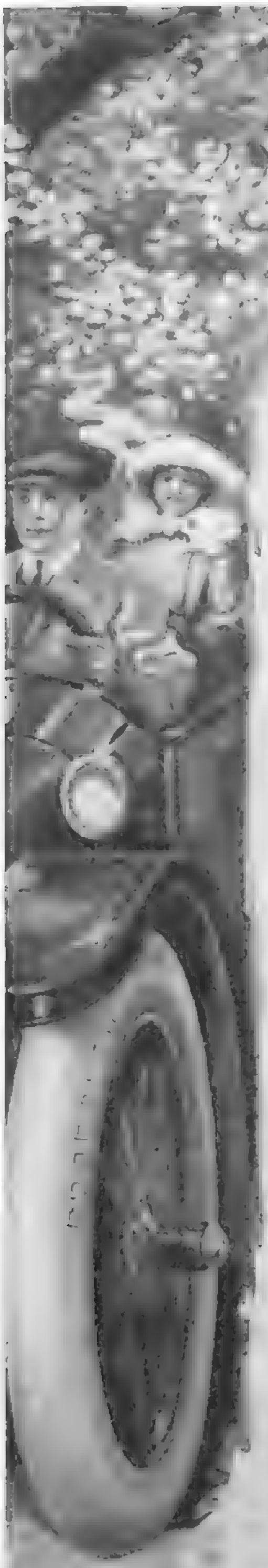
I remember we sat on a bench in the starlight. There was fully a foot of space between us. We slightly faced each other, our near elbows on the back of the bench; and once or twice our elbows just touched. And all the time, deliriously happy, talking in the gentlest and most delicate terms that might not offend her sensitive ears, I was cudgeling my brain in an effort to divine what I was expected to do. What did girls expect of boys, sitting on a bench and tentatively striving to find out what love was? What did she expect me to do? Was I expected to kiss her? Did she expect me to try? And if she did expect me, and I did not, what would she think of me?

Ah, she was wiser than I—I know it now—the little innocent girl-woman in her shoetop skirt! She had known boys all her life. She encouraged me in the ways a girl may. Her gloves were off and in one hand; and I remember, lightly and daringly, in mock reproof for something I had said, how she tapped my lips with a tiny flirt of those gloves. I was like to swoon with delight. It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me. And I remember yet the faint scent that clung to those gloves and that I breathed in the moment they touched my lips.

Then came the agony of apprehension and doubt. Should I imprison in my hand that little hand with the scented gloves that had just tapped my lips? Should I dare to kiss her there and then, or slip my arm round her waist? Or dared I even sit closer?

Well, I did not dare. I did nothing. I merely continued to sit there and love with all my soul. We never went anywhere—not even to a matinée. We once shared together five cents' worth of red-hots. But I have always fondly believed that she loved me. I know I loved her; I dreamed daydreams of her for a year and more, and the memory of her is very dear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



When big, reputable, highly successful car builders equip with Goodrich Tires —they give you your best reason for doing so

THE makers of well-known cars sit as a jury on tires every year. The car builder *knows* when a tire is or is not an advantage to his product. He *knows* when a tire will help his car give its owner better and longer service.

Ask the makers of the Armleder, Auburn, Bailey, Baker, Cadillac, Columbus, Crawford, Cunningham, Dorris, Easton, Fiat, Ford, Franklin, Havers, Hupp, Krebs, Lennox, Lexington, Locomobile, Marion, Marmon, Mason, Mercer, Metz, Michigan, Moline, Moon, Moyer, National, Ohio, Oldsmobile, Overland, Packard, Paige, Palace, Patterson, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Pope, Premier, Rauch & Lang, Russell, S. G. V., Spaulding, Speedwell, Stanley, Studebaker, Warren, White, Winton, Willys-Overland, Great Southern and Stevens-Duryea—

Ask them why they buy Goodrich Tires to equip their cars.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

Unit construction is the secret

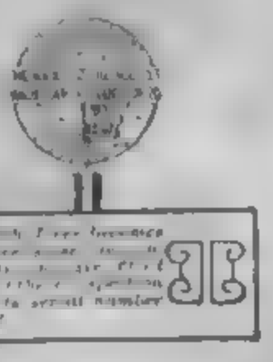
Each Goodrich Tire, of any type, is made as a unit. Unit construction is a fundamental principle crystalized in our forty-three years of knowledge of and experience in rubber manufacture. Each layer of fine, stout fabric and pure Para rubber, from the backbone of the tire to the thick, tough Goodrich tread is combined to form a unit when the one curing or vulcanizing occurs.

Unit wear is the result

Each Goodrich Tire wears as a unit. The Goodrich method of building the tire, and the unit-curing makes one part of the tire the same as another. There are no weak places or dead spots because of over-vulcanizing — all the life and sturdy wear is unified and intensified into the highest phase of efficiency.

No matter what car you buy or own you can have it equipped with Goodrich Tires

The judgment of the automobile makers and the experience of hundreds of thousands of Goodrich Tire users is actually worth money to you. If you are buying a new car, insist upon Goodrich Tires for it. If your car needs new tires, you cannot ask a stronger argument than this fact of the Goodrich equipment of half the new cars. Your dealer will supply you with the Goodrich American Clincher, Goodrich Quick Detachable, Goodrich Straight Bead, Goodrich Cord for electrics, Goodrich Metal Stud, Goodrich Safety Tread—the tread that makes the brake effective.

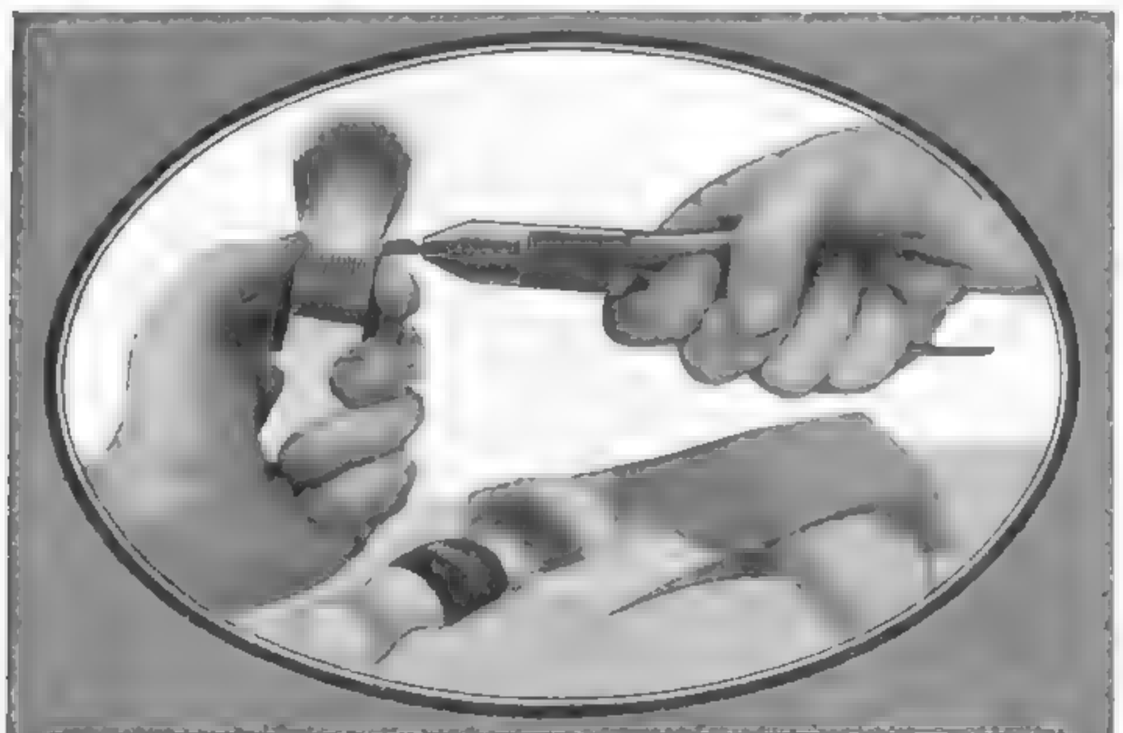


The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

Akron, Ohio

Branch Houses and Wholesale Tire Depots in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere



RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK

A RUBBERSET demonstration of inside construction is a conclusive and convincing proof of the superiority of RUBBERSET Brush making. A splitting test, like the one pictured for instance, would demolish the base of an ordinary brush. Did you ever hear of any other brush exploiting inside construction?

The bristle base controls the life of the brush. In a RUBBERSET Brush the bristles are set in pure rubber which is then vulcanized to the hardness of flint. Not a solitary bristle can escape the grip of this vulcanized rubber base. It is unyielding, indestructible, permanent. The economy of a RUBBERSET is evident.

It is easy to understand that the usefulness and luxury of a RUBBERSET Shaving Brush extends beyond its fine imported bristles and beautiful construction. No annoying loose bristles to pick from lather, brush and face. Loose bristles are a positive menace to shaving and besides clog your safety razor.

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes are made in various styles, sizes, qualities and shapes. We particularly recommend the dollar grade, which is made with badger bristles and Alberite handles. It is an example of the RUBBERSET values. Prices range from 25c upward to $7.00.

The RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is the Safety Tooth Brush because *all* the bristles are safely held in a hard, rubber base. The bristles are scientifically shaped and tufted to clean between the teeth. All shapes and sizes. Most economical to buy because it costs no more than ordinary brushes and lasts much longer.

Ask any druggist, hardware dealer or general store for RUBBERSET Brushes. We issue an interesting catalog of styles. Free on request.

RUBBERSET COMPANY (R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.) **Factories, Newark, N. J.**

PRATT "50"
Long Stroke Motor
4½ x 5¾

1913 Pratt Cars 5th Successful Season

Electric Starting and Easy Control make the Pratt-Fifty a Car for Women to Drive

Get Catalogue showing the original views of all models and giving you the specifications by which to select any car. We have a business proposition for you. Our agency for 1913 is a Pratt Car in every locality. If there is not one in your neighborhood, and there ought to be a Pratt dealer near you, it will be to your material advantage to write or wire at once and let us know.

THREE DISTINCT MODELS

Pratt 50, 122-in. wheel base, electric starter and electric lighting system. Price $2 150
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Full Equipment
Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Electric Lighting. Bosch Magneto 11-in. Upholstery

Licensed under Dyer patents, 857 650—885 984 and 921 965.

A VENTURE IN BEANS

(Continued from Page 9)

too insistently—made a pass at me with a sledge-hammer fist I desisted and hurried toward the battleline to enlist the coöperation of the army.

"Make them poor fellows load beans!" The fat, gum-chewing militia captain flourished his pudgy hands oratorically as he yelled into my face: "What d'you think the National Guard is for anyway? Slave-driving? Get out of here or I'll put you to work lugging dynamite!"

I retreated speedily and hunted for the regulars along the ridge. They had moved, leaving their places to be filled by the marines from the cruisers that in a long, shadowy line of white were stealing silently through the haze of the Golden Gate into the bay. From the commanding elevation of the ridge I could plainly see the fleet, the warehouse with the cars in front of it. I could also see the tug that was pulling a big freighter out of its berth into the stream and safety.

It was foolish to hunt longer. I would wait for the marines. Would they be in time? Grinding my teeth in impotent rage, I turned back.

Two blocks from the mill a breadline was forming behind a commissary wagon. Hungry, eh? An idea flashed into my mind. I sprinted to the mill.

"Run over into those abandoned houses," I ordered, leading the astonished fireman into the street while I talked. "Get all the plates, cups and spoons you can. Hurry back, dish up the beans, cut the bread, set out the sugar, open the canned milk and make a lot of coffee. We're going to have company. Run along now. That's a good boy."

Giving him a shove, I waddled into the adjacent lumber-yard, dragged out four long boards, and in a twinkling fashioned them into a table with bags of beans as legs. On the way to the breadline I met Bud laden with dishes, his loose, wide mouth expanded into a broad grin.

Selecting the huskiest specimens, I drifted along the line of breadseekers, murmuring in honeyed tones:

"Want a hot meal? Got more than I can eat. Don't want the fire to get it. Better come along and help me out."

Twenty Hustlers to Help

A dozen men in tow, I returned to the mill, turned them over to Bud and started out for a second haul. While the men devoured the food I mounted a box and pounded for attention.

"Do you like the beans, boys?" I asked. The men, mouths full, cups of steaming coffee lifted, nodded assent. "Well, there's enough beans to feed the whole of San Francisco for three days in this warehouse. Beans are going to be mighty scarce in this town. You know that. I want you to help me load and save this pile. I'll pay a dollar an hour—and more grub. Will you help me?"

The trap came down smoothly. Out of twenty-five feeders twenty stayed and fell to work with a will, began shooting out beans, and piled the eighty-pound sacks into the cars without regard to maximum-load limits, clear to the roof. I divided the gang into four squads—two men in each crew wheeling the sacks into the car, two men stacking them up and one man helping in the warehouse. Bud was busy with pots and kettles. Every sixty seconds a hundred dollars' worth of my beans left the warehouse. Twenty minutes—forty minutes passed. The men maintained the fast gait. I climbed to the roof to watch the speed of the enemy's approach. Ashes and cinders were falling thickly; the crest of the hill was a roaring furnace, out of which shot showers of sparks and live coals as building after building collapsed. Coming from the south the wind carried sparks and brands in the direction of the mill; already little wisps and eddies of smoke rose here and there far down the slope among the tenement houses. Two blocks away a woman, screaming incessantly, was beating with a blanket at a stubborn red spot on her cottage roof. Below her the stream of fugitives passed unheeding. I climbed down to inspect the progress of the loading.

The gait was slackening perceptibly. One of the men stopped to roll a cigarette. They had had no sleep and little food for thirty hours. I looked at my watch. They had worked fifty-five minutes.

"Time!" Watch in hand, I passed through the cars. "Hurry, boys! Get your grub! Can't work on empty stomachs."

They swarmed to the table, grabbed the plates of hot beans and gulped the coffee. At each plate I deposited a silver dollar, jangling the bag of coin temptingly. Then I mounted the box again.

"The fire is gaining on us, boys: We'll have to hustle if we want to beat it!" I pulled out a stack of silver. "Here's ten dollars for the crew that gets its car loaded first. Time's up!"

Prize and food stimulated flagging spirits. Again the beans fairly flew out of the warehouse—so fast that many a sack, rolling off the bouncing trucks, dropped to the ground between platform and car and stayed there. Beans were abundant; time was scarce and precious. Bud, glancing at the rain of sparks and cinders, caught the contagion, grabbed bag after bag and tossed the loads into the gravel car. Once more I climbed to the roof to reconnoiter. East and west the main body of the fire, coming down the slope, had sent out long red arms like the horns of a crescent almost to the bay. To the south the roof of the little cottage blazed; the woman was gone. Fearing that the western arm of the red crescent might cut off retreat, the stream of fugitives moved faster. Some one shouted at me from below: "Come through with the ten! Our car is full."

My Beans Are Nearly Baked

I handed out a ten-dollar gold piece. Immediately the pace slackened. The five winners began to quarrel over the division of the prize; the three other crews loafed. Unless the wheels were greased the loading machine would stop. I called a halt.

"Only ten minutes more before grub and pay! Two dollars apiece extra for the crew that shoves out the most beans in ten minutes! Hustle now! Quit your fighting, you boys! Give me the gold. Here's the change. Pitch in now or the fire will get us! Bud, you keep tally."

Five Italians—squat, broad-shouldered, swarthy fellows—carried off the prize. Three of the outer cars were filled to the roof; the fourth one needed only a few sacks more to complete the load—and the flames, driven by the south wind from the little cottage, were but a block and a half away! Nevertheless, I called the men off, fed and paid them. They needed strength and an additional incentive for the final spurt.

"Double time from now on! Two dollars an hour," I yelled, "and a bonus of five dollars for every man if we get the ten cars loaded before the fire singes our whiskers!"

Panting, dripping with perspiration, the men hurled themselves at the shrinking pile of sacks. In a moment the loading of the outer four cars was completed; the inner six were filling up rapidly. Bud shunted the loaded cars against the others, coupled the two sections and returned to the warehouse, glancing anxiously over his shoulder.

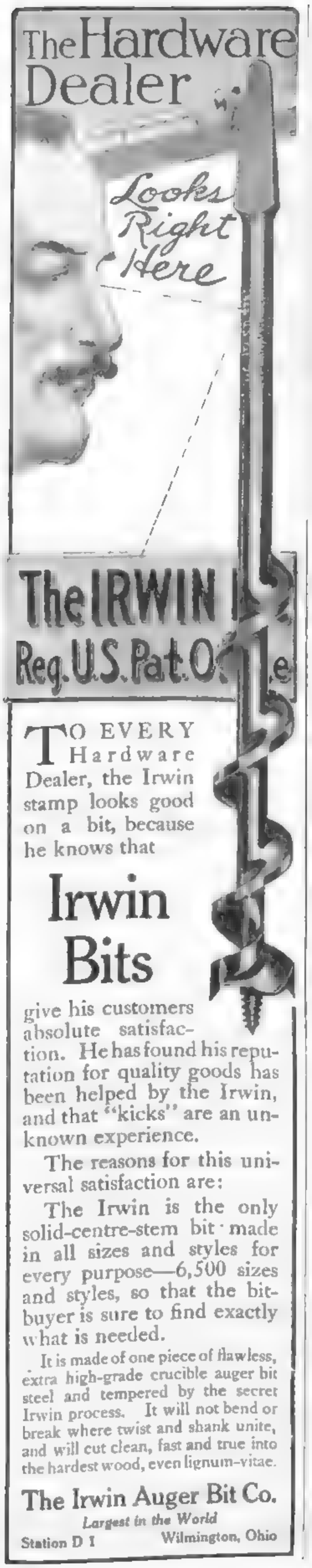
"Say, boss, let's go while the going's good!" he urged. "I can't afford to lose this engine and my job. If we don't get out before that big flourmill goes up your beans will sure be baked! No use trying to get through to North Beach. If you wait until the flourmill gets real hot there'll be an explosion and the track will be blocked. Better gimme the board right now."

"Ten minutes more, Bud!" I pleaded. "Just wait ten minutes. We have barely six cars filled. At the rate they're working we can fill the seventh car in ten minutes. It's one-third full now."

Without an answer, Bud slowly climbed into the cab. Making the rounds of the cars, I saw to it that there was no congestion—that things worked smoothly. Smoke rose from the upper end of the lumber-yard adjoining the warehouse. Another half hour—forty minutes at the most—and the mill would be gone. Seven thousand dollars' worth of my beans were still under its roof. I drove the men to the limit.

The engine whistled; its bell began to ring. Time was up. I raced to the front and tossed a gold piece through the cab's window.

"Two dollars a minute! Hold her just a little while longer! The track is clear yet. Look! They are pumping water from the bay on the flourmill! No danger of being caught for another half hour!"



TO EVERY Hardware Dealer, the Irwin stamp looks good on a bit, because he knows that

Irwin Bits

give his customers absolute satisfaction. He has found his reputation for quality goods has been helped by the Irwin, and that "kicks" are an unknown experience.

The reasons for this universal satisfaction are:

The Irwin is the only solid-centre-stem bit made in all sizes and styles for every purpose—6,500 sizes and styles, so that the bit-buyer is sure to find exactly what is needed.

It is made of one piece of flawless, extra high-grade crucible auger bit steel and tempered by the secret Irwin process. It will not bend or break where twist and shank unite, and will cut clean, fast and true into the hardest wood, even lignum-vitae.

The Irwin Auger Bit Co.

Largest in the World

Station D 1 Wilmington, Ohio

Peering suspiciously ahead, the fireman confirmed my observation.

"I'll give you fifteen minutes more," he growled, no longer the easy-going, good-natured Bud. "Not a second more! If you ain't ready I'll uncouple and clear out light. Fifteen minutes, mind you!"

Hurrying from crew to crew I urged them: "Lay yourselves out now! Only fifteen minutes more! I'll make it an even ten dollars if you'll light into that pile and make the fur fly. Never mind stacking 'em up—just yank the sacks into the cars and throw em' as high as you can."

Glowing embers dropped on the tin roof, rolled off on the bags that had fallen to the ground. Smoke rose from below. Still the panting crew hurled bags into the gravel car. A blazing shingle, sailing crazily hither and thither, lit on the topmost sack. Leaping over the side into the car, I kicked it off with my foot—and stopped. Like a flash it came over me that I was once more pyramiding my winnings—staking my newly gained fortune against an antagonist that held all the trumps—that would surely win if I only stayed in the game long enough.

"Kick the planks off! Everybody hop into this car! Go ahead, Bud!" I yelled at the top of my voice.

The men came tumbling in as Bud made the wheels of the engine spin in his anxiety to get under way. One by one the men jumped as I paid them off. When the last one had departed I looked back. Smoke poured out from beneath the eaves of the mill; the loading platform was ablaze; flames from the lumber-yard were shooting clear across the track. To the west retreat was impossible. Ahead we were approaching the big flourmill. Once past the three-story brick wall of that plant we would be safe! Three blocks beyond the mill were the smouldering ruins through which the fire had swept twenty-four hours earlier. There I could leave the cars under guard without danger. As soon as the track was cleared I would have them hauled —

I did not finish the program. The train stopped with a grinding of brakes—with a sudden lurch that threw me full length over the bags. Forward, Bud was leaning out of the window, pointing to the track ahead.

The Right of Way

Two lines of hose, distended, pulsing with the pressure of the salt water passing through them, were lying across the track; two streams were playing over the smoking roof and front wall of the big flourmill. A hundred feet from the right-of-way a burning paint factory threw out a heat so intense that it blistered the skin. Between the car and the bay stood a big black oiltank. We were caught in a trap!

"Open her up, Bud! Pull across the hose! They can't save the mill anyway," I urged.

Bud shook his head.

"Those tin soldiers are too handy with their guns these days!" he objected, pointing to three militia men. "You couldn't hire me for all your beans to run across the hose while that gang's around."

There must be a key to unlock the trap.

One arm thrown across my face as protection against the fierce heat, I ran toward the helmeted group between the burning paint factory and the smoking mill.

"Who's in command here?" I gasped.

A six-footer, his face smeared with grime and sweat, his sunken cheeks covered with a two days' bristly growth, turned round.

"What d'ye want?" he snarled.

"Captain! Captain!" I grabbed his arm, his hand—clung to it despite his impatient struggles to shake me off. "There's two hundred tons of beans in those cars—four hundred thousand meals! I've just got to save the beans! Oh, Captain, won't you uncouple ——"

"You go to ——"

My palm pressed a large, round charm of yellow metal against his. He did not complete the sentence. Instead, he raised a whistle to his lips and blew it three times. The streams faltered; the hose flattened.

"Quick, boys! Uncouple the lines and let the train pass!" he ordered. "It's for the refugees!"

Ten minutes later the engine stopped among piles of twisted steel and blackened brick—still smoking but harmless. The beans—twenty thousand dollars' worth, all mine—were safe! I had salvaged more goods so far as bulk was concerned than any other man in San Francisco! But the passive resignation of the margin trader did not win the fight.

The "Old English Squire" of Song and Story

was the one kindly old mortal who certainly knew real comfort. A generous item in his daily joys was a cool "churchwarden" clay and a palm full of ripe, mellow tobacco.

Old English Curve Cut carries out that "sweet tradition of smoke." It is a distinctive old aristocrat among pipe tobaccos. In no other can you get the hard-pressed curved slices of *slow*-burning, *cool*-smoking, *mild*, long-leaf Burley—the *convenient*, *economical* "slice to a pipeful"—the compact, Curved Tin that *fits* the pocket.

Old English

10c CURVE CUT 10c

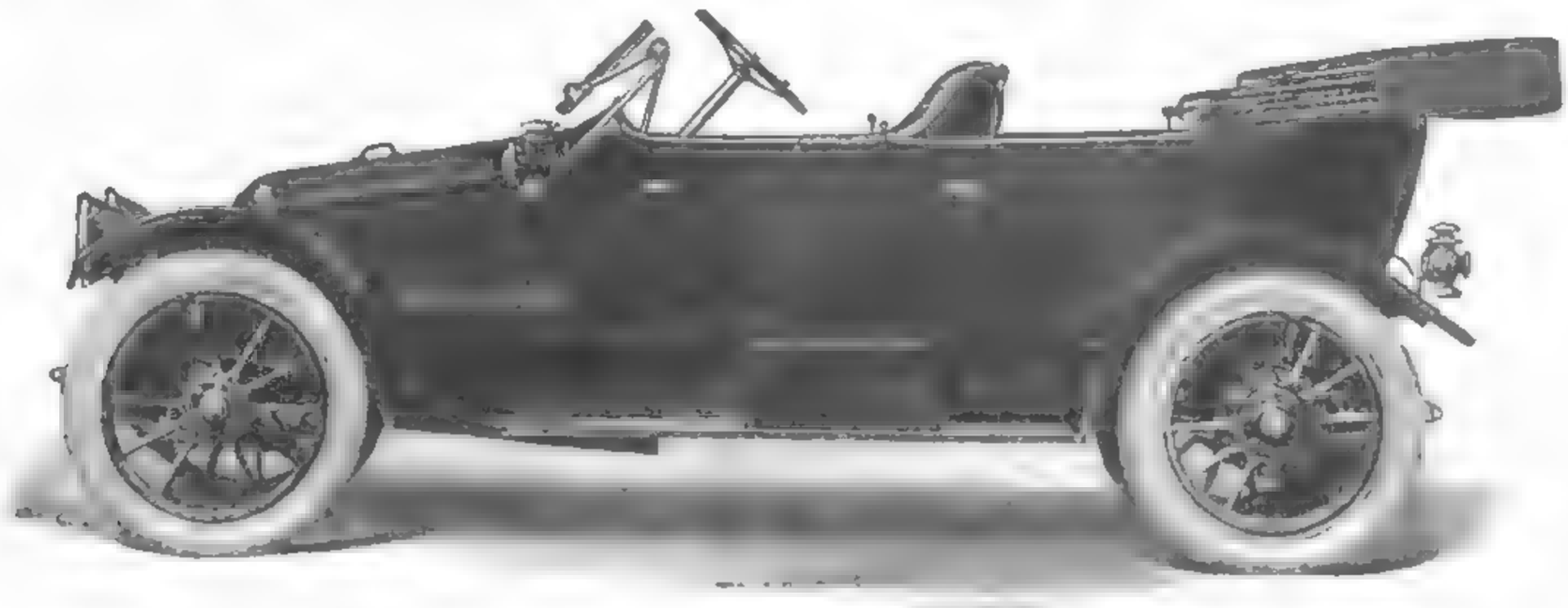
The curved slice in which Old English is packed is *the* form which absolutely prevents tobacco from becoming dry and tindery, and preserves its original freshness and fragrance.

Old English is *not* a "combination" tobacco. It is made for the *pipe only*—and made in the *only proper form* for pipe-tobacco—hard-pressed *sliced-plug*, that keeps the tobacco in *perfect condition* and insures a slow-burning, *cool* smoke.

You can get Old English in 10c curved tins or larger sizes at most tobacco dealers the world over. Sample tin will be sent for 2 cent stamp.

Old English Dept 111 Fifth Avenue New York

The Fact-Backed FRANKLIN CAR—



Franklin Little Six "30," a light, medium size 5-passenger car **$2900**

BALANCED CONSTRUCTION is the big fact back of Franklin superiority. In most automobile factories a motor is made or bought and this in turn is rigged to a frame that has been made or bought, and then a body is fitted to the completed chassis. Then wheels and tires are added and you have an automobile.

Even under this form of manufacture, America has been producing a lot of high-grade cars, from which, however, there have been inseparable the following disadvantages:—

Excessive tire consumption
Excessive gasoline consumption
Excessive up-keep bills
Excessive strain in driving and riding

By the Franklin system of *balanced construction*, we have produced a car from 1000 to 1200 pounds under weight as compared with other cars of same speed, power and carrying capacity, and this results in this demonstrable, provable fact—

The Franklin car will give you 50% to 100% more mileage to a set of tires than any other car in its class.

Because the engine is lighter and the car is lighter—because a mechanical principle of strength wedded to lightness is kept constantly in mind—because of this *balanced construction*—here is another logical, provable fact—

The Franklin car will average 50% to 100% more miles per gallon of gasoline than any other car in its class.

We first make a body—sightly, graceful and artistic—then make the frame and machinery to fit it. This is *balanced construction.*

Most automobile manufacturers make their frames of steel—ours is of laminated wood, and in eleven years of manufacturing we have never known but one Franklin frame to go wrong under any conditions—a record that would be hard to equal.

This wooden frame takes up the shocks and avoids up-keep expense. Consider the ordinary sledge-hammer. Did you ever see one with an iron handle? Such an arrangement would wreck a blacksmith's muscular system in twenty-four hours, and so he wisely has a wooden handle to take up the shocks and vibration. We have a wooden frame for the same reason.

We hear a lot about Automobile Service nowadays, but the best service consists in supplying a car that needs little attention.

The up-keep records of Franklins in use afford strongest evidence that Franklin service is in the car itself. This is as it should be, and it is to be directly credited to *balanced construction.*

Franklin *balanced construction* brings about simplicity, strength and flexibility, and leads to another important, provable fact—viz.:

The Franklin car costs less for up-keep under same conditions than any other car in its class.

Few people who have not driven or ridden in a Franklin automobile, know anything about real driving or riding comfort. Ease of operation is not easily explained—but it is easily proven. You can drive a Franklin 300 miles and be less tired than in a 100-mile drive in an ordinary car.

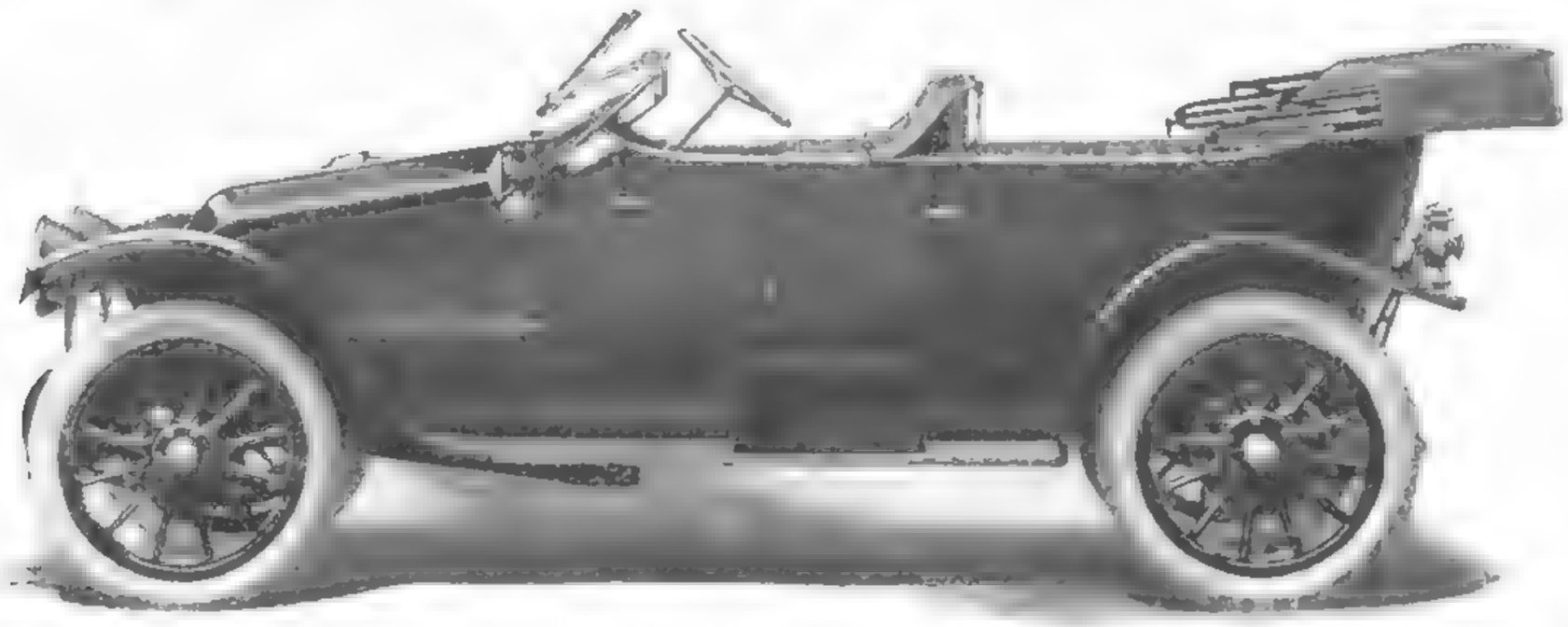
The Franklin is one of the very few cars built with four full elliptical springs—this is one of the points in *balanced construction* whereby bumps and jolts are arrested before they get to the passengers.

This is important if true, and its truth can be quickly and easily demonstrated. And so there comes about this actual, provable fact—

The Franklin car is easier to drive and more comfortable to ride in than any other car in its class.

1000 to 1200 POUNDS Less Weight

A Story of *Balanced Construction*



Franklin Big Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car **$3600**

A MOTOR gets hot and must be cooled. Most manufacturers cool their engines by circulating water through a jacket around the cylinders, but the water gets hot and it in turn is cooled by passing through a radiator which is cooled by air from without and an air fan from within.

In our search for simplicity we have eliminated the water and with it the bothersome radiator which is apt to freeze in winter and leaks without respect to weather conditions. We have also done away with the belted fan.

The fly wheel of our engine is a big sirocco fan (like you see in halls and factories, for taking out the foul and bringing in the fresh air). Our cylinders have flanged jackets through which the air passes, so we have obtained perfect motor cooling by cooling the motor direct with air—another distinctive feature of *balanced construction*.

A Franklin Motor cannot "stall"
on a car track or anywhere else.

All our six-cylinder cars have the Entz Electric Self-starter. It not only starts the engine under any and all conditions, but keeps it going under any and all conditions.

Take your seat in the car—throw a switch and your starter is at work. Give it gas and the motor goes to work. If you should by accident cut off your gas, the starter is running all the time and a little movement of the gas throttle is all that is necessary. The spark adjustment is automatic and we have no spark lever.

If you would have more facts, ask for our catalogue.

The Fact-Backed Franklin is made as follows:

Franklin Six "38"	$3600
Franklin Little Six "30"	$2900
Franklin Four "25"	$2000
Franklin "18" Runabout	$1650

Equipment Warner speedometer, top, trunk rack, wind shield, bulb horn, 5 lamps, electric lighting throughout. Entz self-starter on all 6-cylinder cars.

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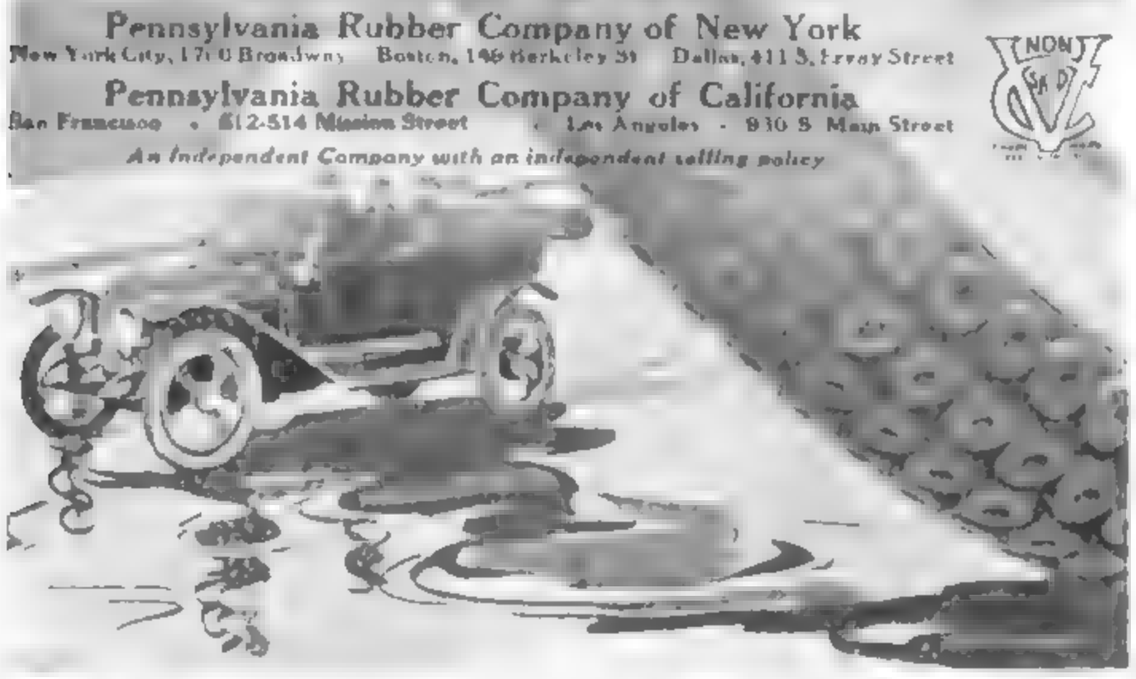

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"STICTUIT"

(Continued from Page 15)

not one winter rightly belonging to those summers missing—a kittenish disposition, dyed hair, a vivid imagination, a really good Scottish title, and a sure-enough bank account. She had grown tired of her Scottish estate and was just crazy to buy a country place in America; and she liked Long Island, what little she had seen of it.

Could anything be easier than that? There was only one point about the affair that troubled the Engineer—it looked too easy to be true.

There followed days and nights of high tension. My lady was stopping at New York's most advertised hostelry, and here the Engineer visited her day after day. Always she talked with enthusiasm of buying her Long Island estate, but as often found excuses for not visiting the point. The old lady ingeniously contrived that these meetings should take place in the most crowded spots of the hotel where, to the great annoyance of the Engineer, she discussed in distinct, far-carrying tones all details of the purchase, even describing with glowing adjectives the castle she proposed to build.

Finally, after days of ceaseless labor, the visit was actually made, only to find the point enveloped in the thickest fog ever seen there within the memory of that convenient liar, the oldest inhabitant. But—wonder of wonders!—this did not worry the lady in the least; she had seen American land—it was all quite alike; she need not see these particular pieces; she liked the people she met—instead of buying one parcel of forty-five acres, she would also take the adjoining one of seventy!

And then even so great an enthusiast as the Engineer became skeptical. "Anything as easy as this cannot be true; but what the dickens is the old lady's game anyway?"

As we look back upon this really remarkable near transaction we are forced to confess that her game must have been sheer vanity of display; but she carried it to dangerous lengths. The Engineer had brought both owner and purchaser together as to price, and her ladyship had actually placed in his hands good United States dollars with which to make the first payment—and then she took her dollars back again and hied herself across the water to her Scotch hills!

After this crushing disappointment others followed in rapid-fire order. An estate with money to invest just missed buying one piece; a wealthy friend hesitated long about purchasing another. After every failure to make a sale the price per acre took a hundred or a two-hundred dollar jump. Those near sales quite broke the faith of the Engineer in himself as a real-estate man, and almost broke his heart; but each failure seemed to strengthen the Long Islander's faith in the value of his land—so up it went, by leaps and bounds, becoming harder day by day to sell.

We Put Irons in the Fire

Another great scheme was thought out. That seventy-acre strip would divide well into the most attractive of residential parks—a veritable Tuxedo! The Engineer went to work with new vim on this great idea—a club would be formed, chiefly from among his friends; others, like himself, thirsting for country life. The land would be bought by this syndicate, and he, the father of the project, would modestly accept, for all of his hard work, one small acre in the least desirable corner.

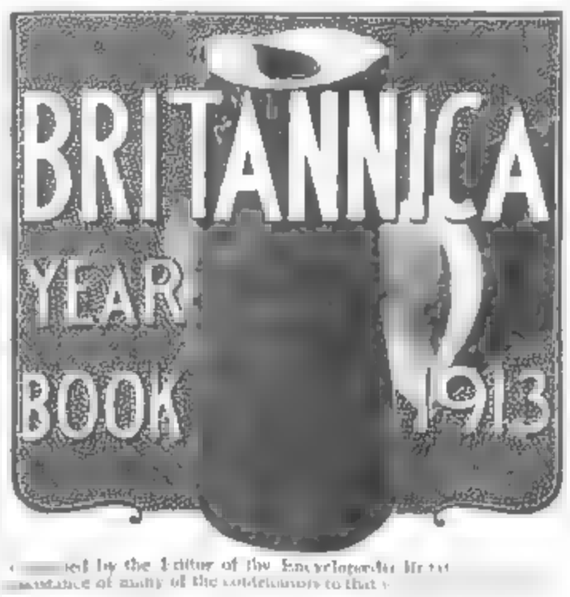
Gentle reader, if you have ever tried to steer a residential park club you ceased to be gentle long before the channel was half crossed. Those eighteen people approached to form that club, after eighteen expensive trips to view the property, had eighteen different ideas of what a country residential park should be; and each expressed his right out in meeting!

And so the summer of the next year found the two seekers still in the city apartment, their task just as difficult, just as impossible as it had been two years before. Nothing but disappointment after disappointment had resulted from their efforts, unless we consider that, partly through those efforts, the price of land at Pebble Point had materially advanced.

"We don't seem to get anywhere, Gray Eyes," wearily said the Engineer. "We must do something that will really count."

"Why not rent a cottage in the village for a year?" mused patient Gray Eyes.

April 21 will be the last day for registering orders at advance-of-publication prices (a saving of 50 cents on each binding) for the



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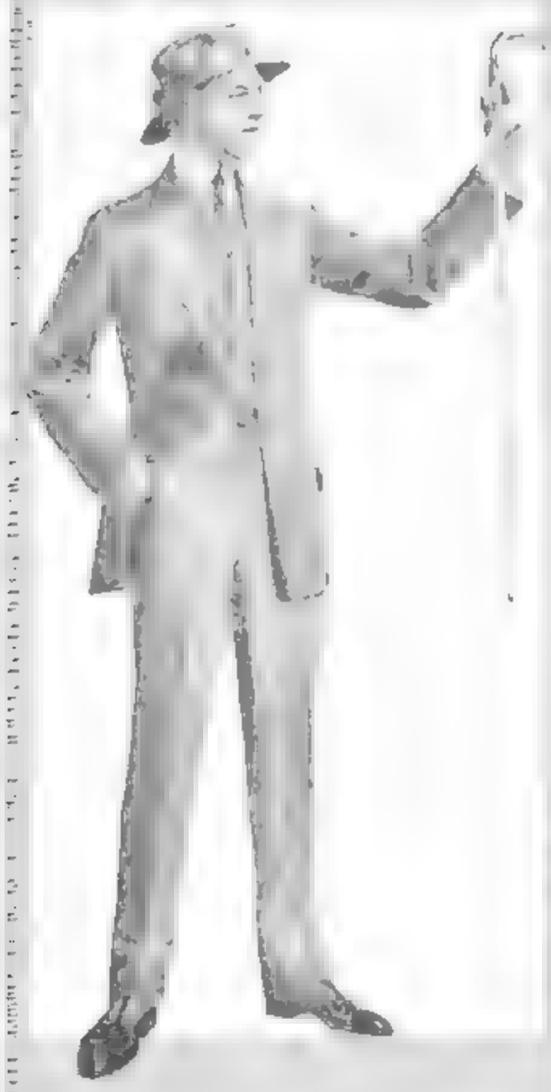

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Send for our Book of Styles. It is a handy handbook on dress-good taste. Free on request.

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"That will at least put us in a position to seize any chance that might offer, and would cut down the expense of taking all those prospective buyers down to the point."

"You're on—it's the country for us next winter."

And that's how it happened that, when the manager of the apartment came to say that the rent for the next year would be sixty dollars a month, Gray Eyes answered, with her quiet smile:

"We shan't want to renew our lease."

"Gray Eyes, if we ever get that home of ours it will be because you advised renting this place for the winter!"

He was looking comfortably about at their familiar household gods, installed in the new cottage, and waving aloft an engraved invitation to the Pebble Point Golf Club.

"Jack Goodheart told me last Saturday that this Election Day lunch was quite a feature—that the club invited all the gentry of the neighborhood for miles round. When I asked him if he thought it possible that Mrs. Pebbleworth would be there, he gave out the gladsome news that she not only attended the previous year but played a set of tennis. If we weren't living in this cottage there would be no golf club tea-fight for us."

"Well, I hope she will be there on Tuesday," said Gray Eyes. "If she is we shall surely meet her, for the Goodhearts know her well."

She owned, and until very recently had lived in, a quaint old red Dutch farmhouse whose rooftree had been raised in 1667. This house stands near the shore on the edge of a two-hundred-acre farm, all of which belongs to Mrs. Pebbleworth. It was reported that this farm land was for sale—the title was known to have come with a hop and jump, minus the skip, straight from the Georges.

The Only Pebble on the Point

The home-seekers had often cast longing eyes on one acre of her broad two hundred. In truth this acre was the one spot of all others on the point that they wanted. From tidewater it rose gently to an elevation of about forty feet; and upon the land grew six splendid hickory trees, some seven or eight fair-sized birches, and an army of second-growth locusts, beneath which was an almost impenetrable jungle of catbrier and blackberry bushes.

Above all else, a splendid view of the Sound could be had from any part of the acre, the briers once cut away.

It did seem to Mr. and Mrs. Engineer as if it would be the easiest thing possible for Mrs. Pebbleworth to sell them that one acre—she had so many that she could part with this one without the slightest wrench, and as it lay at the extreme northwest corner of the entire farm no harm would be done to the remaining land.

So, with great expectations was the Golf Club luncheon awaited. Never was there a more lovely fall day; never had people seemed so kind. Everybody met everybody else—drank gallons of tea, consumed wonderful little cakes, and played no golf at all.

After the older ladies had comfortably settled themselves in the rocking-chairs, and were charitably discussing the good points of their neighbors over their knitting, all seemed ready to the Engineer for their great undertaking. Mrs. Goodheart graciously guided them to where Mrs. Pebbleworth, seated upon the porch, appeared to look at the world through only the kindliest of eyes.

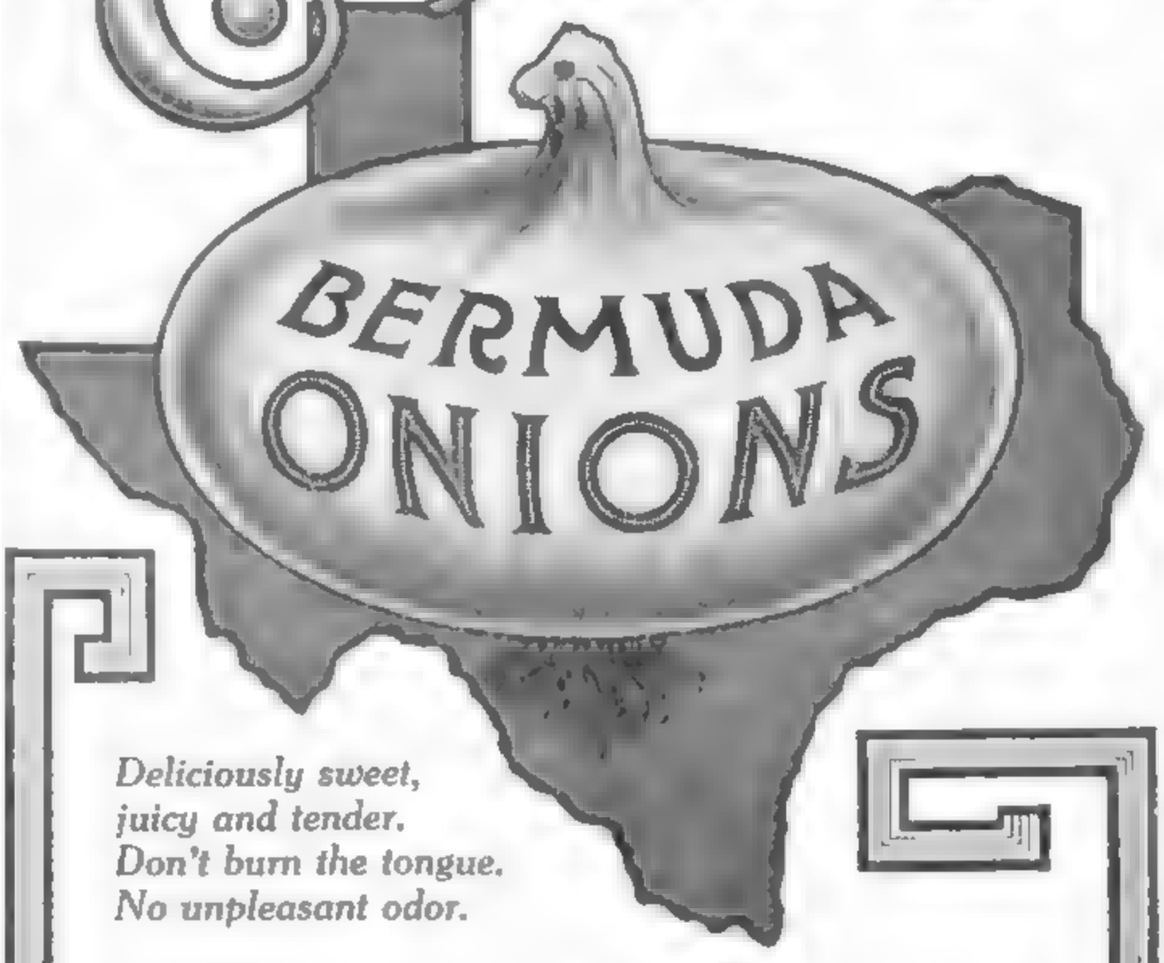
The Engineer gained assurance with every stride. "I have been anxious to meet you, in hopes that you would grant us the privilege of looking over your house, of which we have heard so much. We are told that there is wonderful wood paneling round all the fireplaces, and know from the outside with its finely proportioned lines that the inside will prove even more delightful."

"Young man," said Mrs. Pebbleworth, a keen look coming into those usually kindly eyes, "when I find a man of your years taking the trouble to say nice things to an old woman about her older tumbledown farmhouse, I know there's something back of it. Now what do you want?"

This was not in the least according to rehearsals; but it was now take the ditch at one leap or flounder into it!

"There are three things we admire, Mrs. Pebbleworth—yourself, your charming old house, and the one small northwest acre of your great big farm; and we do so want you to be good enough to let us buy it."

Texas



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Don't burn the tongue.
No unpleasant odor.

HAVE you ever tasted a REAL Texas Onion? If you haven't there's a treat in store for you. These Texas Onions are totally different from other onions. They are mild and sweet and don't bite the tongue—they are crisp and fresh and do not leave the "oniony" odor on the breath.

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The onion is an ideal food. Onions quiet the nerves and produce restful slumber. Their action upon the entire digestive tract is highly beneficial. Hetty Green recently stated that she owes her rugged health to the fact that she has for many years eaten at least one onion, cooked or raw, every day.

Recipe for Buttered Onions

Peel and slice Texas Bermuda Onions. Place in saucepan and cover with water. When tender, add salt, pepper and butter. Cook until water is gone and onions are slightly browned. Serve on slices of toast.

The above recipe is but one of a great many contained in our valuable *Texas Bermuda Onion Cook Book*, which will be sent postpaid anywhere upon request

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Uncle Sam has made it possible for you to obtain a trial pound box of these famous onions, direct from the growers, at a trifling cost. Simply clip the coupon, fill in your name and address, and mail it with 10c in coin or stamps.

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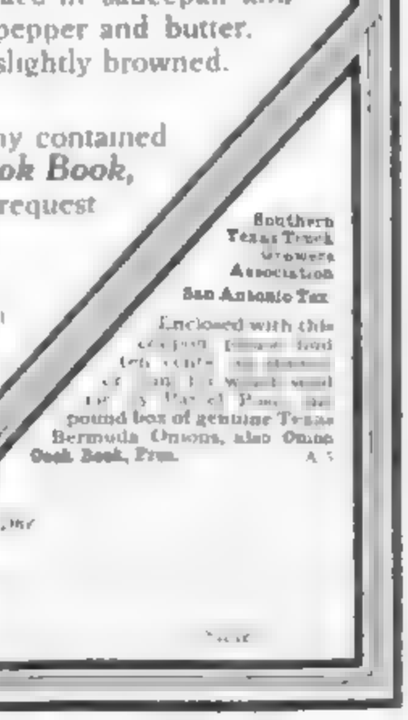
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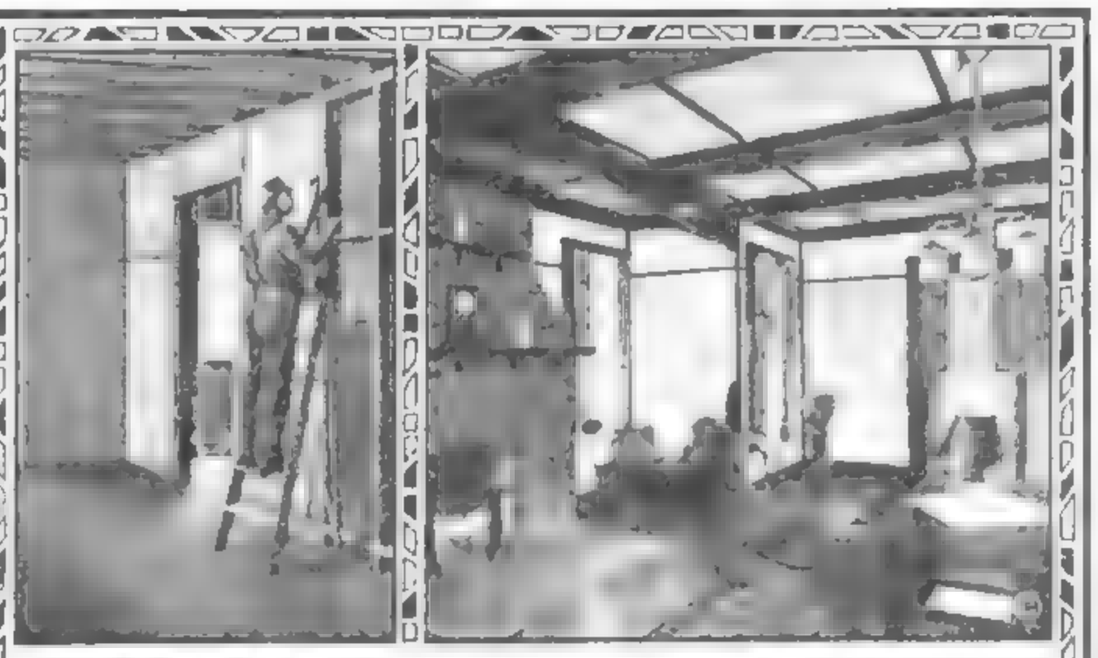

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This was said with some outward show of spirit, but with sinking heart, by the Engineer; as for Gray Eyes, as she put it herself, she was squelched at the beginning of the interview and had never again rallied.

"So that is what you want? Well, there is not one acre nor one foot of my farm for sale, young man, at any price. Is that my old friend, Mrs. Albertson, coming this way? How do you do, Lucretia, my dear?"

Cheek, crushed to earth, will rise again. That may account for the hardihood that inspired the Engineer, but two days after the dreadful interview with Mrs. Pebbleworth, to write her a most courteous note, asking if she would not reconsider the matter and craving permission to call at her New York house to talk it over.

By return mail came this note:

"*Dear Sir*—You would only waste your time and mine by calling. I might consider selling twenty acres of my land, but under no circumstances any less.

"Very truly yours,
"MARY PEBBLEWORTH."

During this long quest for a home—and so fast does time fly that it is now well in its third year—whenever the faint light of hope seemed on the point of departing utterly, some interest always arose to stave off the apparently inevitable and keep the fire aglow to guide the two seekers.

The Paper House

Winter had set in, putting an end to active field operations, and the two persistent lunatics busied themselves with the plans and the model of the house. Had there been even a fighting chance of their acquiring the all-important land, the planning and modeling would have been the sanest part of the quest, for they went about it with reason and logic.

It was early determined that, in a neighborhood of really fine houses, a home such as they could afford must be of the simplest type; and above all else it must be as far from the "Jerry" cottage as ingenuity and careful thought could make it. It must conform to the Dutch Colonial architecture of the few scattered old farmhouses still left in the vicinity.

It is an easy matter, with ten thousand dollars to spend, to design a cottage or even a house in which two people with more or less artistic tastes may live; but when the sum is twenty-five hundred dollars, then the designing of that cottage becomes a fine art.

This winter found the two at work upon their third and what proved, with a few modifications, to be the final plan. The Engineer drew the usual quarter-scale plans and elevations, while Gray Eyes, bringing into action all her marvelous patience, built an exact working model from paper, also to the quarter scale.

The exterior of the famous cottage-to-be was designed and planned in the usual manner, but seldom has the inside of a house been worked out upon similar lines. Their only possessions of worth were portraits and some good pieces of mahogany. Taking these as a motive, the proper placing and sizes of windows and doors were determined. At the start, Gray Eyes made—all to scale, remember—absolute miniatures in paper of that furniture, not even forgetting the keys upon the piano—both black and white. These once made, they were placed within their different rooms, and the openings for doors and windows easily located and cut in the model.

Night by night the little house grew in wonder; not only was it exact to scale, and therefore practical for outside requirements, but the roof was removable, revealing the tiny attic. Then one could lift the second story, exposing the first floor, making the model a real aid, even to the carpenter himself.

Some interior decoration was attempted: bricks round the fireplace were drawn and tinted red; the paneled wainscoting of the dining room was indicated in India ink, as was all the interior trim. A corner cupboard, copied from one in the house of Mrs. Pebbleworth, was duly built in its proper place. The real stairway was to have a small, round mahogany rail with spindling banisters; and this, after hours of patient and delicate labor, was faithfully reproduced. Nor was the kitchen slighted; and when finished it was quite complete, with blackened range, stationary washtubs, china closet and all.

So famous had the little house become that neighbors would call for the express purpose of seeing how its building progressed; and Gray Eyes was introduced by an interested friend as, "This is Mrs. Engineer; 'By her house ye shall know her.'"

Spring again and April—the fourth since the beginning of this quest for a home. And, with one exception, circumstances seemed as much against the seekers as ever before. But that one exception was really a great, great thing; for the stock market had ceased some time ago its sickening descent, had passed through that stagnant period when prices stayed so long among the dregs, and was now on the rise. A great load had been taken from the soul of the Engineer, for at present prices he was just a little out of debt to his friend, though still some nine hundred dollars behind the longed-for thousand-dollar mark.

As Little Steel rose from 10 to 20, good friends, wise in the market's ways, came to the Engineer and pleaded with him to sell and take the loss, picturing the present rise as temporary, with no real value to the stock, even at the low-water price. "It's a thousand and a home, or bust!" was the unwavering reply.

The price climbed to 25; then in one day to 27—again came good friends, with tears in their eyes, imploring the Engineer to sell. "It's a thousand and a home, or bust!" they were told.

April 10. The Engineer found his wife awaiting him at the station, with the faintest of faint traces of excitement in those calm eyes.

"Come home quickly, dear, and shave, your dinner clothes are all ready—we are going out to dine, and Mrs. Pebbleworth's favorite daughter is to be at this dinner," said Gray Eyes.

"Oho!" exclaimed the Engineer, and they went together over the fields with long strides.

Mrs. Pebbleworth's daughter was a delight, and she took quite an interest in the two seekers, considering she must have heard of that dreadful interview with her mother. Of course the famous model was talked of; and the hostess, who entirely sympathized with Mr. and Mrs. Engineer, said so many very nice things of it that Gray Eyes became quite confused and the Engineer feared the lady would overbill the production.

Yes; Gray Eyes would be more than glad to show Mrs. Pebbleworth's daughter the model tomorrow—and so "Good night!" and "We've had a delightful time!"

A Feast of Reason

April 11. Little Steel was marked on the boards in brokers' offices at 35. On the afternoon of that day Mrs. Pebbleworth's daughter came; she saw—and the model conquered. She had had a most interesting visit; her mother would be in the village the next day—couldn't she come, too, and see the marvelous model?

Indeed, Mrs. Engineer would be delighted. Wouldn't Mrs. Pebbleworth and her daughter waive formalities and dine with them?

Mrs. Pebbleworth's daughter would be glad to accept, but she had doubts about mother. She herself had had such a pleasant visit that she would see if mother could be tempted.

April 12. As the Engineer started for the station, said Gray Eyes very quietly: "Come home on the early train, dear; tonight we win!"

On his return the Wall Street edition of the evening paper quoted Little Steel at 36¼. Two hours later a party of four sat down to one of those delightfully intimate little dinners—one with just enough formality—the lord and master carving the roast at the board.

In the soft candlelight Gray Eyes presided with quiet dignity; and one must have known her very well indeed to have discerned the slightest spark of excitement in those calm, level eyes.

After dinner the model is inspected and all its miniature wonders admired, but never, once, a single word about the purchase of land.

What is so rare as a day in June?

Answer: One particular fourteenth day in April—the Engineer's birthday—had any day that June ever saw beaten by lengths, and in a common canter at that. Through the sparkling morning the two homeseekers, now for the hundredth time, walked those familiar miles to the point. Today they go by the Old Lighthouse Road, which

(Continued on Page 65

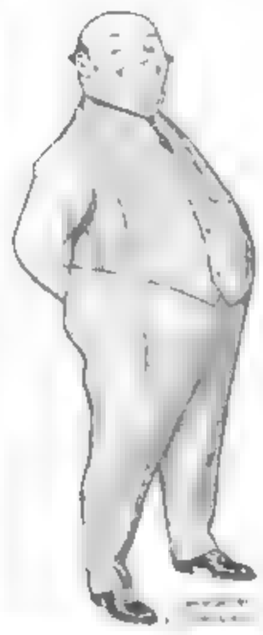
Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED BY F. W. PRICE & CO.

Spring and Summer Sack Suit Fashions 1913

To feel comfortable in body and easy in mind, your shape, your individuality and your taste should be embodied in the clothes you wear. In short, they should be cut and draped

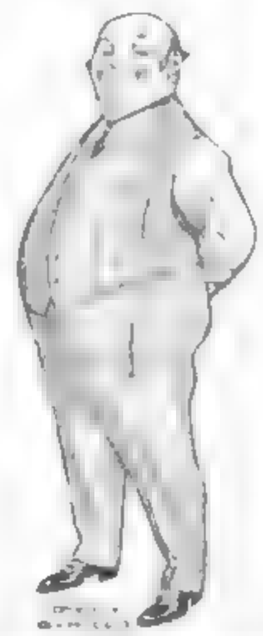
To Your Own Measure



If we are your tailors, you will receive the most satisfactory style and fit, as well as the largest value that can possibly be obtained, for

$25 to $50

Our dealer in your city will show you our handsome Spring woolens and take your measure.



F. W. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building. Chicago, U.S.A.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Putting Young Men on Their Mettle

Here is one reason for the greatest success ever made in Tiredom.

We assumed that existing types were wrong, when 23 per cent became rim-cut.

We found that tires just rated size were over-loaded, fully nine times in ten.

And cost of replacement, under standard warrant, a few years ago ran up to 18 per cent. We knew that cost was wrong.

We knew that ancient methods had to be improved. And we felt that young men, with the proper foundation, were the men to do it.

So we went to the greatest of technical schools. Year after year we picked the best of their graduates. And we set those men—scores of them—at research and experiment.

The tires which now rule Tiredom, after 14 years, are those young men's creation.

What They Did

First they built in our factory a tire testing machine. Hundreds of tires were there worn out under actual road conditions.

They tested 40 formulas for treads—200 separate fabrics. They compared scores of new methods with old ones—all by actual mileage test.

They learned what rubber [illegible]—the costliest Up-River Para. [illegible] brought out our "rivet fabric" which forms our breaker strip.

A machine was devised now controlled by our patents—which gives every inch of the layer exactly equal tension.

In the course of years they brought our cost of replacement down to eight-tenths of one per cent.

Cost Per Mile

These men stood, during trying days, for the lowest cost per mile.

Others undersold us. Tires were sold at half our prices, which cost less than half to make.

But all felt that some day men would measure cost per mile. And we built [illegible] which men would come to then.

Two Innovations

Then came the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires, which we still control.

That, at one sweep, did away with a trouble which wrecked 23 per cent of the old-type tires.

From that day to this, a No-Rim-Cut tire has never been known to rim-cut.

At the same time came our 10 per cent oversize, which added 25 per cent to average tire mileage.

These two innovations gave overwhelming advantage to the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Then Came Success

Then came the vogue of odometers. Men began to see, by mileage figures, what these tires were saving.

[illegible] since the demand for [illegible] doubled at the least. It [illegible] and grown until last year's [illegible] our previous 12 [illegible] together.

And now, after two million Goodyears have been sold, these tires command, by long odds, the largest sale in the world.

These Young Men Succeeded Too

Now comes the best part of our story.

One of these young men became superintendent. At 36, he is now in charge of 7,000 Goodyear men.

Others came to share in our profits. There are in our factory 46 men who are stockholders in our concern. There are 33 more in our offices, whom we helped acquire their stock. There are 50 in charge of our branches.

And still the improvement goes on. Half a hundred men—mostly technical graduates—still devote their whole time to research and experiment.

This department still costs us—despite all our perfections—$100,000 per year.

This is all done to better the best tires men have yet created. To reduce still further the cost per mile, which we have cut so low. And to hold forever the top place in Tiredom.

This season we ask you to prove these tires out, as hundreds of thousands have done. After all our records, the demand from users is now twice as large as last year. It is time for you, if you pay tire bills, to find out why this is.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(1054)

Suppose You Had a Foreign Chef

A chef, for instance, like one of ours—from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

You could not then serve home-baked beans anywhere near like Van Camp's.

The reason is this:

Such beans must be baked in steam-heated ovens, without the steam touching the beans.

Otherwise the heat would crisp them. Or the steam-soaked beans would become mushy and broken.

Van Camp's beans reach you nut-like, mealy and whole. None crisped, none broken.

Yet they are made digestible by baking for hours at 245 degrees.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Nor could you get such beans as ours, for we buy the choicest crops.

And we pick out by hand just the whitest and plumpest—beans of equal size.

Nor could you get a tomato sauce such as we bake with Van Camp's.

Such sauce must be made from whole, ripe tomatoes, grown from special seed, picked just at the proper time.

Let Us Bake Them

So it's wise, Mrs. Housewife, to let us do the baking

We bring the beans to you ready to serve, with all the fresh oven flavor.

If you see that your grocer gives you Van Camp's, you will always serve the finest beans in the world.

You will have a dish, at little cost, which we spent 51 years in creating.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Indiana

212

(Continued from Page 62)

leads straight through the center of the two hundred acres owned by Mrs. Pebbleworth and passes within a stone's throw of the old red house.

As they reach the gate of that dear old picture place Gray Eyes turns in without even a moment's hesitation. The Engineer follows, with misgivings. After the usual howdy-dos have been safely tucked away there is a moment's expectant pause; then with her calm voice showing but the trace of a tremble, with level gray eyes, steady and true, gazing wistfully into the face of Mrs. Pebbleworth, a brave soldier goes into action

"This is my husband's birthday, Mrs. Pebbleworth, and I want to give him a present—the one present he longs for above all else. To gain this has been the chief thought of his life, of our lives, for a long four years. But I can't give him this great gift unless you will help me. I want so much that one acre of land in the northwest corner of your two-hundred-acre farm. Can you bring yourself to part with it?"

There is a long pause during which Mrs. Pebbleworth's daughter draws her chair a little closer toward her mother with an eager smile on her face. The Engineer holds his breath, vaguely wondering how long a man's heart can stand still and the man yet live.

"Well," finally answers Mrs. Pebbleworth, "I know I am doing a foolish thing—and I don't say yet that I am going to do it; but let us look the land over."

A sigh of intense relief comes from the twoseekers. Mrs. Pebbleworth's daughter's smile has become a perfect beam of approval. They all tramp out and try, as best they may, to see what the acre looks like beneath its blanket of briers.

After they have regained the road and are standing under an old willow tree, whose drooping branches trail in the water at each high tide, Mrs. Pebbleworth's kindly face lights up as if a great load has been lifted from her shoulders:

"I know I am a foolish old woman; but I can't resist you two young people and your plagued old paper house! You may have the acre for my price, which is one thousand dollars."

Gray Eyes' Last Card

After the explosion of thanks from the Engineer has partly subsided Gray Eyes is heard quietly saying:

"Let's return to the house and bind the bargain."

In the house she hands to Mrs. Pebbleworth a check already drawn to her order; and written in the blank space is the firm, round $50.

With a feeling of unsteadiness the Engineer, after final thanks, asks to be excused—he must phone to New York. Once out of the house, with flying feet he eats up the distance between the old red farmhouse and the Goodhearts' place up on the hill. As he rushes through their open door he yells with delight:

"We have got our acre! Where the devil is your phone?"

"Good Lord, man, I thought the Battle of Bull Run was happening all over again from that rebel yell of yours! The phone is in the billiard room," says Jack Goodheart from the doorway; and Mrs. Jack, looking over his shoulder, just catches sight of the Engineer's coattails as he flies through the door.

For a wonder, he gets into quick connection with his broker's office.

"What's Little Steel today?—What's that you say?—Thirty-seven and a half?—Well, sell that hundred shares of mine!—Yes, at the market—Don't hold them three minutes longer!—And, say! Hello! Call me up at 124 Pebble Point and let me know just what's coming to me."

Minutes of tense waiting follow; then the phone's bell. It is his broker, saying that the stock was sold at 37⅜, and that, commission and all charges out, there is just $1007.50 to his credit.

"Humph!" said the Engineer to himself—"that extra seven-fifty will just about square that overdraw the little girl made on the local bank."

At last the strain was over—the land was bought—he had the money to pay for it and owed no man a penny!

There was action and plenty of it every day now. The formal contract to purchase was signed. Then, as the title was known to be as clear as a brook, the Engineer went about securing a contract for the actual

Why Grinders are Better than Grindstones

—because they save time. A Pike Grinder does in a minute what it hustles a grindstone to do in a half hour—and does it ***better,*** too. These grinders are selling by thousands.

In the up-to-date home and shop, on the farm, everywhere, there is an increasing demand for the quicker, easier, more accurate sharpening afforded by a

PIKE PEERLESS TOOL GRINDER

A device of ***great power*** and ***high speed***—a rare combination in grinders. Fitted with the famous PIKE BEVEL GUIDE which enables even the amateur to grind chisels, plane-irons, drills, scissors and all ordinary tools to an edge as true as an expert's.

The Pike Peerless Grinder is equipped with a Crystolon wheel. Crystolon is an electric furnace product with crystals as hard and sharp as diamond points. No other substance—natural or artificial—that cuts steel so ***fast,*** cuts it so ***cool.*** Cool cutting is all essential because it is this that avoids burning the tool or drawing its temper. These sharp-pointed crystals are like so many thousands of sharp, tiny teeth that break off as soon as dull—yet they are so many that a Crystolon wheel lasts almost indefinitely.

Every part of a Pike Peerless Grinder is positively proof against breakage. The casings are malleable iron and from the pressed steel, machine-cut spur gears to the case-hardened pinions, these grinders are built so honestly and so well that they are

GUARANTEED FOREVER

against all mechanical defects. There are two sizes the Pike Peerless Junior (5 in. wheel) $5.00, the Pike Peerless Senior (6 in. wheel) $7.00. Foot Power attachment, $1.50 extra. Other Pike grinders from $3.00 up. On sale at hardware and tool stores. Look for the Pike name, cast on the casing. If not sold in your town, write us for illustrated booklet showing the complete line.

A Pike Stone GIVEN AWAY

In writing for the Grinder booklet send us your dealer's name and 4 cents for packing and mailing and we'll include a Pike India Vest Pocket Stone for pocket knives, office use, etc., also our famous book "HOW TO SHARPEN." You'll be pleased. Write today.

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO.
103 Main Street Pike, N. H.

Two other famous Pike Helps

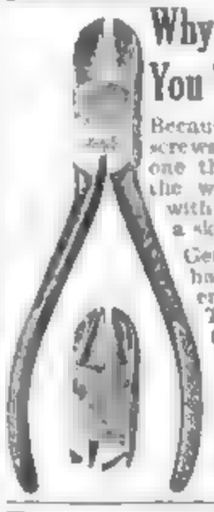
HERE is something indispensable to the man who carves and to the woman who wants a keen edge on her kitchen knives. This PIKE INDIA KANT-BREAK KNIFE SHARPENER gives the sharpest edge in the quickest time.

It is rubber mounted and reinforced by a steel rod running throughout its entire length so as to be practically indestructible. Price 35c at your hardware or tool dealer's the same if sent direct prepaid by us.

EVERY day the barber hones his razors. Two or three strokes on a good hone *each time* you shave will make your razor behave. This PIKE STROP-HONE makes honing so easy every man can get a keen edge

To strop reverse to the strop side. Two razor needs in one, for $1.00. At your dealer's or sent direct, prepaid.

Why a Utica Plier Will Save You Time, Money and Worry



Because there are faucets that leak, screws that loosen and a thousand and one things that come up every day in the week, that you could readily fix with a Utica Plier without the aid of a skilled mechanic.

Get a Utica Plier to-day at your hardware or electrical supply dealer's. Don't accept a substitute. There are no just as good. Write for Plier Palmistry. It's free.

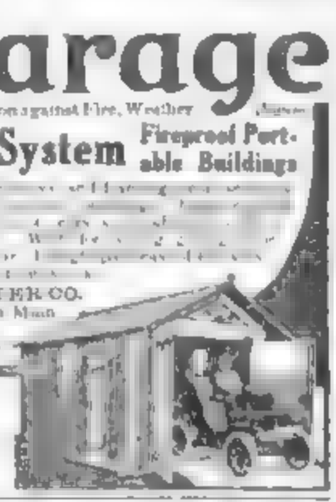
TRADE MARK U TI CA ACCUS ARTIC

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co.
Utica, N. Y.

Fire Proof Garage

Absolute protection against Fire, Weather

Pruden System Fireproof Portable Buildings



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Without an equal for Summer Cottages, Boat Houses, Picture Shows, Warehouses, Stores, Camps, Etc.

Learn Trapshooting

THE SPORT ALLURING

The Most Fascinating Outdoor Recreation Quickly Develops Amateurs into Experts

TRAPSHOOTING supplies the coveted chance to learn to shoot safely and satisfactorily. It regards no [illegible] laws, "closed" seasons nor game [illegible] at the traps and later, in marsh or field

SEND FREE BOOKLET

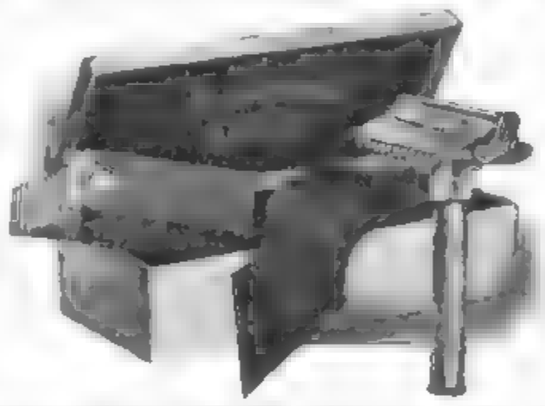
DU PONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del. PIONEER POWDER MAKERS OF AMERICA

500 Shaves Guaranteed
From 12 Blades

THIS razor is easily guaranteed, because the self-contained automatic stropping feature makes the stropping so simple, handy and efficient that you just naturally cannot resist the temptation to use it. That's the story of the Guarantee in a nutshell. The AutoStrop Safety Razor is the only safety razor which enables you to *strop* the blade automatically, *shave*, and then *clean* the razor without removing the blade from the holder.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

Strops, Shaves, Cleans, Without Removing Blade



For sale by good dealers throughout the world on thirty days' free trial. Price $5.00. Fancy traveling sets $6.50 up. Send for catalog.

READ THIS.
Should you not get at least 500 Head Barber shaves from each 12 AutoStrop blades, return blades to us. We will send new blades to cover the shortage.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 327 Fifth Avenue, New York Toronto London

The Bookkeeping Machine

Will do your bookkeeping.

Will give you the results you want.

Makes all entries in plain machine type.

Does all the adding and subtracting as it goes along.

Checks the work of the human element and proves the accuracy of every entry.

Posts the standard loose leaf ledger without removing the pages from the binder, or makes entries on card records with equal facility.

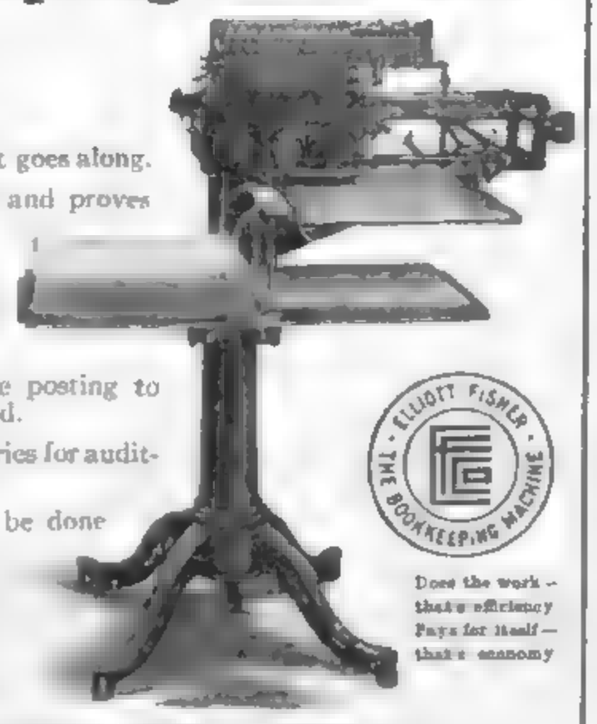
Makes monthly statement or bill while posting to either loose leaf or card ledger, if desired.

Provides a separate proof sheet of all entries for auditing or other purposes, if wanted.

Does the work twice as fast as it can be done the old-fashioned way—by hand.

Eliminates all the worry and bother

No hunting for mistakes at the end of the month. Proven (trial) balance always waiting to be taken off whenever wanted.



Does the work—that's efficiency
Pays for itself—that's economy

Send your name and address for full particulars of Bookkeeping by Machinery and copy of that new and interesting illustrated magazine, "Bookkeeping To-day."

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY, 41 Cedar St., Harrisburg, Pa.

construction. Two men were started with scythe and mattock upon the underbrush, and before the deed was passed granting the land to the new owners excavation for the cellar of the wonder cottage was under way.

Fortunately in that year there was very little country building under way—both labor and material were at low-water mark; and the men put in an honest nine-hour day, and each man did as much as his disposition and ability called for. Even taking all this into consideration, and remembering that the Engineer was a practical man who knew how to cut off useless expense here and to add needed stability there, still it is remarkable that he obtained a contract for the erection and completion of a cottage of six rooms and a bathroom, with cellar, heating system, porcelain plumbing, two brick chimneys, an absurd little barn, twelve feet by eighteen feet, thrown in—all for the sum of twenty-six hundred dollars!

This price was not altogether due to painstaking pruning of structural luxuries by the Engineer, the long time limit for building being a prime factor. The cottage was the smallest of small dovecotes and could have been put up in three months; but the contractor's price depended upon his having one year's time, so that he, his son and his brothers might work upon it, Sundays and holidays included, reserving the right to knock off when something more pressing claimed their expert services. This meant that whenever the tide was unusually low there was an exodus from the house of expert carpenters who in a few minutes assumed the rôle, with ease and grace, of expert clamdiggers. The painters, however, would decamp only at floodtide, this being the necessary stage setting for their higher art; and no more accomplished eel-spearers could be found from Gravesend Bay to Montauk Point.

The carpenter work was to be a family affair, but it turned out a two-family one; for many happy Sundays and holidays did Gray Eyes and the Engineer spend at the house, working away like beavers at this or that odd job within their ken.

The Transportation Problem

One more problem remained to be solved—transportation; and that was a puzzler. Motor cars, on account of price, were out of the calculation. Inquiry as to the cost of horse, harness and cart was most depressing. No animal that could put one foot before another could be had for less than a hundred and fifty dollars. With harness and cart the entire transportation outlay would come to at least four hundred dollars—and there was no such sum in the treasury; in fact, as but twenty-four hundred dollars had been borrowed from the Building and Loan Association, there was a deficit of two hundred dollars to be made up from some source.

But this was the time when, as the Engineer put it, they couldn't keep luck away with a shovel. The very next Sunday, as they trudged toward their growing house, they were passed by a veiled lady driving the smartest of traps, behind a dark chestnut cob of splendid action.

The Engineer had noticed the animal before, and wondered to whom it belonged. After the trap had passed, its driver pulled up, calling back:

"Isn't this Mr. Engineer?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well," said the lady, lifting her veil, "we are old friends; I am Mrs. Andrew, you know, from Richmond."

"Oh, yes indeed! So glad to see you again—this is Mrs. Engineer. Yes—quite an old story; been married for five years. No—no children."

"I wonder if you can't help me, Mr. Engineer," said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Andrew, "about this horse of mine?"

"I have long admired him, Mrs. Andrew."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Do you live here all winter or do you go up to town?"

"We expect to live here three hundred and sixty-five days each year, except the fourth, when we shall make it three hundred and sixty-six. We are building the little cottage—you may have noticed—back in the trees above this road."

"That's splendid!" said Mrs. Andrew; and then, without one word of warning: "Would you accept this horse from me as a gift?"

Some learned "vet" had told her the horse was spavined and could not stand

(Concluded on Page 69)

Kenyon Weatherproofs

Slip-on Raincoats

For Men and Women

For that comfortable satisfactory feeling of complete protection on a stormy day wear a Kenreign Slip-on.

Consideration for your health; care for your clothing; personal comfort and correct appearance; all demand a garment of absolute reliability.

Slip-ons are made of rubberized cloth. The permanent wearing quality of this material depends entirely on the grade of rubber used and the process of vulcanizing. No other cloth is so susceptible to unskilled or deceptive manufacture.

You should look for

The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in Kenreign Coats is carefully tested. Pure Para Rubber is added, properly compounded, and applied to the cloth. It is then correctly vulcanized and subjected to severe tests for permanent waterproof qualities.

A Kenreign Weatherproof will not fall apart, the rubber will not soften nor will it grow hard and stiff, making the garment useless. You are protected from these defects by the Kenreign label.

Kenreign Slip-on Coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $5.00 to $45.00.

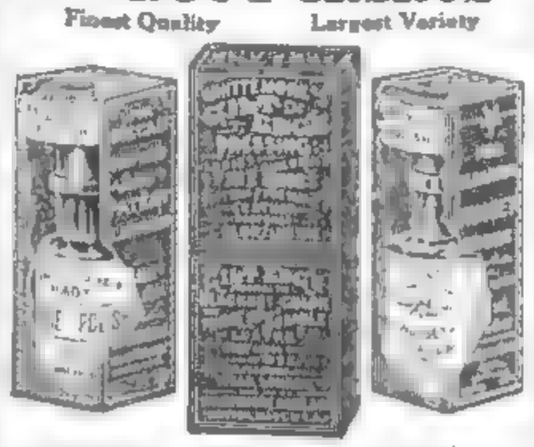
Sold by reliable dealers everywhere

C. Kenyon Company

New York Fifth Ave. Bldg. At B'way & 23d St. — Wholesale Salesrooms — Chicago, Northwest Corner Franklyn & Congress Sts.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality **Largest Variety**



GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," 10c.

STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size 25c.

"QUICKWHITE" (a liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c and 25c.

BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10c. "Elite" size 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

The Spring Suit That Will Make Your $15 Go Farthest

Now Ready at Clothcraft Stores

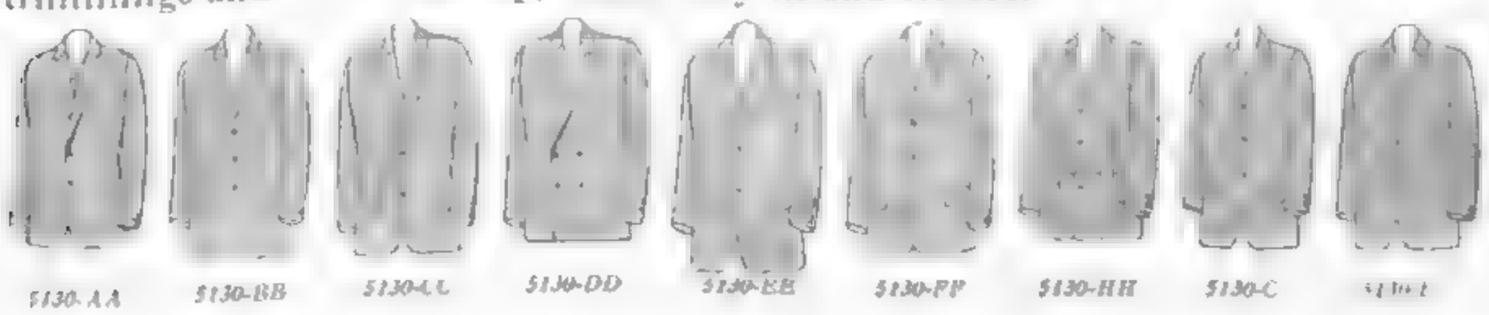
YOU have a right to expect a lot from a $15 suit. Beyond a perfect fit, you should have the inner qualities that count for durability and permanent shape—good cloth and scientific tailoring.

Clothcraft Blue Serge Special No. 5130 at $15.00 is made for men of taste who can't be comfortable in a suit that isn't just right in fit, style and quality.

We have had your measure since 1846. Clothcraft is the product of our 67 years' experience. The Clothcraft Dealer knows how to fit you, and will give you a coat, a vest and a pair of trousers made exactly for a man of your size and build. Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring takes the risk out of clothes buying, and gives you a suit that you can prove when you put it on—prove for fit with your own eyes, and for quality by the guarantee in the inside coat pocket.

In addition to Blue Serge Special No. 5130, Clothcraft is made in many other fabrics and colors, in all sizes and many styles at $10 to $25.

Every Clothcraft suit is guaranteed by both maker and dealer to be absolutely all-wool, and thoroughly shrunk. This guarantee further assures you first class trimmings and workmanship, satisfactory fit and service.



5130-AA 5130-BB 5130-CC 5130-DD 5130-EE 5130-FF 5130-HH 5130-C 5130-I

CLOTHCRAFT

REG U.S. PAT OFF

CLOTHCRAFT Blue Serge Special

No. 5130 GUARANTEED ALL-WOOL AND FAST COLOR $15

Made in nine styles as illustrated below

A SUIT for particular men, for thrifty men and young men. Beautiful in fabric, fast in color, accurate in fit and dependable at every point.

Go to the nearest Clothcraft Store and ask for the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special by number—5130. Look for the Clothcraft Label on the neck of the coat, and the guarantee in the inside pocket. This guarantee establishes the vital points of your suit—the very things you ought to be sure of first—the things on which long wear and fine fit depend in any suit at any price.

If you can't locate The Clothcraft Store, write us direct and we'll send you a card of introduction to the nearest dealer, together with the Clothcraft Style Book for spring, and a sample of 5130 serge.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY

Founded 1846—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes

620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W.

Cleveland

What Mr. Olds Won't Tell

Here, as we see it, lies the secret of Mr. Olds' success.

Here are facts which Mr. Olds don't tell, and which we think that men should know.

Mr. R. E. Olds by birth and training, is a typical engineer

His father was a builder of engines And the son's first success came in building gas engines

Olds gasoline engines were famous half the world over, long before men thought of automobiles

Not a Salesman

Mr. Olds takes no part in selling Reo the Fifth. Nor does Mr. Olds' concern

The whole factory organization devotes itself to building cars men should buy

No matter how urgent the demand. No matter the time or cost. No Reo the Fifth ever goes from the factory until every inspector has passed it.

As a result, the limit is 50 cars a day. Last year's demand called for twice the production. This year's output is oversold to dealers by some 5,000 cars.

Cautious—Extreme

Mr. Olds insists on utter perfection, on exactness, on super-strength.

If the best thing costs five times as much as the next best, he always insists on the best.

And all driving parts in this 30-horsepower car are built to meet 45-horsepower requirements.

Twenty-six years have taught Mr Olds that lesser cars can't stand the strains imposed by American roads So he builds a car that will

This Takes Courage

He uses, for instance, 15 roller bearings where others are content with ball bearings

He uses 190 drop forgings, because steel castings often have flaws.

He has steel made to formula and, to know it is right, he analyzes each lot twice

He tests his gears in a 50-ton crushing machine. He tests his

MR. R. E. OLDS, Designer

springs for 100,000 vibrations. He tests every engine for 48 hours, and in five radical ways

Important parts are hand-fitted and ground over and over.

He uses a $75 magneto—

A doubly heated carburetor

Oversize tires—34x4

Thus he is spending $200 per car, above what is necessary, and on parts that men rarely see. It takes courage to do that, in these days, and wait years for results to show.

But Time Has Told

Tens of thousands of users now have learned that Olds-built cars endure. Lesser cars at first seem like them, but the difference shows in time

Mr. Olds' methods have saved millions of dollars in upkeep, repairs and troubles. And time has thus brought to his latest car a demand which he can't supply.

Men are now buying cars for keeps, and they want cars built like this

His Efficiency

The price on Reo the Fifth, despite all these extremes is due to Mr. Olds' efficiency. His is a model factory, splendidly equipped. Every part of the car is built there

Every machine and tool and appliance is adapted to this one model That fact alone saves about 20 per cent, and accounts for the price on this car

The Ideal Control

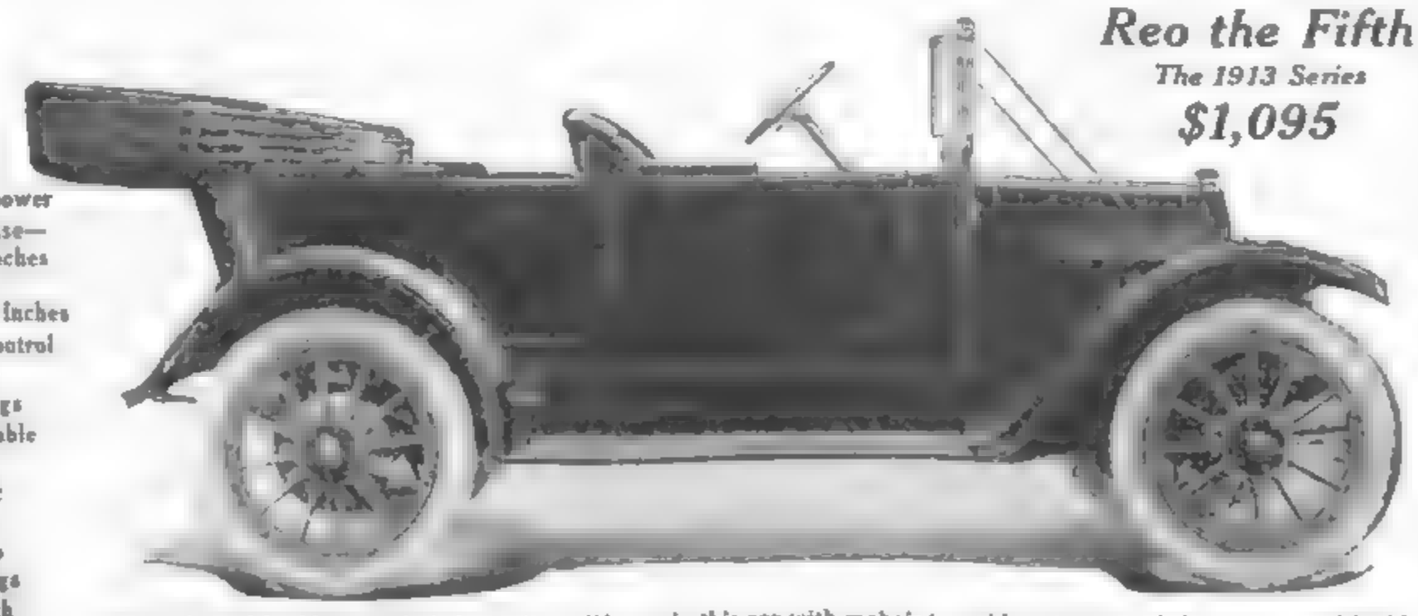
Reo the Fifth is the only car with the ideal center control. All the gear shifting is done with one small rod, entirely out of the way It is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions

There are no side levers, no center levers, to clog the way of the driver Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

And this car, of course, has the left side drive, like all leading cars

In every respect this car marks the limit in luxury, convenience and comfort.

Write for our catalog and we will tell you where to see this car.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

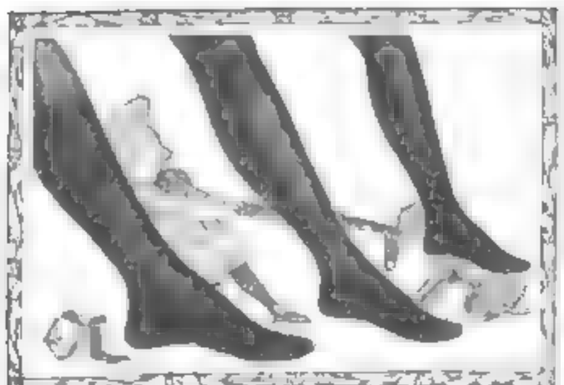
30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(163)



No More Darning For *You*

WHY darn your children's hosiery? Remember the Buster Brown trade mark next time you buy—then if holes appear within four months, you'll receive new hosiery free—quickly *without argument or red tape.*

Buster Brown's
DARNLESS
Guaranteed Hosiery
For Men, Women & Children

25c a pair — 4 pairs guaranteed for four months

is made in smooth and ribbed styles, all weights, silk lisle, lisle and plain finishes. Smooth, soft, delightfully comfortable and shaped to fit the foot and ankle. Body made of most expensive Sea Island cotton yarns. High spliced heel, long extension toe, double sole and French hemstitched garter top are reinforced with 2-, 3- and 4-ply light closely-spun linen thread. Eleven standard colors.

Look Up Your Buster Brown Dealer

Buster Brown's DARNLESS Guaranteed Hosiery is sold by one dealer in nearly every town and thousands of dealers in cities. If you have difficulty in finding it, send $1 with size, style, color, weight and we will mail your hosiery promptly, postpaid, with name of your nearest Buster Brown dealer.

DARNLESS Catalogue Free
Catalogue describing Buster's merchandise and the guarantee with descriptions, sent upon receipt of card and name of your nearest dealer.

BUSTER BROWN'S HOSIERY MILLS
201 Sherman Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dealers: Fine hosiery proposition. Write for it.

Start this season with

United States Tires

They cut down tire bills

Office Seeker's Blue Book

TELLS HOW TO GET OFFICE UNDER PRESIDENT WILSON

Only Book of the Kind Published

Classifies Patronage and all Civil Service positions and enumerates salaries of all Presidential offices.

If dealers haven't got it send ONE DOLLAR for copy by mail.

WILBUR G. MILLER, Agt., Publisher, Perth Amboy, N. J.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c FRAMES 15c
Views 1c Samples and catalog free.
Consolidated Portrait Co. Dept 2356 1027 W Adams St Chicago

(Concluded from Page 66)

city streets; he was a special favorite with Mrs. Andrew, and she would not sell him to a stranger. Indeed, she had intended having him chloroformed; but seeing the Engineer she at once pictured a good home, light work and kind treatment for her pet.

Perhaps that horse could not have stood city life—that was seven years ago and he has never tried; for he has been too busy prancing along country roads and is still going strong.

The last problem solved, they settled down to a steady winter's work upon the house—their greatest happiness to watch it grow as day by day its quaint old-fashioned lines took shape.

The good-luck wave that had caught up the Engineer before the house was started continued during its construction and occurs periodically as each new addition seems necessary.

One evening the Engineer returned from town to tell Gray Eyes he had been offered a new position. It seemed a desperate chance and, with the new house carrying with it new responsibilities, a desperate time to make experiments; but luck was running too strong not to grasp the opportunity. Success meant independence, as the responsible head of a company in which the Engineer would be a stockholder and director. He was approaching that age when he must choose for all time between being bossed and being a boss. Failure meant —— But neither he nor Gray Eyes would think of failure—and the new position was accepted.

Just before the house was completed and the question of raising that last two hundred dollars began to press—for the new business was dragging very slowly then—the unexpected happened. That everlasting piece of land, the one of seventy acres over which the Engineer had worried for three years and tried to sell by every possible persuasion, took the center of the stage again. Presto! In a twinkling he had sold it to a man living—and who had lived all this time—just next door to their house in the village.

The commission from this sale ran into four figures, and not only filled the two-hundred-dollar gap but added to the absurd little barn not yet finished, leaving, besides, enough for a new don't-worry fund.

The Smiles of Fortune

On April 14, 1906, just one year to the day after the great acre had been bought, a proud and happy Engineer and his gray-eyed wife drove down the Old Lighthouse Road behind Victor who, for a gift horse, still curved his crest and lifted his small hoofs in the smartest manner. Behind came two huge farmers' wagons loaded high with their household gods. Up the wooded slope to the cottage the little procession toiled, and soon those loved old things were settled in their places in what was now a real home—one where each timber had been fitted to its neighbor with love and pride; where every separate brick and cornice had a special meaning, a tender memory for its owners.

Hardly a year had passed in their dream cottage when they began planning the addition that would soon be necessary. Here was their good luck again—this time the finest luck of all. They had the necessary funds for the addition in bank, ready to hand; but again in steps the fairy godmother, and the land of Mrs. Pebbleworth, adjoining theirs, that land the dear lady had so feared would be spoiled for want of the one acre she had parted with, was sold by the Engineer. And the addition was completed in ample time for the newcomer, with the don't-worry fund still untouched.

So it has gone from year to year, until now two other additions have been built to the little house. It is really no longer little; and, had not Gray Eyes carefully hidden away that wonderful model, they might forget what the castle once looked like.

"I think, little girl," said the Engineer, sliding from beneath the steering wheel of his motor, "that we shall build that addition planned for the north side."

She is silent as they pass down the gravel walk, each holding a hand of the baby until, when in front of the house, looking across the water now flashing deep gold in the setting sun, she says with quiet voice, her gray eyes all alight with love and happiness:

"Don't you think, dear one, that 'Stuctunt' is already the loveliest home in all the world?"

This Elegant Furniture Free to You in exchange for Hamilton Coupons

25 Coupons sent FREE to start your collection.

These are a few of the choice premiums you can have *free* in exchange for **Hamilton Coupons.** And there are a thousand others—furniture, silverware, chinaware, jewelry, glassware—every thing you want in your home—the same quality as you find at the best stores. The goods in which these coupons are packed are the popular, standard, established brands of grocery products, toilet specialties, etc., such as you are constantly using.

These goods cost no more than goods that do *not* contain **Hamilton Coupons** and yet just by saving the coupons from them you get the elegant premiums, *without a cent of expense.* **Hamilton Coupons** represent a big money-saving discount on your purchases—a discount which the manufacturers give to increase their volume of sales.

Many manufacturers pack these coupons, so you collect them very rapidly and soon begin getting the premiums. It's the quick way to furnish your home.

Partial List of "Hamilton Coupon" Goods

Burnham's Jellycon — Gorton's Cod Fish — Argo Gloss Starch
Runkel's Cocoa — Golden Egg Macaroni — My Wife's Salad Dressing
Swift's Pride Cleanser — Salvation Matches — Electro Silicon
Crown Leader Cut Plug Tobacco — Mapl Corn Flakes

Write today for the 25 FREE Hamilton Coupons

We'll send them by return mail—also our Premium Catalog full list of goods containing **Hamilton Coupons**—and address of Premium Parlor which is most convenient to you.

More than eight million people are already **Hamilton Coupon** collectors and are getting the most out of life and beautifying their homes. You can do the same. Send for the 25 coupons

Address Department 88

The Hamilton Corporation
Guaranteed Resources, $1,000,000
2-6 W. 45th St.
New York City

Whose Birthday comes next?

Is it one of the dear ones at home, or someone in a distant city? Have you planned the gift?

Then sit down before you forget it and write for our new 80-page book of

One Hundred Birthday Gifts

If your gift—no matter how simple or how elaborate—is selected from this Birthday Book it will have a touch of originality which will delight the recipient and reflect your sense of the fitting in gifts. And very probably it will have all the qualities of an article costing much more at any ordinary shop. Gold and silver jewelry, diamonds, dainty articles for women's conveniences, distinctive [illegible] and brass goods—gifts from babyhood to old age—[illegible]

Incidentally, do you have trouble keeping track of the birthdays of your family and friends? The Birthday Book has ruled pages for that. And it tells about birthmonth stones and other things of interest. It is a book you will congratulate yourself upon owning. It is free. Address:

Daniel Low & Co.
Jewelers and Silversmiths
201 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days!

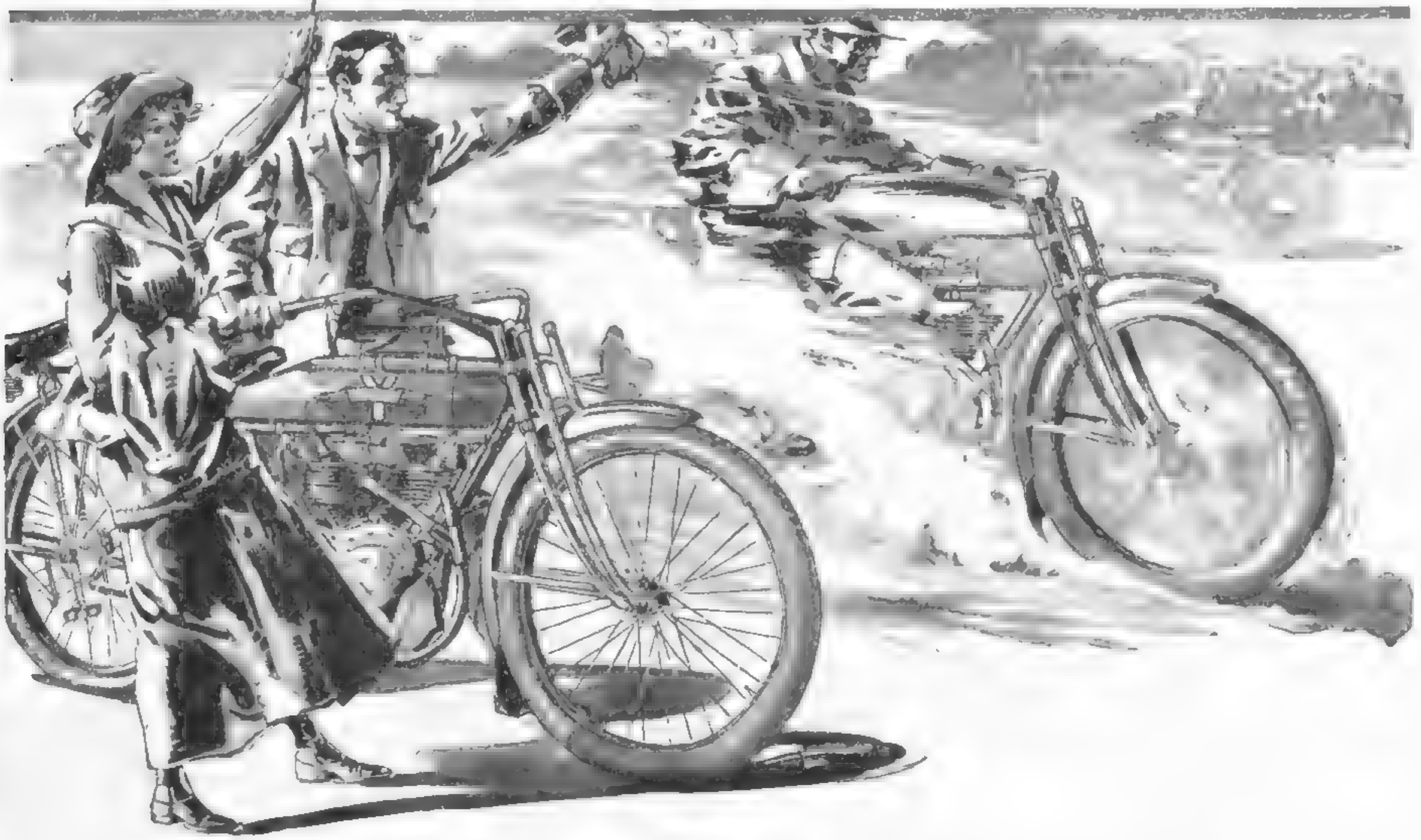
We have [illegible] 30 days only. [illegible]

Edwards Fireproof GARAGE
Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for [illegible] fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. [illegible] $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves time, work, worry and [illegible] Locks securely. [illegible] Made by [illegible]

THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING CO.
641-691 Eastleton Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

YALE WINS



"YALE Wins" "Yale Wins" "Yale Wins"—again and again has that been the cry at the end of some nerve-racking, strength-testing endurance contest, until the Yale to-day is known as the "Road Champion of America." Mere race-track speed has never been a Yale object, but speed combined with strength, stamina, endurance, is built into the Yale in each and every part. You have only to send for the Yale booklet to read the long list of memorable endurance contests won by the Yale—convincing evidence of the wisdom of the Yale policy of construction.

Yale Motorcycles—A New Social and Economic Factor

The Yale twin has turned the eyes of the nation upon the motorcycle.

It does not assume to replace or rival the motor car.

But it concedes nothing in principle or practice to the best motor car built.

And it frankly claims to do—and does—many things the motor car cannot.

Neither the bicycle nor the motor car could hope to come into anything approximating universal use.

The Yale twin, by reason of its proven ease and speed and economy, invites to the road a new army of riders to whom both motor car and bicycle were impossible.

The bicycle was handicapped by lack of long-distance possibilities.

The motor car enjoys one chief distinction—that it carries seven or five; instead of two or one.

The Yale twin supplies the long-distance capabilities of the best of automobiles.

It offsets the extra carrying capacity with a low first cost—and after-cost—that is next door to zero in comparison with the motor car.

The man whose motor car is not an expense is one in ten—or a hundred.

The man who enjoys the exhilaration of the Yale, accomplishes an economy instead of assuming an expense.

It is swift as the swiftest of motor cars should be—sixty to sixty-five miles an hour, if you want to call for that much speed.

And if you care to cover the ground at that tremendous rate—your Yale twin will be consuming gills of gasoline while the motor car is burning up gallons.

Many and many a road will stall the most powerful motor car—if you discover one that will stop a Yale, you have found a freak unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand Yale riders.

The Yale twin develops practically ten horse power, and it weighs about 200 pounds—is it any wonder that the Yale, taking life easy, sprints past the average motor car going on high?

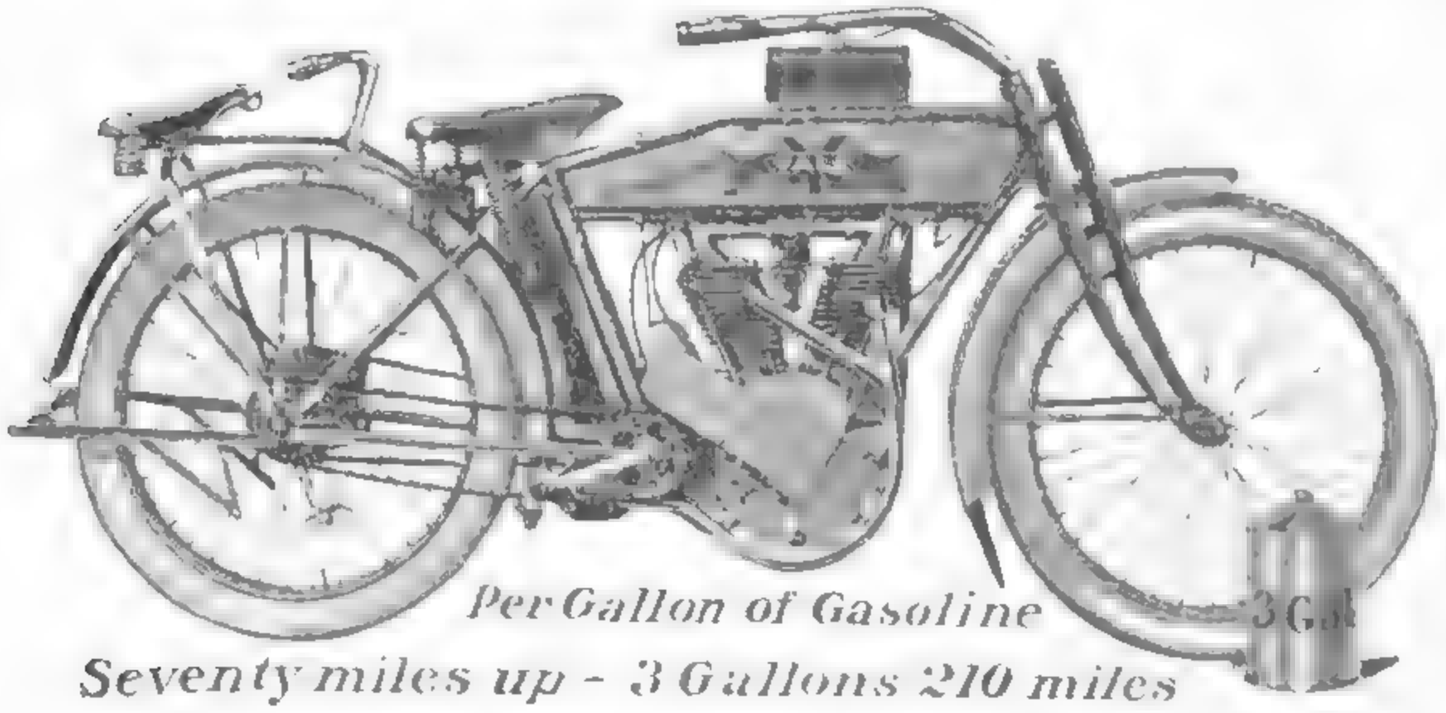
Thousands of by-paths, and narrow roads, and picturesque hill-climbs, are closed to the motor car—the Yale goes anywhere and everywhere with ease.

These are some of the things—just a few of the things that have roused the country out of indifference toward the motor cycle into keen, lively interest in the Yale.

If you have an idea that the factor of economy—gasoline economy in particular—is not important, read on to the next page.

YALE WINS

Per Gallon of Gasoline
Fourteen miles up-15 Gallons 210 miles.



Per Gallon of Gasoline
Seventy miles up - 3 Gallons 210 miles

Yale 7-8 H. P. Twin (illustrated) $275 f. o. b. Toledo

Two cylinder Yale, rated 7-8 h. p. (develops practically 10 h. p. on block test). Horizontal cooling flanges, cooling *both* cylinders perfectly. "Y-A" Shock Absorber. Yale cushion fork. Special Yale Heitger carburetor. Bosch waterproof magneto. Belt or chain drive, with clutch—starts like an automobile. *Big, generous, automobile-size, 3-inch tires.* Wheelbase, 57½ inches. Speed, 60-65 miles per hour. Yale 5-6 h. p. Single, $225 f. o. b. Toledo. Send coupon or postal card for booklet and catalogue.

YALE Wins—for it is economical as well as strong. The very qualities that have made the Yale victorious in one endurance contest after another are the ones that gave it a World's Record of 29c per machine upkeep cost for a whole year for every Yale rider in America. And the Yale's gasoline consumption is marvelously low—70 miles *and up* per gallon of gasoline—210 miles *or more* on the three gallons of gasoline in the generous Yale tank. No need for the Yale rider to worry though the cost of gasoline mounts ever higher.

Yale Motorcycles—A New Kind of Motorcycle Ease

Remember this "sudden" recognition of the Yale all over America has been almost a dozen years in the making.

In other words, we've been ten successful seasons building into the Yale twin a new kind of motorcycle ease which has *compelled* the widespread and sudden recognition.

The Yale has taken the doubt out and put the ease into the motorcycle.

If you want a practical illustration, listen to this:

If you tried to travel 200 miles in a motor car during the sunlight hours of a single day, you would—probably, almost inevitably—be dead tired.

Scores and scores of Yale twin riders testify that they have traveled 300 and even 350 miles a day *with infinitely less weariness.*

And while the ordinary light roadster will do well to negotiate 210 miles on fifteen gallons of gasoline—the Yale will make the same distance on the three gallons in its tank.

The Yale rider literally thinks nothing of one hundred miles—don't you stop and do some planning before you start your motor car that distance?

The old motorcycle did not have the Yale wheelbase of 57½ inches.

The old motorcycle did not have the "Y-A" Shock Absorber—an absorber that actually absorbs shocks.

The old motorcycle did not have the big Yale automobile-size 3-inch tires; the Yale Heitger carburetor; the Yale's Bosch waterproof magneto.

The old motorcycle did not have the scientific Yale horizontal cooling flanges, cooling both cylinders perfectly.

The old motorcycle did not have the Yale clutch—starting like an automobile.

The old motorcycle did not have the Yale long-stroke engine—the best product of the best engineers on both sides of the ocean.

Some of these things contribute to a new kind of comfort—to a new and special quality of ease.

Some of them contribute to a new element of implicit and absolute safety.

All of them render it certain that *you will arrive when you start on a Yale.*

All of them make for motorcycle value unsurpassed in the world.

All of them combined constitute a reputation for reliability guarded as rigorously as the reputation of the most conscientious motor car your experience can call to mind.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Manufacturers also of Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars, Drop Forgings

Pacific Coast Representative, N. W. Church, 511-512 L. A. Investment Bldg., Los Angeles

(Tear off along dotted line and write name and address below.)

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Please send Yale endurance booklet and 1913 catalogue to

Name

Address

Bake Less Often —Save Work and Fuel

If you use OCCIDENT Flour you can bake a double batch of bread at one time and bake less often.

For OCCIDENT Bread keeps fresh, and retains its sweetness and flavor much longer than other bread.

This saves the work and fuel cost of several baking days each month. The reason

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

makes bread with better keeping qualities than other bread is because OCCIDENT is an absolutely clean flour.

Every kernel of wheat used for OCCIDENT Flour is washed and scoured by special machinery; and OCCIDENT goes through more purifying processes than any other flour.

Then we use for OCCIDENT Flour only the choicest selection of the most valuable bread wheat produced—the hard, glutinous Spring wheat of North Dakota.

Costs More —Worth It

Costs only a few cents more per sack and every sack is guaranteed to suit you better for all baking—bread, biscuit, cake and pastry—than any other flour, or we will pay back the price of the flour.

It will pay you to try OCCIDENT Bread in your family. Test it on our Guarantee.

Send for our Free Booklet, "Better Baking"

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Does your neighbor live in an ALADDIN house?

THERE is an ALADDIN house *near you*—wherever you live. Would you like to see it? Write us. We will direct you to it. Look it over. Talk with the owner.

You will find it decidedly interesting. Especially will you be attracted by its excellent appearance. But its remarkable dollar-saving advantages will appeal most.

The Aladdin method enables you to buy all the material for a complete house direct from the original producer. It saves many profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware AND LABOR. You keep the usual contractor's profits in your own pocket.

Dwelling Houses, Bungalows, Summer Cottages

Every piece of material comes to you [illegible] Houses from 2 to 12 rooms.

North American Construction Co.
264 Aladdin Ave. Bay City, Mich.

Shipments now made direct from our mills in Michigan, Florida, Texas, Oregon, Missouri and California

MAKING A MILLION

(Continued from Page 4)

which had cost me first and last nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was worth exactly three hundred thousand. I owed three hundred and fifty thousand. If I was forced to sell I should be bankrupt. In a few months there would be a new big deficit. How to raise the money I had not the slightest idea.

It was a case of nip and tuck. I did what I could to give the impression of financial stability; but, as I subsequently learned, my cashier had been retained by certain people in New York, and my secrets leaked out. How the offer happened to come is not a part of this story. All I need say is that I was inexpressibly relieved one morning in November to receive a telegram from my old opponent, Portugal, asking me to put a price on my interest. My opportunity had come. I jumped my real price from half a million to two millions and asked for four.

Portugal wired: "Is this a joke?" I renewed my offer by mail. "Meet me in New York," he wired.

I answered: "Impossible! Pressing business. Send representative here."

He telegraphed: "Negotiations off."

In the following days I learned who it is with whom "Time trots withal." My urgent business was literally watching the clock.

On the ninth day Portugal appeared without warning. So negotiations were not off. In the ten seconds between the taking off of his hat and the proffer of his hand the value of my wretched little railroad jumped another million.

Our business did not take long. By noon we had finished preliminaries, and by four o'clock I was worth three million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I shall never forget that November afternoon. We chatted about baseball and politics until the Continental Express pulled out and Portugal was gone. Then I gave vent to an unbounded ecstasy. Singing audibly I swung down the drive to the park and along the river bank. I had won! I had made my million, my three millions—I was the richest man in Sparta and only forty-one. I had beaten Portugal—Jim Portugal—at his own game. I, too, would go to New York—to Wall Street. I, too, would play the game with big stakes!

Two Kinds of Success

Up the leaf-strewn path strode a tall, lank figure. It was Baldwin—exuberant, radiant, with hand outstretched.

"John, boy, congratulations!" he cried.

"Thanks," I answered. "Who told you?"

"Told me?" he replied. "Why, man, there it was this afternoon in my laboratory. I had tried five hundred combinations. But I got it today. I've fertilized those eggs."

Twenty years before this news of artificial fertilization would have excited me beyond measure. Today it left me cold.

"I've been lucky, too, Baldwin," I broke in. "I've just cleared three millions."

I might have said thirty cents for all the effect my words produced.

"Good!" he said. "Fine! I knew you'd do it; but, John, think what this means. What I did with those eggs today somebody will do with a higher form of life tomorrow. We are going to understand life—understand its very roots. We're just at the beginning."

It irritated me that Baldwin did not appreciate my astounding victory. I would make him understand.

"If the college wants a new laboratory, Baldwin, I'd be delighted to give—say, a hundred thousand. We must not halt great work for lack of means."

Baldwin stiffened perceptibly.

"That's mighty good of you, Booth," he replied; "I'll tell the president of your generous offer."

Then he relented.

"It really is good of you, John, and the students will be grateful. But," he went on more gravely, "there's one thing I'd rather have—yourself! I'd like to see you in the new laboratory. It's not too late. Come back to science, man—we need you!"

That was another of those might-have-been posts which we pass so quickly on the road of life. I dined that evening in the rambling, littered house in which Baldwin and his mother and a whole kindergarten of orphaned nephews and nieces dwelt in noisy affection. I liked the kindliness and the hilarity of it all. I enjoyed the homely dinner and afterward, as I sat in the worn

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

The comfort you get from your garters depends on the way they're made

Paris Garters are so perfectly shaped that binding of the elastic is avoided.

When you pay for a pair of Paris Garters, be sure you get them; the name is on the back of the shield.

25c-50c

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*
883 Chicago and New York

Like a clean china dish

Superb Porcelain Lined—the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous Refrigerator with the seamless, scratchless dish-like lining, the genuine

Leonard Cleanable

Don't confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with paint or enamel. I will mail [illegible] of Leonard Porcelain that will [illegible] difference. You can't scratch it even with a knife. It's everlasting—easily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else.

30 Days' Trial—Freight Paid

to Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. I take the risk; send [illegible] Also [illegible] have a copy of this valuable book.

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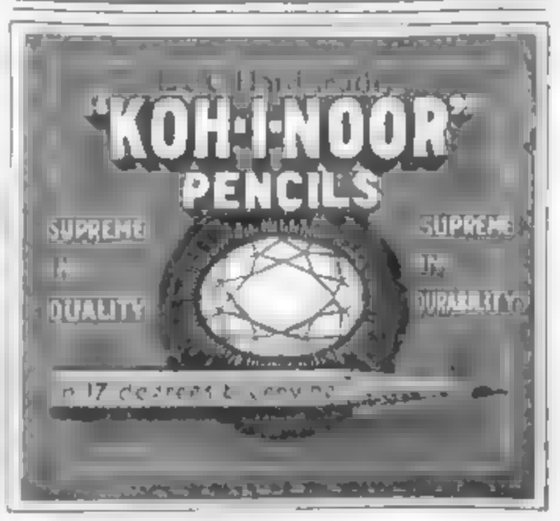
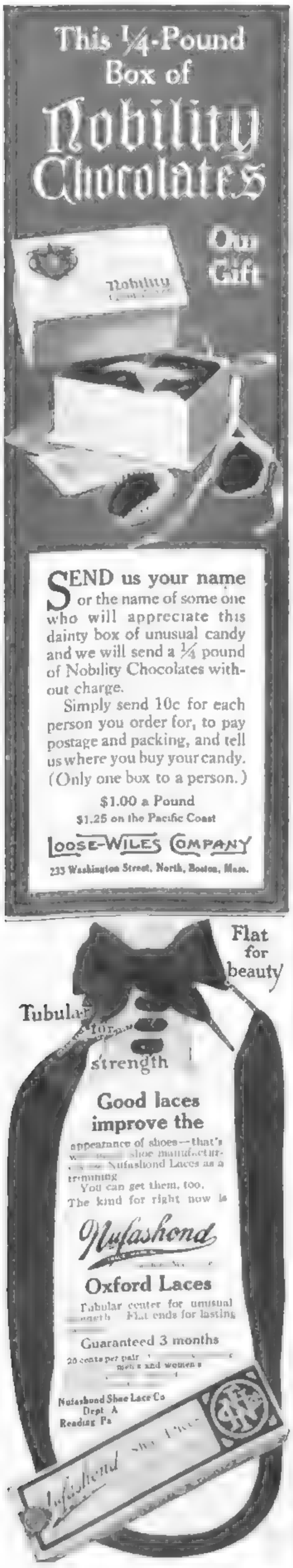
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
134 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (1)





SEND us your name or the name of some one who will appreciate this dainty box of unusual candy and we will send a ¼ pound of Nobility Chocolates without charge.

Simply send 10c for each person you order for, to pay postage and packing, and tell us where you buy your candy. (Only one box to a person.)

$1.00 a Pound
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233 Washington Street, North, Boston, Mass.

leather chair watching the blue flames leap from the big coals, my mind, with a curious backward leap, reverted to my father and to the talks we used to have in his old study at home. How eloquently, yet how simply, had he preached the gospel of contentment, the gospel of a quiet life, untortured by ambition and greed! What would he have thought of my success of this morning?

Baldwin's quiet, swelling voice recalled me from the past. He was speaking of science, of its glowing history, its seers, its martyrs, its innumerable devotees. "We scientists," he said, "are like the polyps obscure, infinitesimal. Yet upon the dead polyps the coral reef rears itself above the sea." He spoke of the future, and his aging sensitive face was transfigured as he foretold the coming of a time when science shall have conquered pain and elevated the mass of humanity to the level of the noblest.

There flashed across my brain the crafty face of Jimmy Portugal. What was I but a soulless collector of the dross of the world—a magpie among humans? Who remembered the millionaires of history? Who forgot Aristotle, Bacon, Galileo? In our vast human record how did my millions weigh in the balance against Baldwin's fertilized eggs?

Why not make a fresh start and go back to the beginning? I could do it. Forty-one was not twenty; but men had served well who had come at the eleventh hour.

So long as I was under the spell of Baldwin's magic it seemed easy to make the transition from stock exchange to laboratory. In the sober morning, however, as, lather on face, I watched myself in the glass, I saw it would be difficult if not impossible—I was too old! Baldwin had used words I had not understood. Clearly I was out of that race. In finance, on the other hand, I was young and with a chance. Had not Portugal said as he left me at the station: "When you come to New York look me up"? That "look me up" meant "be one of us"; it meant that I was considered worth while; it was an accolade of financial knighthood.

I did look him up—openly, almost ostentatiously. I did not at first trust him; but I was willing to do business with him—under safeguards. Within a month I had paid his syndicate two millions and a half for one hundred thousand shares of P. & A. Common—par value ten millions—and had gone on the board of directors to look after my investment. I was again tied up.

Intellectual Lockjaw

Here ends the story. After all, what I started out to tell was not how to make millions, but how it feels to make them.

Big money-making is like drink—it's a habit. At first you want money. Later you think only of the game and the money becomes the mere symbol of success. Last stage of all, you play because you cannot stop.

Have you ever watched a group of poker players at or about five o'clock the next morning? For hours they have held their eyes glued to the cards and their minds to the game; for hours they have drunk, smoked, breathed in foul air until the exhausted brain responds only automatically to the stimulus of the play. The men do not want to win money. They no longer enjoy the game, and yet they deal the cards again and again. They are too tired to stop, too tired to rest. It is an auto-intoxication, an intellectual lockjaw. So with money-making. You may be shoved out or squeezed out, but very few go out voluntarily.

When I went in with Portugal I moved from Sparta to New York. At last I was in Wall Street, in the very center of that vast spider's web that we call the financial world. Soon I found myself overwhelmed with chances—honest and dishonest—to make or lose a million. Soon it became hard to tell how much I was worth, for any estimate depended on what happened in Argentina or Arkansas, in South Dakota or the Congo. I held doubtful properties, worth nothing today and millions tomorrow.

For example, away back in '98 an inventor named Siebold brought me a new synthetic rubber. The plan had infinite possibilities. We owned basic patents, but we could not make the stuff below the cost of natural rubber. This venture cost me a quarter of a million.

I had other losses. In 1901 I was caught on the wrong side of Northern Pacific and was glad to get out with the sacrifice of a million. I also fared badly with copper mines and narrowly escaped a big loss in

Statement Costs Cut Again by the Burroughs

To make out his statements in the old pen-figured way took R. F. Brune (retailer), in Sawtelle, Cal., 5 days a month (and then were not always correct).

After Mr. Brune put a Burroughs in operation he wrote us: "My bookkeeper now finishes my monthly statements in six hours—they're correct, too."

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A Burroughs is built to do much more than just ordinary adding. Send for our bulletin, "Monthly Statements," describing this machine. Ask us to make out your statements next month; no cost nor obligation.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

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Kellogg's delightful flavor—the despair of the imitators—and unvarying freshness make it good to eat any way, with or without the trimmings.

A moment's crisping in the oven, with door left open, is all the preparation it needs.

W. K. Kellogg

Look for This Signature

the underwriting of a sugar-refining company. On the other hand I was in on the ground floor when American Textile was floated, and Portugal and I effected several interurban trolley combinations in the far West. When Steel Common made its spectacular rise from ten to sixty I went up with it, clearing five million dollars in five months.

Then my wife died. The chauffeur had been drinking, I was afterward told—but what does that matter now? The grim, mocking suddenness of it, the transition from the life and bounding health of an hour ago to this cold image, left me in a stupor of sheer physical desolation. To what had my success led? What did it all mean—this endless, futile gathering of fortunes that could not stay death? I looked across the bed at Robert and Margaret and had a frightened sense of their being strangers. Were they my children or my heirs?

Death means nothing to the great financial mill that grinds on remorselessly through happy hours and unhappy. Those two long days before the funeral, while Katharine, Margaret and I spent our hours in the darkened library, remote from all callers, numbed by the suddenness of the change—through all those hours the outside world of business and money-making kept thundering in my brain. It was the great crisis in American Textile. Millions were involved and men would be made or ruined by my yes or no—and the hour was at hand! The telephone rang; telegrams poured in; and solid citizens, under the guise of sympathy, sought me out to learn my decision. I realized then that the so-called masters of this Frankenstein's monster are the abjectest slaves of all deprived of leisure, independence, of even the luxury of grief.

After the funeral Katharine urged me to retire.

"This is my last attempt, John," she said. "You're not your old self; you're tired and worn. This April you will be fifty. Close up your business! Surely, surely you've enough now; and we'll go to Egypt—you and I and the children."

I felt that the chapter was closed and I assented.

The Unseen Pyramids

Ten weeks later, on March 31, 1905, I signed the last paper in the long process of retiring. At last I was a free man, the unemployed owner of some fourteen million dollars invested in gilt-edged securities On the very morning that the Prinzessin Augusta sailed I went to my office for the last time.

I shook hands all round and departed. New York seemed wonderful on that last day, on that April morning—half summer and half winter, half sunshine and half shower. Katharine, Margaret and Robert were hanging over the rail as I walked up the gangplank.

"We were afraid you'd missed the boat," called Margaret—"that some horrid old business had kept you."

I laughed like a schoolboy:

"No more business for me! I'm going to get acquainted with my family."

The usual group of reporters blocked my way, but I dodged them and escaped to my cabin. In another ten minutes we should leave the dock and the cheering crowds, and I should be at last adrift, cut off from my old life. I would go to the Pyramids and under their shadow dream out a new life—a life of study, of culture, of living: a real life to round out the unreal existence that had just closed.

Some telegrams lay in the basket before me. I opened one, more from habit than interest. This is how it read:

"Synthetic rubber invented by Denver chemist. Absolutely perfect. Rubber Trust offers large sum and will fight. Have offered in your name one million dollars. Your presence at Denver immediately necessary. It means twenty-five millions for each. SIEBOLD."

Instinctively I pulled out my watch. In three minutes the gangplank would be lowered. I handed the telegram to Katharine.

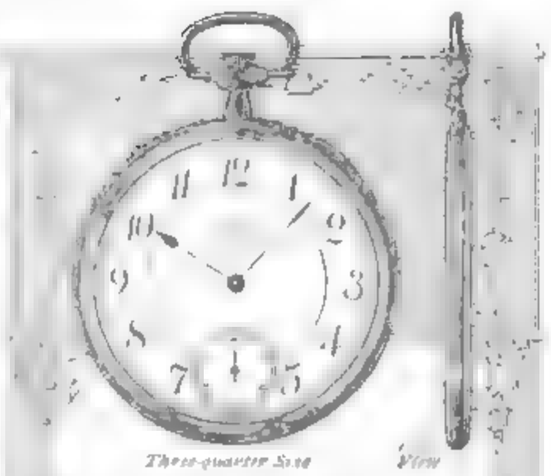
"Well?" she asked.

I hesitated. Then hurriedly:

"You take the children to Egypt. I'll follow in two weeks."

Seven years have passed and I have not yet sailed for Egypt. The Synthetic Rubber Corporation is a stupendous success.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories that show how fortunes are made and spent.



Three-quarter Side View

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In this booklet is told the interesting story of how [illegible] skill to produce the new famous

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—how it was made only *half* as thick as the ordinary watch without reducing the size of movement parts; how with this [illegible] was obtained the [illegible] which you [illegible] use this watch for [illegible]

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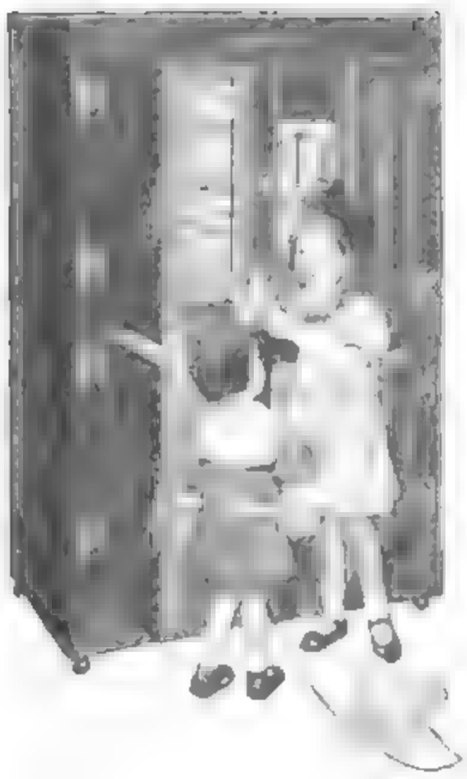

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with its *genuine white porcelain enamel lining* (not white paint), scientific system of air circulation and perfect insulation, is sanitary in the highest degree.

It has been adopted by the Pullman Company and has been in use in the dining and refrigerator cars of all our great railroad systems for years because of its unqualified service in the preservation of food in its fresh, natural condition for the greatest length of time. Shipped direct to localities where we have no authorized dealer.

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"Coldwell" is a national name in lawn mowers.

The first lawn mower made in America was made in 1855 by Thomas Coldwell. Franklin Pierce was President then: few had yet heard of Abraham Lincoln.

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Coldwell Hand Mowers. Made in all styles and sizes, to meet all kinds of local conditions.

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What would happen to "The Great White Way" if electric light were not so cheap?

Broadway at night, stripped of its flashing brilliance—Broadway lighted only by street lamps—would lose its world-famous power to attract crowds. If electricity were not so cheap, merchants could not afford the astonishing signs, the cheerfully bright window displays that compel attention from the passing throng and help to make Broadway the greatest night-street in the country.

Business men on every "white way" appreciate the longer day made possible by cheap electric light.

Of even greater importance is this "longer day" in our *homes*, where artificial sunlight obeys the turn of a switch.

Not only is electric light cheaper than ever, but new inventions make electric power an economical convenience in lifting the burdens of housework—in running the sewing machine, removing dust, polishing silver, heating the flatiron, turning the freezer, and in scores of other ways, making housework easier.

Edison Mazda Lamps Save Current

Electric light is now made additionally cheap by the EDISON MAZDA LAMPS, which require only one-third as much current to give as much light as the old style carbon lamps. The current saved will be more than enough to run these other home conveniences without increasing the average size of bills for electricity.

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Thus the use of Edison Mazda Lamps makes electricity in the home a real economy. Scientifically designed Holophane reflectors still further increase the amount of useful light from each lamp

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You will be surprised to find how little it now costs to equip your home for all these electrical comforts. The walls will not be marred. Your nearest electrical dealer or your lighting company will direct you to a good electrical contractor. Ask them also to show you G-E Motors, G-E Pull Sockets, the various sizes of Edison Mazda Lamps and the many other G-E electrical conveniences for the home.

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WHAT A JUDGE CAN DO

(Continued from Page 17)

by the same sort of people, with much the same pursuits and political institutions. Ontario has little over half the population of Ohio, but five times the area. Ontario has seventeen judges, while Ohio has one hundred and thirty-two, not counting Federal judges—minor and special magistrates being disregarded in both cases to make the comparison fairly on all fours. In Toronto it takes about four months to get a case to trial; in Cleveland, from a year and a half to two years. If both cases are appealed, to get final judgment—from the time the suit is brought—takes about one year in Canada and four or five years in Ohio. What this means to a plain citizen who is injured by a railroad, for example, is quite obvious.

No doubt there is relatively less litigation in Canada; but probably the speed and certainty of the law tend to prevent litigation, just as the deciding of appealed cases absolutely according to substantive law and justice would tend to prevent appeals. A great mass of litigation in this country hangs on mere technicality. To eliminate the technicalities would discourage that sort of litigation. Actually efficient courts would not only dispose of the same quantity of litigation in a far shorter time, but no doubt would have less litigation to dispose of.

The expense, delays and uncertainties of the law are perhaps even more marked with us in important criminal cases than in civil suits. Last fall one of the most important murder cases that has ever come before an American court was tried in New York—the case of Lieutenant Becker, of the New York police force, who was charged with the murder of Rosenthal, the gambler, with whom he had been in a grafting partnership.

It was not pretended that Becker was present when Rosenthal was shot, and there were excellent opportunities for a protracted contest. But Becker was convicted and sentenced to death three months after Rosenthal's death. The case actually occupied less than three weeks of the court's time. To be sure, there was no bought, partisan expert testimony, such as often consumes so much time in murder cases, and the district attorney pushed the prosecution with great energy. But for that record of legal expedition much credit was very generally, and no doubt very deservedly, given to the trial judge, Justice Goff. And for the expedition with which he conducted the trials of the gun men, and of City Chamberlain Hyde, Justice Goff was much praised. It is an encouraging example of what a judge can do.

On the Wings of Justice

Yet three months after Lieutenant Becker was sentenced to death his lawyers were still preparing their appeal; and there is no telling how many more months or years it may take to get the case finally disposed of. It has been discovered that one of the jurors, having a toothache, was permitted to visit his dentist during the trial. Whereupon this Texas precedent was brought forward:

"During a murder trial the jury were lodged every night in a hotel. On the third night the hotel was destroyed by fire. The jury, escaping, became separated for an hour or more, some of them mingling with the crowd about the fire, others going home. On an examination by the court every juror swore that during the separation no one had spoken to him or in his presence on the subject of the trial. The prisoner did not object to the continuing of the trial, but refused to waive any right or advantage to him from the separation. Conviction being had, it was held that the prisoner was entitled to a new trial."

This reminds me that jurors and witnesses are special victims of our contentious, protracted, sporting system of administering justice.

Though the expedition with which Becker was tried attracted much attention and elicited much praise, it may profitably be compared with the record in a recent famous English murder trial—that of Doctor Crippen, accused of killing his wife. In Crippen's case it took eight minutes to get a jury; the hotly contested trial lasted four days; his appeal was disposed of in

At both extremes of size
and in between

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have the supreme instrumental excellence

The watch on the left is the Waltham Vanguard [illegible] railroad watch [illegible]. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter as a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable timepieces.

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches".

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family"

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The shoes that feel and look "Made to Measure."

PERFECTION of style and comfort. They compliment the feet of the best dressed men. Soles moulded to conform to the contour of the feet and rest them.

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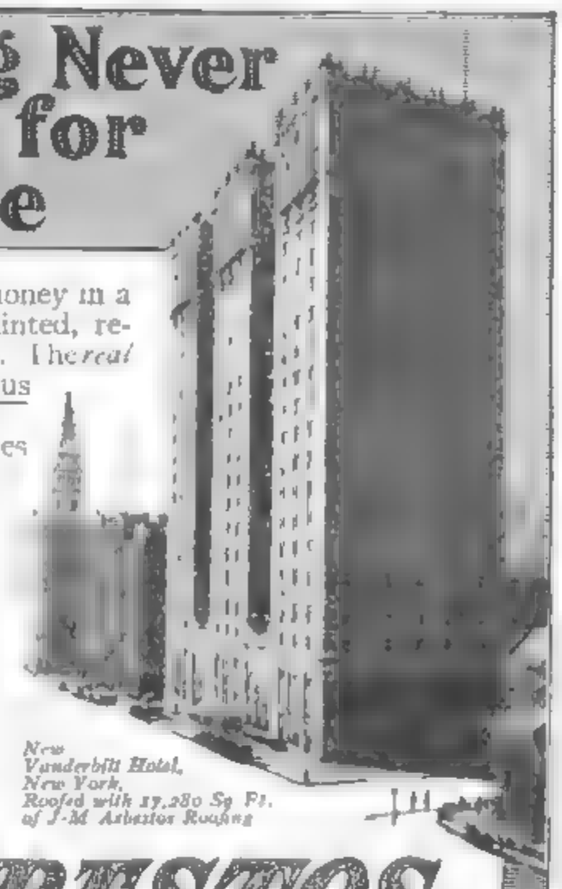
It's false economy to put your money in a "cheap" roofing that has to be painted, regraveled or repaired every year or two. The *real* cost of a roofing is the *purchase price* plus the *cost of maintenance*.

J-M Asbestos Roofing never requires a single cent's worth of coating, graveling or other protection. Therefore, it *costs less per year of service* than any other roofing.

This roofing never needs any protection because it is made of layers of stone (Asbestos) felt securely cemented together with Trinidad Lake Asphalt. It is *mineral through and through*—literally a sheet of *pliable stone*. There isn't a particle of perishable material in



New Vanderbilt Hotel, New York. Roofed with 17,280 Sq. Ft. of J-M Asbestos Roofing

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Is it any wonder that this stone roofing is not affected by rain, heat, cold, salt air, chemical fumes, etc., and that it affords absolute protection against fire? And is it any wonder that this roofing is still in good condition on hundreds of roofs after more than 25 years of service?

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two weeks; and Crippen was executed four months after his arrest.

As to the efficiency with which English courts dispatch business, and the inefficiency of our own, one learned report remarks that the comparison is very significant, because "the English courts, which were formerly the most desultory in the world, have in recent years become the most expeditious."

Nearly thirty years ago two very eminent lawyers—David Dudley Field and John F. Dillon—made a report to the American Bar Association on "uncertainty and delay in judicial administration." The report contains the two subjoined paragraphs:

"A single word expresses the present condition of the law—chaos. Every lawsuit is an adventure more or less into chaos. It is idle to think of going on as we are going. The confusion grows worse all the time.

"Most of us can call to mind two judicial districts, side by side, in one of which the judge is alert and firm. He keeps his business well in mind and clears his calendar. The other is a good lawyer and a good man, but feeble and indulgent. The lawyers run away with him."

This report added that trials should be shortened by stricter discipline, closer adherence to the important issue, less irrelevant and redundant testimony, fewer debates, no personal altercations—all matters within the discretion of the judge.

Presumably the chaos and confusion have not grown materially less in the last thirty years; certainly the delays and uncertainties have not. But, broadly speaking, we keep on electing and reelecting judges without any regard to their administrative ability—that is, without any regard to the most important qualification for the office.

The work of a court cannot be adequately measured by figures, yet every court should keep and publish regularly a statistical record of its business—at least the number of cases brought, the number disposed of, the number remaining untried.

Judge Wanamaker declared that a trial judge should handily dispose of six or seven hundred cases a year and have three months' vacation. Conditions differ among the states, but in any state it should be entirely practicable to establish a rough statistical standard of judicial efficiency, comprising what a really alert, vigorous judge of good administrative ability could do. Every judge should be held approximately to that standard.

Wheels That Grind Slowly

A very foolish attitude toward courts and toward judicial candidates still quite largely obtains—as though the administration of law were a sort of sacred mystery, with which the profane must not presume to meddle. It is mysterious enough, but not sacred. People in New York, Chicago and many other places see the official system of administering justice floundering, waterlogged, half derelict. They know it is a great shame—a great wrong and injury to the community. The machinery works very badly and they regret that; but they are loath to hold responsible the men who are working it. They appoint commissions, pass acts and elect more judges; but get poor results because they do not hold the judges to account.

Even anything in the nature of a platform or pledge of efficiency by a judicial candidate is quite exceptional. Every trial judge has large discretionary powers. That he exercise those powers vigorously and ceaselessly for the expedition of business and to the end of true justice ought to be demanded; and the demand ought to be enforced by examination of his record for efficiency when he comes up for reelection.

The discretionary powers of the appellate judge are even larger. He has the last say as to whether procedure shall be snarled in mere technicalities, as well as upon matters of greater concern to the community, such as whether some act of the legislature embodying a necessary measure of social justice shall stand or be thrown into the waste-basket under a hidebound or forced construction of the constitution. He ought to declare before election where he stands as regards both judicial efficiency and judge-made law—and then be held to his declaration.

Almost all professional criticism of the law's delays and uncertainties is excessively tender of the judges. That is why it seems worth while to have some lay criticism.

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THE PECK **Williamson Underfeed** FURNACES BOILERS

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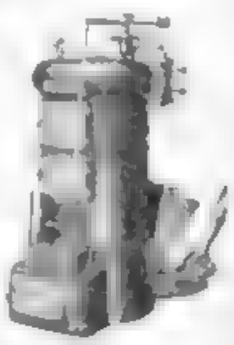
1. *Cheaper* grades of hard or soft coal—slack, pea or buckwheat sizes—which would *smother* fire in other heaters, are pumped into the firepot from below, *burn perfectly* and yield in the Underfeed more *clean, even* heat than *highest priced* coal burned in the ordinary way.

2. Smoke and gases (representing 25% to 40% heat value of coal), which go to waste up chimneys of other heaters, *must* pass through the fire, are consumed, and make *more* heat.

3. In the Underfeed the fire glow plays upon heat-responsive *clean metal*, because heating surfaces are always *kept* clean; in other heaters the fire glow is upon soot-coated surfaces which *retard* heat.

4. Instead of being blanketed under fresh coal, *live coals* are *always* on top close to the *heating surfaces*. This explains the *even Underfeed temperature*, while top feed heaters invariably show *less heat* after fresh fuel is added.



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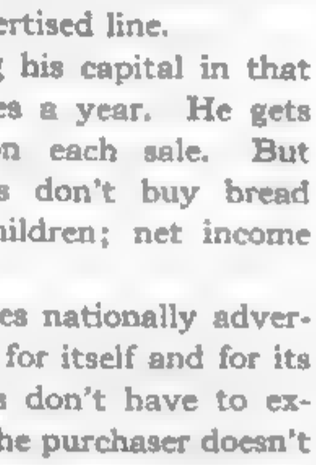

Mr. A. C. Brefeld, Trenton, Ill., writes: "Last winter, coldest in 25 years, Underfeed took care of 10 rooms for us for $22 worth of slack. Fire never out from Oct. 15 to March 15."

Dr. W. A. Daugherty, Massillon, O., writes: "My Underfeed Boiler with 11 radiators is doing all you claim for it. Is certainly a money saver. Cost me only $14 for slack last winter."

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Send me UNDERFEED Furnace Book ___ Boiler Book ___
(Indicate by X Book you desire)

Name

Address

Name of my dealer

No Explanations Necessary

A leading haberdasher in Altoona is selling twenty times as many collars as he used to sell. His experience is interesting because it is typical.

He was carrying a line of very good collars, which had a favorable reputation among the dealers. But they were practically unknown to the great mass of collar wearers.

Men came in for collars. The clerks produced the unknown brand, and customers looked skeptical. Explanations, argument, headshaking—during which other customers stood waiting impatiently. Customers bought the collars once, but they didn't come back. Presumably they went elsewhere next time and bought brands which they knew by name.

The collar counter lost money.

So finally the merchant sold out his entire stock of the meritorious but unknown collars and put in an advertised line.

Today he is turning his capital in that department eight times a year. He gets slightly less profit on each sale. But says he, "Percentages don't buy bread and butter for my children; net income does."

The store that carries nationally advertised goods saves time for itself and for its customers. The clerks don't have to explain and persuade. The purchaser doesn't need to argue or haggle. Before he enters the store he knows the kind of goods he wants, because he has read about it in the national periodicals. Even if he does not at first call for the advertised brand, he recognizes it as an old friend the moment it is produced, and buys without question or loss of time. And in the case of many commodities—like collars—he buys more at a time when he finds that the store has a brand which he knows all about.

This is not theory. Scores of stories like that of the Altoona haberdasher prove it sound doctrine.

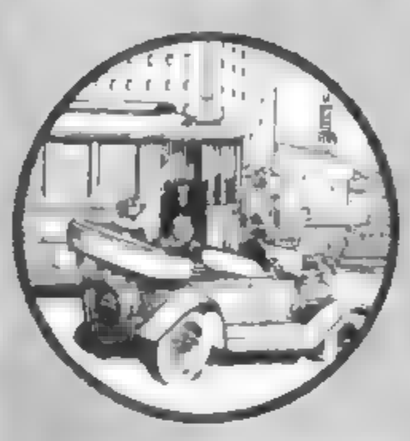
Wise retailers don't squander time in explaining unknown goods (unless an educational campaign of magnitude is being waged simultaneously).

Wise purchasers go where they can buy goods for which no explanations are necessary.

With advertised goods, the manufacturer does all the explaining.

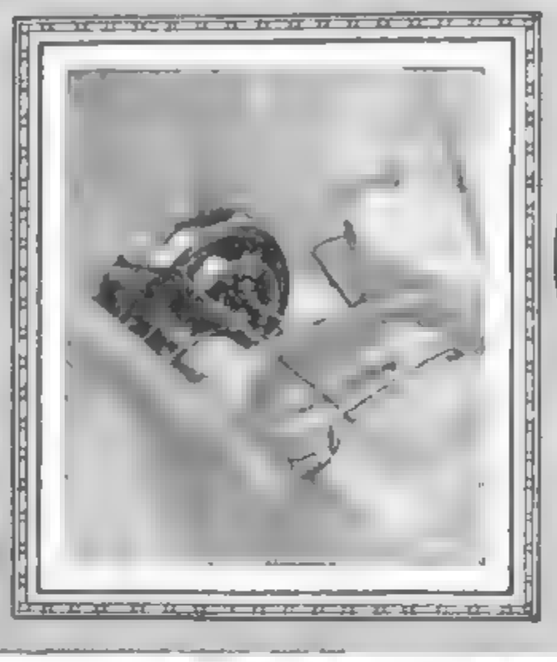
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

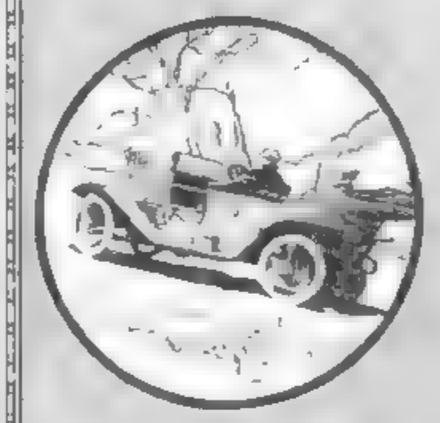
GRAY & DAVIS
ELECTRIC STARTER
What It Is - What It Does



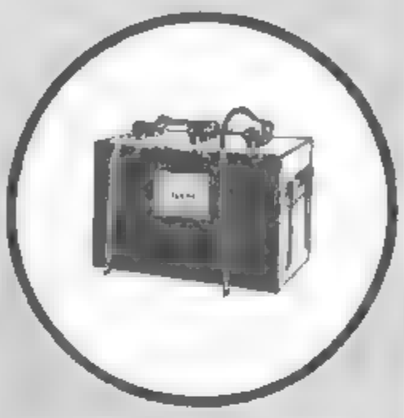
If stalled in traffic—Starter propels car.

Starts a car in zero weather.





Propels car up 7% grade on second speed.



Only a small 6-volt battery required.

When You Buy *Your* Car—Demand and Insist Upon Getting GRAY & DAVIS 6-Volt Electric Starter as Part Equipment

THE efficiency of the modern car depends on the efficiency of the Starter. A powerful, positive Starter is necessary to the *real* enjoyment of motoring. The GRAY & DAVIS Starter possesses so many excellent features that it must be considered when purchasing a car.

It has *proven* its reliability, efficiency, power and positive operation. It has been adopted by America's leading car manufacturers. This Starter has been designed, developed and built by engineers who have devoted 21 years to the construction of electric motors. It is built in five great modern factories, insuring service, attention to detail and the most expert workmanship. The GRAY & DAVIS Starter is extremely simple (note illustration). It does *all* that a good Starter ought to do. It should be on the car you buy. Demand and insist upon getting the GRAY & DAVIS Starter when you purchase an automobile.

Only a 6-Volt Battery

The *great big feature* is the small 6-volt battery—compact and light in weight. The Gray & Davis Starter is very economical. The Dynamo automatically charges the battery without expense. Two minutes after engine has started, the current consumed is replaced in the battery by the Dynamo.

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A simple electric motor which rotates the fly wheel. Pressure on a pedal starts the engine quietly and easily. Absolutely *positive* in operation. Will start *any* engine under *any* conditions—even in zero weather when starting is most difficult. It is so powerful that it turns the heaviest type of six cylinder engine with ease.

Extremely Simple

There is no multiplicity of complicated controls—just *a simple switch*. The system comprises three units:—the Dynamo for generating current, the Starting Motor and a *small* 6-volt battery. Can you recall any other Starter so simple in design?—and remember, simplicity is a *mighty big factor* in electrical equipment.

For your own sake—for the sake of your car and the pleasures of motoring—demand and insist upon getting the GRAY & DAVIS Starter. If it's a "GRAY & DAVIS" you need not worry—it will do its work day in and day out, under every conceivable condition.

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Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

Continued in The Saturday Evening Post of April 19

BENSINGER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 19)

Steve realized that the advice was both candid and sound.

"Well—probably I can get another room at the boarding house," he suggested reluctantly—the boarding house not being an ideal place for a honeymoon.

"Well, now, see here," said Mr. Plum in a friendlier tone than he had yet used. "We're tied up with you, you know. That girl's about all mother and I've got to live for, and it looks as though she was going to be well off in just the same proportion that you are. I reckon it would be good policy for us to give you a boost. You come right here. We don't want Elsie living in that boarding house. You come right here. There's plenty of room. After the fall shipping season is over probably you'll be able to set up housekeeping without crippling your business so much."

It was an honorable and generous offer, though ultimately based on self-interest, as Mr. Plum frankly stated. Nothing but Steve's pride stood in the way of accepting it and he felt that, under all the circumstances, to stand upon his pride would be mean. He was forming a really high opinion of his father-in-law.

Steve could not help noticing certain things that opened his eyes as to the nature of the jolt he had administered. He suspected that Elsie's social position in Three Falls was deeply compromised; in fact, he thought some people had snubbed her. Elsie never mentioned it, nor did Mrs. Plum directly; but he noticed that she seemed to have a great deal of time to herself. If he drove into the country he usually took her with him. Often she called for him with the horse and buggy at dinner or supper time. They drove evenings when he could get away, and three or four times when he could not she sat the whole evening in the office with him.

Of course they were happy; and business, he assured her, was humping. He had already secured the refusal of the little cottage and they had tentatively selected some furniture.

"Well, about one more week now, and we'll buy that furniture," he announced gleefully as he climbed into the buggy beside her and took the lines one afternoon. "I made a mighty good deal today. I'm sure to clean up five hundred dollars on it, and I said to myself: 'That means Mr. and Mrs. S. Bensinger—At Home after October Fifteenth.' Does that sound all right to you?"

He liked to talk to her about his business since she was a part of it, though he often discovered afterward that she had not really understood.

"You see," he continued expansively, "I've been shipping a good lot of peaches on commission. Of course I make the commission, but that's sort of slow. Peaches are scarce this year and the price has been going up right along. If I could have bought outright all the peaches I've shipped on commission we'd have rugs and bedroom sets all round the back yard. Well, this morning I got a wire from a concern in Minneapolis that I've shipped some stuff to—Wells, Gordon & Duff. They're specially keen on peaches. In this wire they wanted me to send 'em eight cars of peaches right away, same quality as I shipped last time. The price they offered figured out about five hundred and seventy-five dollars a car, spot cash. I figured, you see, that if I could buy those peaches outright at the price farmers were getting here and ship 'em on my own hook, I'd clean up sure sixty to seventy dollars a car. So I went over to the bank and saw Mr. Judson about it—showed him the telegram and just how it figured out; and he said: 'All right, go ahead. We'll advance you the money to buy the peaches.' Then I began telephoning the biggest growers round here, bidding for peaches to be delivered right away, and I've already got enough contracted for to fill the whole eight cars. It's all sure spot-cash business, you see. Wells, Gordon & Duff pay the money down on the nail when the bills-of-lading arrive; in fact, they can't get the peaches unless they do, for we send the bills-of-lading to a bank there with a draft for the amount attached."

After supper he told his father-in-law about the peach deal, and received that gentleman's congratulations.

Later that evening he and Elsie occupied the green cast-iron settee at the end of the gingerbreaded porch—sitting close together

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Of all finishes (brilliant or otherwise) for floors and woodwork none has the peculiar richness, the soft, pleasing, silky lustre of good wax. But waxes differ in effect. The beauty of "Old English" finish, admired for centuries, is principally due to the liberal proportion of hard and imported expensive waxes always used in its making. That is why you should be sure to use only

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Old English doesn't show mars nor scratches and is free from stickiness and tendency to collect dust.

Old English is more economical, also, because this firm wax spreads farther, is put on thinner—coat must not be thick—and lasts longer. A 60c can will do the floor of a large room. Afterward you can rub a little more wax on parts that receive most wear—no need to do over the whole room.

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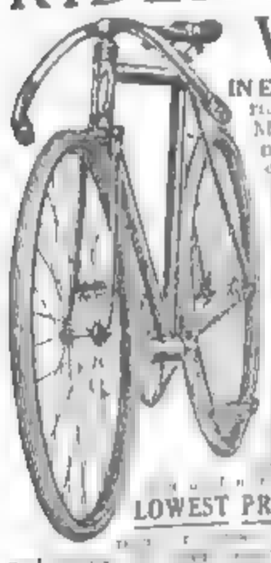

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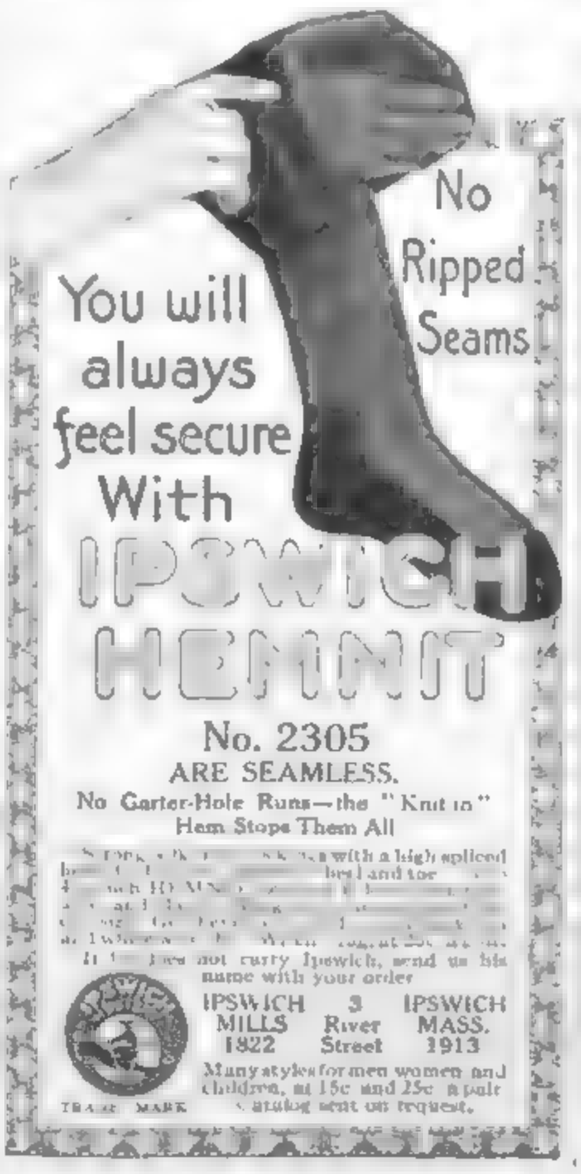

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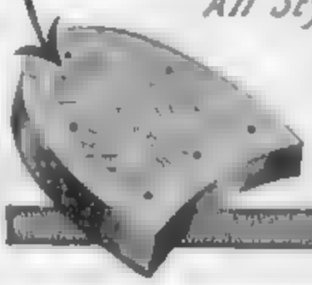
RED PLUG

Rubber Heels

Soften City Pavements

All Styles and Sizes



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Madam,
right
over old paint, too,

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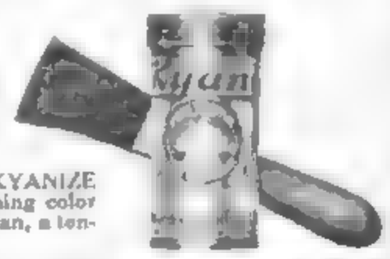
works just as well as it does on new work. Use it for bathroom walls and fixtures, for parlor and dining-room work, for iron beds, picture frames, chairs and tables.

It flows so nicely you can put it on yourself and do a good job without showing laps. It dries pure white and stays white. Will not crack, chip or peel off. We refund your money for empty can if it does not do all we claim.



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BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY, EVERETT STATION, BOSTON

Kyanize Your Home

and talking low. There were not two happier persons anywhere.

"I've really been in business only a month," he told her very soberly, "and with this peach money I will have made almost a thousand dollars." He was fairly overawed by his own luck. The girl beside him was his, to have and to hold in the face of the world, and he was making money hand over fist. His thought ran back to the trampish figure in muddied overalls whom the beautiful dog had bitten while Miss Plum gazed steadfastly at the horizon. He doubted if anybody had ever before had such luck.

Elsie laughed happily under her breath. There had, of course, been moments of misgiving. She loved Steve, but people who lived in a little cottage a block from the railroad tracks could scarcely expect invitations to the nicest parties. Mrs. Terwilliger and Miss Judson had pointedly snubbed her. Some others had been quite formal. She had no head for business details, but she knew that a thousand dollars a month meant twelve thousand a year—and that was considerably more than her father made—more, she believed, than Mr. Judson made. Mr. Judson certainly lived as nicely as anybody need ask to and had recently bought an automobile. Her reckless venture was succeeding on all sides; and she, too, was amazed by her luck.

Their position would have been impregnable; but the next morning a red-faced man named Miller, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Bensinger had never heard, lost his temper and told a sallow man named Jones, also unknown to the Bensingers, to go to the devil. Instead of doing so, Jones returned to union headquarters and announced that the switchmen at Minneapolis and St. Paul would strike immediately unless the railroads receded from the position that Mr Miller had taken on their behalf.

At eight-fifteen next evening the usual fast freight pulled out of Three Falls, containing eight cars of peaches consigned by S. Bensinger to Wells, Gordon & Duff, Minneapolis. The peaches reached the Twin Cities on the day the strike began—which was the first Steve or Skellenger's Bank knew there was likely to be a strike.

It was a very trivial and inconsequential affair as strikes go. At the end of a week it was settled. The men returned to work, the railroads resumed their wonted activities, and nothing worth mentioning had happened—except that Steve's peaches had rotted away in iceless cars under a genial autumnal sun.

Anxious negotiations by wire and mail ensued, and Steve even went personally to Minneapolis; but Messrs. Wells, Gordon & Duff refused to pay a penny on the cogent ground that they had not received a peach. The legal department of the railroad, at the request of the Minneapolis bank, took the matter under advisement with commendable promptness, and after carefully reviewing the law and the evidence reached the conclusion that the road was not liable for a cent of damages, because Messrs. Wells, Gordon & Duff, who ordered the peaches, knew that a strike was impending and must be presumed to have taken the risk of having the peaches tied up indefinitely in the yards. That, also, sounded plausible; but it did not help Steve.

He owed Skellenger's Bank twenty-five hundred dollars. The amount would have been larger—but some checks that he had given to farmers, representing the proceeds of fruit they had shipped through him, were outstanding; and when the railroad company refused to pay damages the bank refused to pay Steve's checks.

One irate farmer threatened to have him arrested for embezzlement. Another attached his horse, buggy and office furniture. That brought the liveryman down on him with a bill for a month's keep of the horse, and the owner of the little office with a bill for a month's rent. Steve gave the liveryman the nine dollars he had on his person and surrendered the office key to the landlord. He then walked out with his hands in his empty pockets.

Once more he was fairly amazed! It had seemed to him, in his folly, that he was quite established—intrenched and secure against chance. He had really done nothing wrong; but a minute eccentricity in the vast machine of business, a variation of only a hair's breadth in the revolution of only one of its innumerable wheels, had smashed him flatter than a pancake.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Will Payne. The fourth will appear in an early issue

THIS BEAUTIFUL
Meister Piano
At $175.00
will be sold to you on terms of:
$1 a Week or $5 a Month
and no interest on the payments.

We ask no cash payment down.
We pay the freight.
There are no extras.
Piano stool and scarf included.

We manufacture the MEISTER piano in our own factory and are demonstrating to the American people that a high-class piano can be made to sell at $175. We do not sell through agents or jobbers. There is but one small profit represented in the price of $175.

We send the piano to your home on thirty days' trial, freight prepaid, without any obligation whatever on our part.

The MEISTER is beautiful in its lines, rich in tone and worthy a place in the finest home. Send for our FREE PIANO BOOK and learn the details of the MEISTER in all its exquisite styles.

Our resources exceed $4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other concern in the world.

Rothschild & Company
Department 25 K Chicago, Illinois

Cheese

How to Buy it from the Maker for Family Use.

From just one little strip of green pasture land in Sheboygan County, Wisconsin, comes the finest cheese in the world.

No one knows exactly why—whether it is the grass, the water, the air or what. But no other spot in the world can equal it.

I will ship you, transportation prepaid, the finest of this Sheboygan County cheese, direct from my factory, in a little loaf like a loaf of bread, weighing about ten pounds, for only $3.00.

This loaf cannot spoil or get hard, no matter how long you take to use it up. For I have a patent air tight cap that fits over the cut end and keeps the cheese fresh and finely flavored for any length of time.

This Cap Keeps Cheese Fresh.

[illegible] not be stingy—and makes dozens [illegible] A book of sixty recipes is free with every loaf of cheese.

Send draft or money order for $3.00 and I will send a loaf prepaid. And I will refund your money if you don't say Starrett's Home Loaf Cheese is the best you ever ate. Send today.

C. W. Starrett, 21 Main Street, Plymouth, Wis.

WURLITZER SUPPLIES THE U.S. NAVY
FREE CATALOG
BAND INSTRUMENTS
[illegible]
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
123 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 307 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A [illegible] the history, form, [illegible] Short Story [illegible]
By Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. Esenwein 69 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

This Spring
use only
United States Tires
They cut down tire bills

This pump is strong—positive in action—pumps easily—stands firmly in pail—adjustable to any depth of pail. Keep a Douglas always ready for immediate action.

FIGHTS FIRE or BUGS

DOUGLAS
SPRAY PUMPS

are adaptable to scores of uses; spraying, fire-fighting; washing carriages and windows; disinfecting animal quarters; sprinkling, whitewashing. They're handy; reasonable in price; durable; simple to operate and keep in order. Dealers sell them or shipped direct. Ask for new free book today—tells many new uses for farmers and suburban dwellers.

Fire wardens, lumbermen, foresters, game clubs should write us for details of our special fire-fighting hand pumps.

W. & B. DOUGLAS
146 William St., Middletown, Conn.

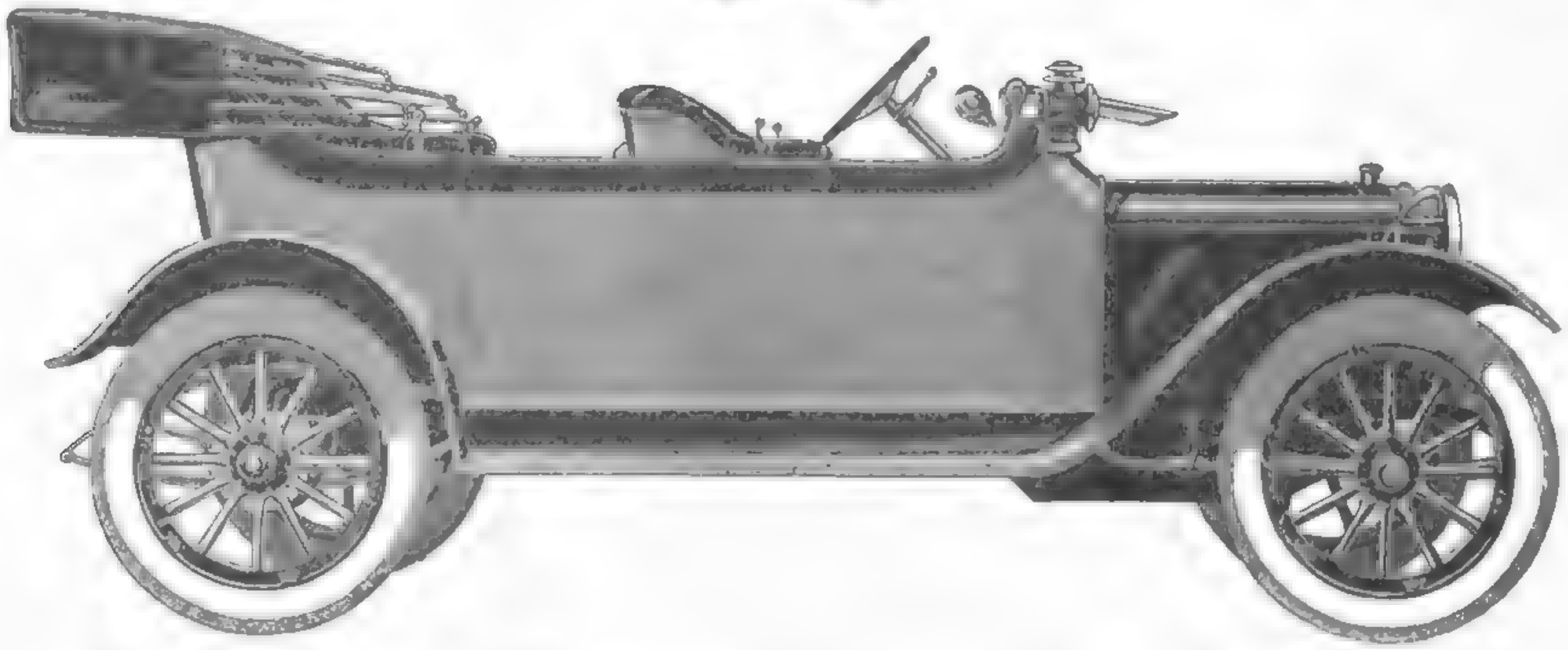
R-C-H

The Car Complete

"Twenty-five"

$900

F. O. B. Detroit



Bigger and Better Grows Our Business

EIGHTEEN months have passed since the birth of the R-C-H "Twenty-Five." Today we have in our possession over $12,000,000 worth of 1913 contracts. We recently closed a deal for representation in a Western state, the distributor contracting for 1000 cars. This is proof of the fact that R-C-H business is constantly growing. During the first twelve months of our existence, we startled the industry by actually manufacturing, delivering and conscientiously caring for 7,000 R-C-H "Twenty-Fives." No other company in its first year ever approached that record.

And, R-C-H success continues unabated. This season's contracts, showing an increase of more than 100% over our first year's business, are indicative of the present steady progress of the R-C-H Corporation The daily production of our big factories mounts steadily.

We are represented in no less than forty-two foreign countries. Think of the remarkable achievement of this big, five-passenger car at $900. There is nothing to parallel it in a similar period. There can be but one answer: Purchasers of the R-C-H get more for their money—not only in power, comfort and equipment, but in economy, distinctive design and continuous efficiency.

Every day's production of R-C-H cars is personally superintended by a selected group of the best known, most successful and most experienced men in the automobile business. This tremendous 1913 business of the R-C-H is being energetically and progressively directed by these men whose own futures and successful records are at stake.

Despite its meteoric growth, conservatism is the keynote of the entire manufacturing and selling policies of this company. Positive assurance of the financial stability; the rigid inspection, careful manufacture and accurate assembly of all parts; the fair treatment of owners at all times and in all districts are guaranteed. The R-C-H Corporation is a big, strong, thoroughly businesslike institution; typical of the quality of the car it produces.

The R-C-H record stands for itself. It is unnecessary for us to endeavor to impress R-C-H quality upon you. It is impossible for a car of questionable quality—of anything but the very highest quality—to achieve the success which the R-C-H has. The rapidity of sales can be your only concern about the R-C-H "Twenty-Five." We assure you, every well informed dealer in the country will assure you, that $900 of your money cannot buy more automobile anywhere. It is merely a question of whether you want your car *right away*. If you do, you must let us have your order at once. Spring deliveries are forcing our factory to its capacity limit.

A talk with the nearest R-C-H dealer will arouse you, more than ever, to the possibilities and values incorporated in this $900 car. Write us today.

The Car

WHEELBASE—110 inches.

MOTOR—Long stroke, 4 cylinders cast en bloc; 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crankshaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension.

STEERING—Left Side. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch steering wheel. Throttle control on steering column.

CONTROL—Center Lever operated through H-plate integral with universal joint housing just below. Hand lever emergency brake at driver's right. Foot accelerator in connection with hand throttle.

SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted. Inswivel seats.

FRAME—Pressed steel channel.

AXLES—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type.

TRANSMISSION—Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gear, selective type.

CONSTRUCTION—Drop-forgings wherever practicable; chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness.

BODY—Touring Car: Full five-passenger, English type; extra wide seats. Roadster: Two-passenger, English type.

Complete Equipment

High grade Magneto.

Stewart Speedometer

Tires—32 x 3½

Large gas headlights with Prest-O-Lite tank or generator; oil side and tail [illegible] electric lighting outfit by special arrangement

Demountable Rims.

Extra rim and holders.

Tally-ho horn

Jiffy curtains—up or down instantaneously.

Top and top cover

Windshield

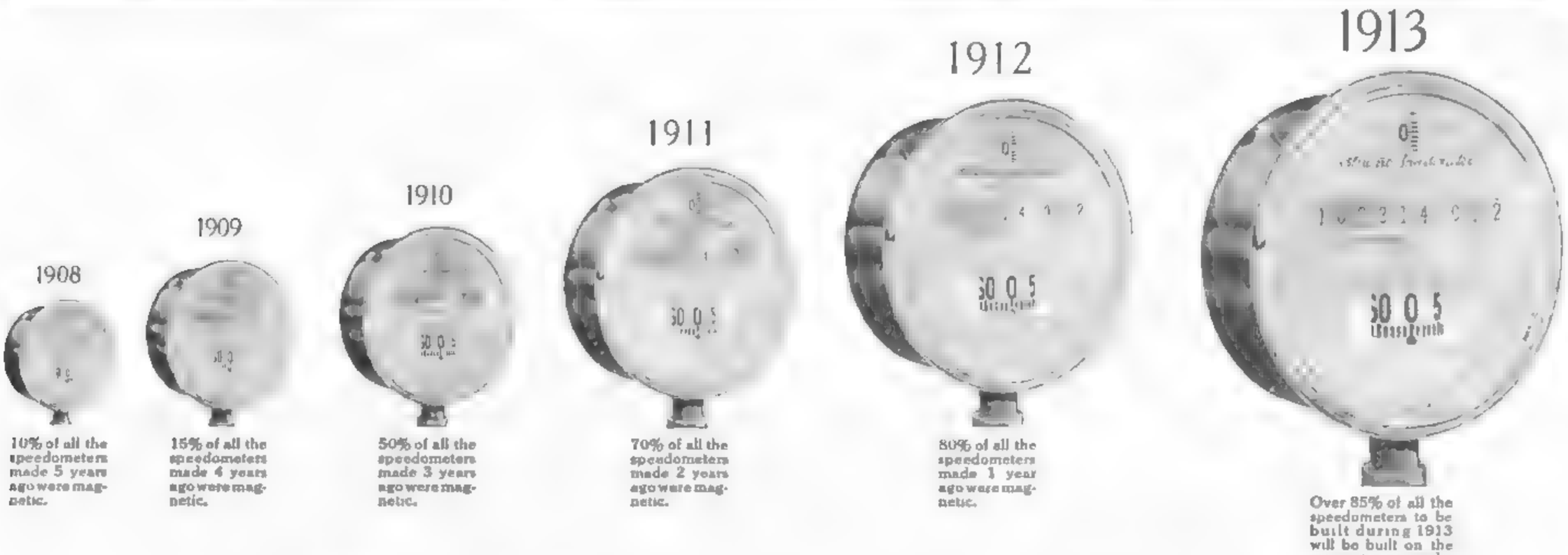
Tool-kit, Jack, Tire Repair Kit, Pump.

Robe Rail.

1200 R-C-H dealers in as many communities stand ready at all times to render car service to R-C-H owners

R-C-H Corporation, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Represented by Branches and Distributors in all Leading Cities of the World


1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
10% of all the speedometers made 5 years ago were magnetic.
15% of all the speedometers made 4 years ago were magnetic.
50% of all the speedometers made 3 years ago were magnetic.
70% of all the speedometers made 2 years ago were magnetic.
80% of all the speedometers made 1 year ago were magnetic.
Over 85% of all the speedometers to be built during 1913 will be built on the magnetic principle.

The Victorious Record
of Speedometers Built on the Magnetic Principle

THE above scale illustrates the rapid rise of speedometers made on the magnetic principle. This plainly shows clear victory for magnetic instruments. The magnetic speedometer came on the market five years ago and in five short years it has gained in preference and performance over other types. Judging from the above tabulated yearly increases it must be granted that the magnetic principle is the most practical principle.

According to all indications over eighty-five per cent of all speedometers to be made for 1913 will be built on the magnetic principle which furnishes additional evidence that the magnetic principle must be scientifically correct.

Stewart Speedometer
MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

Now analyze this overwhelming victory a little further.

This means that in our judgment over 400,000 of the 1913 American automobiles will be equipped with magnetic speedometers (and there will not be over 450,000 cars built this year).

This means that approximately 90% of all 1913 cars carrying standard equipment will be sold with magnetic speedometers.

This means that 213 out of 220 automobile manufacturers have selected the magnetic speedometer.

This means that practically every big individual automobile manufacturer insists on the magnetic speedometer.

See that you get a Stewart (Magnetic) speedometer on your car. Insist on it. Be guided by the above figures and don't forget that with a Stewart you can enjoy, in addition to accurate speed and mileage indication, our international service. We are the only Speedometer manufacturers in the business that have permanent service stations in practically every important city in the world.

We are the sole makers of Speedometers built on the magnetic principle.

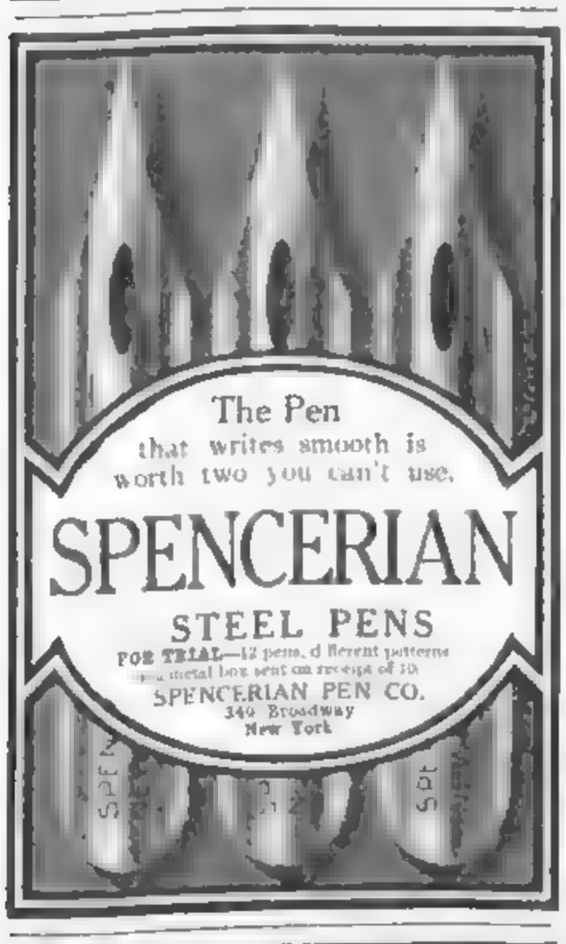
The Stewart Speedometer Factory, Chicago, U. S. A.

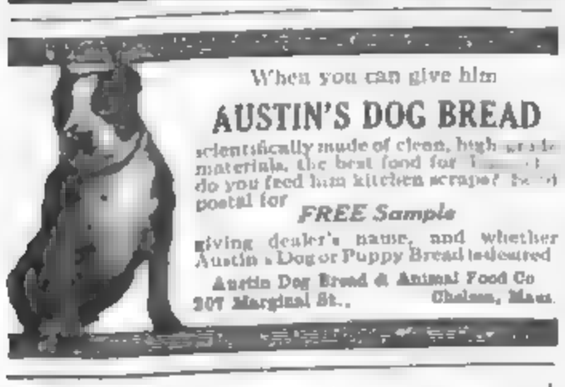
1910 DIVERSEY BLVD.

International Service

Service Stations in every important city in the world

Better Clothes for Less Money
You owe it to yourself to get our beautiful
both Ready Made and Made to Order
I Want to Send You this Style Book FREE
C. V. Boller
Absolutely Guarantee the Fit and Quality of Every Garment
We Pay All Transportation Charges
that we employ no agents, but deal with you direct, enables u to offer these wonderful bar
Special for $13.75
Dark Blue or Medium Gray
PURE WORSTED SERGE SUIT
This Suit $13.75
1050—Blue Serge
1052—Gray Serge
Charges Prepaid.
$13.75
C. V. BOLLER COMPANY
367 Bridge Street New York City
The House for Men and Boys




When you can give him
AUSTIN'S DOG BREAD
scientifically made of clean, high grade materials, the best food for
do you feed him kitchen scraps? Send
postal for
FREE Sample
giving dealer's name, and whether Austin's Dog or Puppy Bread is desired
Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co
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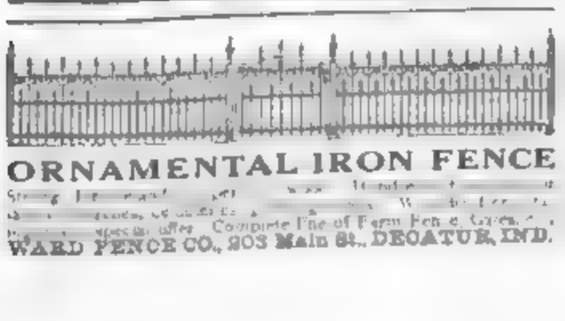


THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from Page 13)

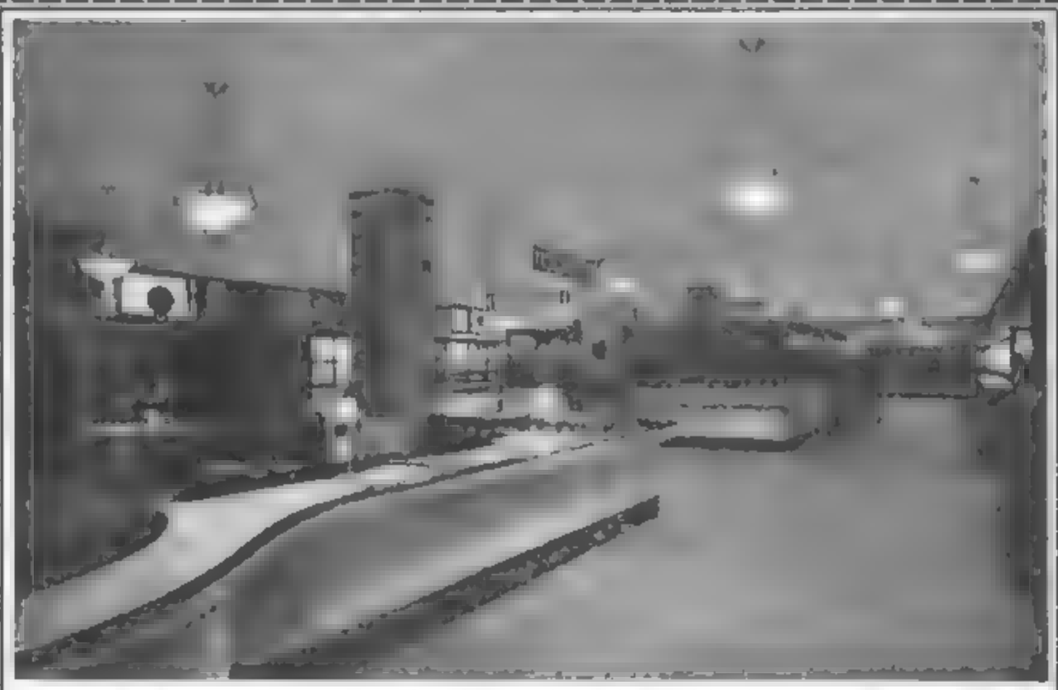
What is really found in many cases, however, is a country church so utterly down at the heel that there has been no minister or preaching there for months or maybe years. In most cases of that sort the man who has succeeded in bringing the church back on to solid ground has usually been the new minister persuaded to take hold. One well-known instance of reconstruction was in Illinois, where a country church, far from the railroad, was taken in hand by a young minister who came straight from the theological seminary. The countryside was prosperous, but hardly anybody went to the church, which was open only on Sundays. The young people of the town had an athletic association, and one of the first things the new minister did was to get two or three good baseball teams going. These played the teams from surrounding towns, and then teams from farther away, and finally one of them beat a nine from Chicago. Sociables were started for older people, and instead of being the usual kind of sociable planned to make money for the church, their purpose was to make nothing but sociability. A singing school was started. A small printing outfit was secured and the boys set to printing a church paper. Then came classes in speaking and Bible study, classes in scientific farming, good government, domestic science, nature study, sociology. Before long everybody had something to do, and church activities were reaching out and drawing people in. As soon as the people were interested the church revenue came without difficulty or dunning. Money was seldom mentioned from the pulpit and was not permitted to enter into the church societies' work, nor was it raised by fairs or other enterprises. It came quietly in the collection envelopes each Sunday. In a few years a new building costing ten thousand dollars was erected, and the minister's salary was increased forty per cent, and outside benevolences, such as missions, were supported at a rate exceeding five hundred dollars a year, though this church was situated alone on the open prairie.

Money Comes Without Calling

Another abandoned church was located in an Eastern community of one thousand people. It had been closed four years and the parsonage was in ruins. There were two other churches in the neighborhood, one of which was about to close for lack of support. A young minister took hold. The lodges and the grange were getting people to their meetings without difficulty, because they offered something of interest and value. He joined all these organizations and began a friendly competition for attendance, and they helped him. Young people were making their own amusements. He took hold in athletics, coached football and baseball games, organized track contests, accompanied teams to surrounding towns. To back this activity he was a good preacher, in demand as an after-dinner speaker and lecturer through several states where he is known.

In four years that church's membership has been doubled, and the average congregation for the whole period has been nearly two hundred worshipers at the Sunday morning services. The parsonage has been rebuilt. The minister's salary has been increased from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, and has never been in arrears. Yet money has not been mentioned from the pulpit a dozen times during that period. It is raised in envelopes each Sunday, and by a house-to-house canvass of the community once a year. Money comes without trouble. This church makes a point of spending most of it at home, and the minister admits that he is a bit lukewarm on the subject of missions. He does not consider it right to send money to foreign countries so long as there is in his home parish one man who is hungry, one child without proper clothing or one family without a roof. If there is nothing left to buy red-flannel shirts for the heathen after home needs have been met he does not worry.

These are representative instances of good management in country parishes where conditions seemed discouraging. Men with practical experience in country church work say that the chief obstacles usually are economic, and that the church does best when it takes hold from the economic end.



" Alba Semi-indirect Installation, First National Bank, Chicago

You get more work from your employés—more business—more profits—with less expense, if your lighting is right

Good lighting makes employés more efficient and customers more satisfied. It increases production and trade by making it easier to see and do things right.

Alba Shades, Globes and Lighting Fixtures

are best for business lighting, in factory, store or office. No other glass we know of (and we make every kind that is made) gets so much good illumination out of the current used as Alba does. It is handsome, too

Try Alba in any place where you use light. You will find it makes all the difference between poor and good lighting.

For Stores, Offices and other Public Places—send for Catalogue No 47-N (Alba Lighting Fixtures)

For Home Lighting—send for Illustrated Catalogue No 42-N.

For Principles of Correct Lighting—send for Book No 48-N (Scientific Illumination)

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

Sales and Show-rooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia St Louis, Boston and Toronto

GET America's Star Roses Guaranteed
CATALOG SENT FREE
The Conard & Jones Co., Box 90, West Grove, Pa.
Rose Specialists—30 Years' Experience

Washburne's Patent
"O. K." Paper Fasteners.
Bright Metal boxes of 50 and 100 each. All Stationers, 10, 15, 20 and 25c. Send 10c for box 50 assorted. Booklet free.
YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION
THE O K MFG CO. Syracuse, N. Y.

Set Six Screws—
Save Furniture Dollars!

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and the saving is well worth while. We know of no easier way to save furniture dollars.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money

$11.75

Over 30,000 American Homes

buy Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come Packt

Sold on a Year's Trial

SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Oak with rich dull finish, top 44 inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates.

Our price, $11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table of which you may well be proud

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 414 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, O.

Here it is!

A Shirt Is Never Cleaner Than Its Cuffs

The embarrassment of soiled cuffs is instantly overcome.

A simple turn and you have

A CLEAN CUFF FOR A SOILED CUFF

Columbia Cufturn Shirt

is not a novelty but a necessity in its most efficient form, at no increased cost for good shirts.

$1.50 & $2. If your dealer does not sell Columbia Cufturn shirts, write to

NEW COLUMBIA SHIRT CO.
729 Broadway, New York

It's Fun to make the Frantz Premier Clean House

The machine does all the work, and it runs on its three casters as easily as a child's toy. It weighs only 9 pounds. You forget the dust pan, brush and broom because your Frantz Premier is easier to get and use. And it cleans *clean*. No hard pushing, pulling, stooping, no real effort.

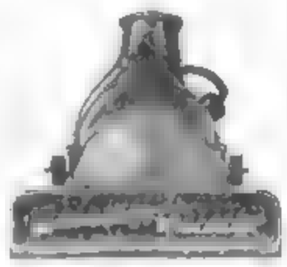
Frantz Premier

Electric Suction Cleaner $30

Thirty-five thousand women bought Frantz Premiers before they were offered. They passed on their own merit of the value of the Cleaner after their own demonstrations of it in their own homes.

Estimate the Frantz Premier by how it works not by what it costs. See the Cleaner in your home. We will send it for a free trial if we are convinced it is right.

The Frantz Premier is made of finely polished aluminum, has a motor built by the General Electric Co., an indestructible fabric bag with a detachable plug that fits any lamp socket; an automatic revolving brush in the nozzle to pick up lint and ravelings; a switch in the tip of the handle, a dust bag that can be removed, emptied and replaced in a few seconds, and a long wide nozzle that goes into corners, under furniture and close up to the baseboard.



Bottom View showing Revolving Brush

Brush picks up lint and threads and renovates floor coverings. Brush driven by compressed air—no gears. Nothing to get out of order. Notice the large nozzle. This is where the work is done. The combination of brushing and suction is three times as effective as either alone.

Price, complete for floors, $30.00. With 8 ft. finely corded rubber hose and 4 extra tools for walls, draperies, etc., $35.00 F. O. B. Cleveland. Find the Frantz Premier dealer before you buy a vacuum cleaner. If you cannot locate one write us and we will send a special booklet and your nearest dealer's address.

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1114 Power Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Canadian Headquarters: The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can. Foreign Sales Office: 45 Broadway, New York City.

Dealers—A few exclusive territories are open. Write for quantity prices.

A farming neighborhood may be so poor that it is hard to get money to support one church, even where the latter is badly needed. The neighborhood is poor because its methods of farming are indifferent, the spirit of coöperation weak, the knack of working together as a community not developed, the neighborhood suffering for lack of transportation, market facilities, and so forth. The church in such a neighborhood has great opportunities to become a center for farm education. It can bring in and make available much of the information developed by its state experiment station, the agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It can bring in the experts themselves, to talk in lecture courses and make demonstrations suited to the locality. It can organize the boys into corn clubs, interest the girls in good poultry, encourage coöperative ownership of farm machinery and fine breeding stock, hold exhibitions of farm products, award prizes for good methods, even though these prizes be nothing but paper certificates. In fact the country church that enters this field will offer something interesting to all the people all the time.

The possibilities open to the country minister along these lines have appealed so strongly to one young parson that after preaching sermons for five years in a poor neighborhood he has retired temporarily, bought a small farm near the state agricultural college, and set to work to better his own equipment for the ministry. It is his plan to take a two-year course of farm studies at the college and work his farm at the same time. He believes that by sound methods and hard work he can support himself and family. If he succeeds for a couple of years, then he will have facts behind him when he returns to the pulpit and tells other people how to farm.

A Church That Ran a Bank

One of the knottiest problems in the country-church situation is when several churches are located in a community where one would be enough. Such a situation lays the church generally open to the reproach of poor business methods and futile projects, while at the same time it is a situation not easy to improve, because each denomination feels it must continue its church.

However, unity is unquestionably coming and may be reached in several ways. First and hardest of all is the case where one church survives under competition. For if one church in such a community sets afoot a broad, vital program, building church and neighborhood together, its competitors are very likely to disappear, if absolutely unnecessary, or to be stirred to real usefulness in turn, if really needed. The active church in such circumstances seems to rouse little hostility among other denominations. Instead, people are attracted to it. As one country minister puts it: "People always come to a church if there is something to be gained by it, while the church that does not fill a need is soon found out to be a religious gold brick, and a mighty mean one."

Another tendency toward unity is to be observed in the quiet dropping from services of theological dogma by many of the young parsons nowadays, emphasis being put upon the fundamental truths of religion.

Still another way of bringing about unity is to interest the different churches in community projects important to all. One small town in New York has two churches, one of them attended by the old farming families for many years, and said to be rather losing its hold, and the other a thriving Polish church, formed by working people who have come into the place more recently. The old church has a brotherhood of members who work for the good of the neighborhood. It had planned and put through several excellent improvements, among others the lighting of the town, yet it never seemed to get much help from the other church. Banking facilities in that place were very unsatisfactory however. To get a check cashed it was necessary to go to a saloonkeeper and pay a stiff discount for the service. Many of the Poles got their wages in checks. The brotherhood of the old church drew up a scheme for organizing a bank in the town, and gave notice of a meeting to discuss and vote upon the plan. On the night of that meeting practically the whole membership of the Polish church turned out, headed by the priest, and got back of the project. They had found something on which they could come together.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last article in this series.

Burbank's New Shasta Daisy

The Westralia

You all know the [illegible] Luther Burbank created—the Shasta Daisy, with its [illegible] white flowers without [illegible] centers—the [illegible]

[illegible] and universally [illegible]

[illegible] $1 [illegible] $[illegible]

ten, $[illegible], $[illegible].

You can now get Luther Burbank's 1913 Rose Novelty—Corona

For your own garden. This, the most unique of [illegible]

[illegible]

Large plants, each, $5.00; per ten, $40.00. Place your orders now.

Burbank's Own Selection of his own seeds—10 packages . . $2

[illegible] testimonial navy character and beauty—[illegible] These seeds are of higher [illegible]

[illegible]

Burbank flowers of equal merit may be [illegible]

Any 5 of the above, $1
Not including Rainbow Corn

With every dollar order we will send you upon request Luther Burbank's Instructions, "How to Plant and Raise Flowers"—worth the price of the order.

[illegible]

Send for our 1913 Seed Catalogue at once

The Luther Burbank Co.
Sole Distributor of Burbank's Horticultural Productions
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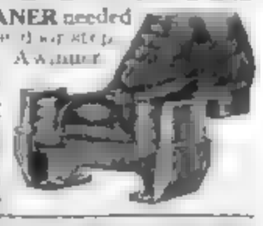

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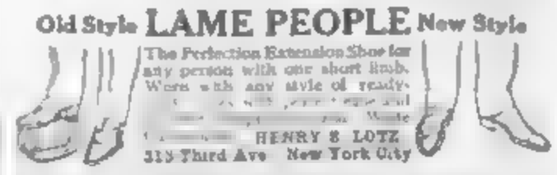

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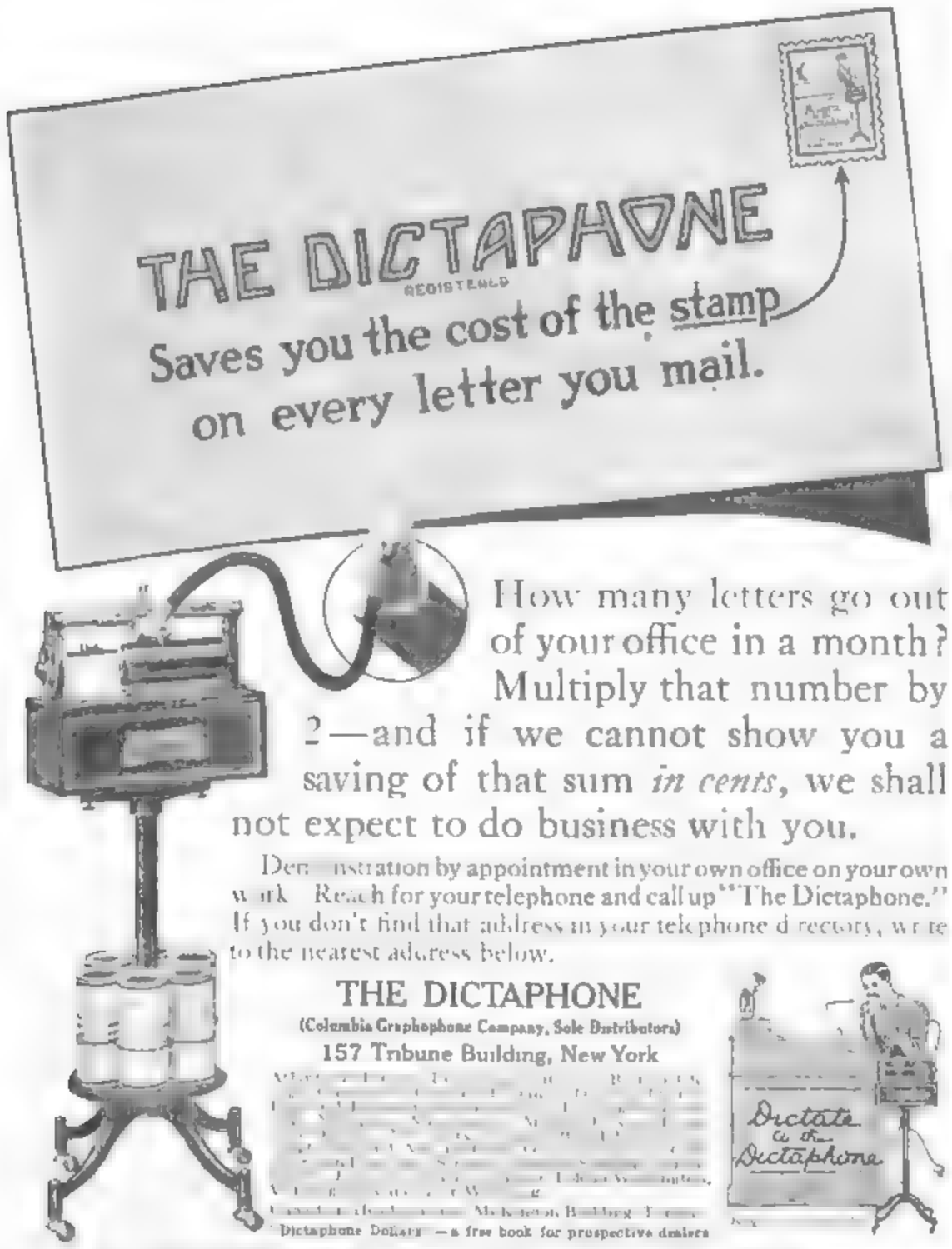

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(Columbia Graphophone Company, Sole Distributors)
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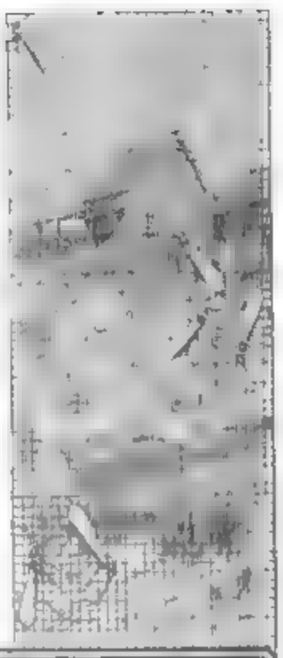
Barring fire or accident, screens filled with this material of sterling worth are completely efficient. No painting ever necessary, as the bare Pompeiian bronze wires cannot rust or corrode. No paint-clogged meshes to retard ventilation.



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LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

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Get the genuine. It is easily identified by the Removable Red String woven into the Selvage.

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are made of pure sun-bleached Irish Linen and are plainly stamped Warranted Linen. So when you pay the linen price (2 for 25c) demand linen.

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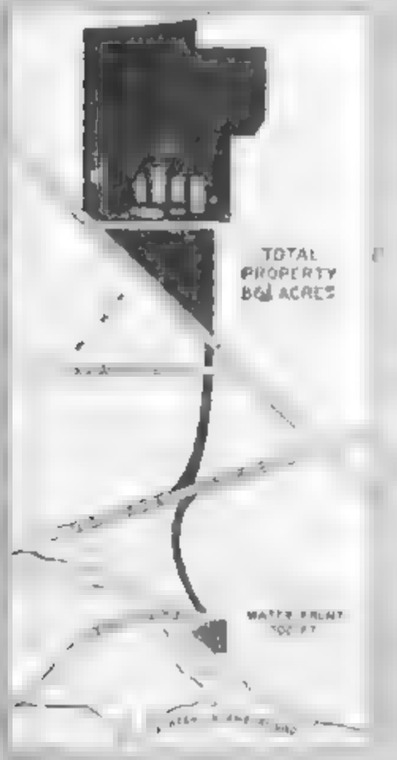

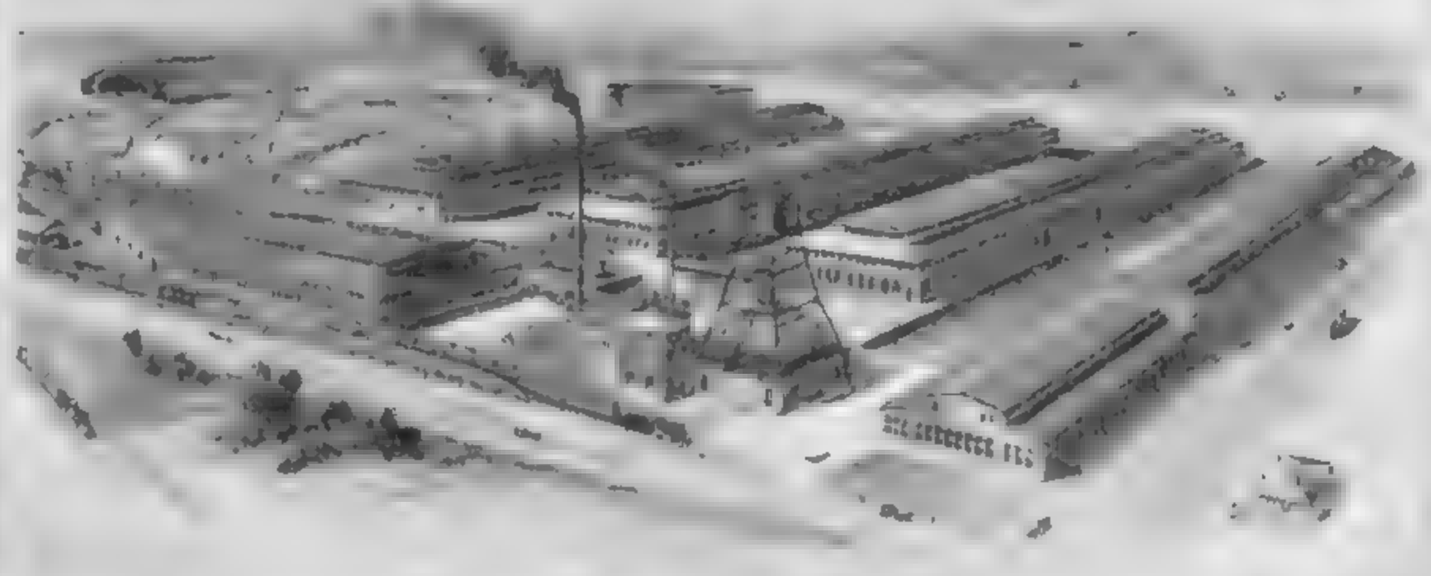

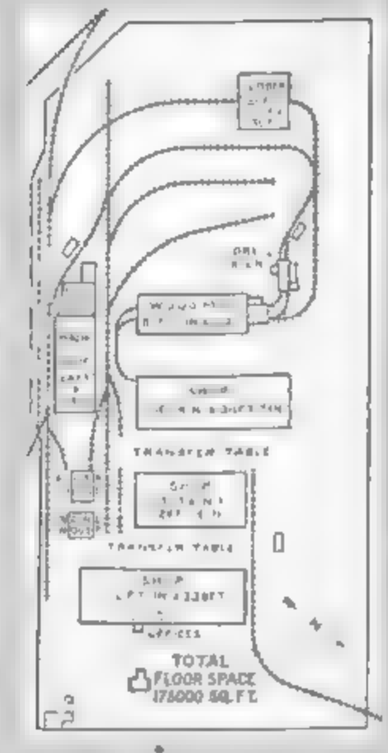

PLANT SUITED to manufacturing automobiles, motor trucks, wagons, carriages freight cars, industrial railway equipment, elevators and conveying machinery, transmission machinery, bridge and structural iron work, stationary engines pumping machinery, machine tools, textile machinery, roller and ball bearings, sheet metal stamping, electrical apparatus white lead and paint, metal furniture and fixtures, printing presses, typewriters, computing machines, plumbers supplies and fixtures, agricultural machinery and dairy, bakery, and laundry machinery and supplies

The plant is located in Linden Township, just outside of the southwestern boundary of the City of Elizabeth, New Jersey. It has 86⅘ acres of land, with riparian rights of 302 feet on Staten Island Sound.

There are track connections with the Baltimore & Ohio, Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the Pennsylvania, by way of the Baltimore and Ohio; and within a dozen miles are four other lines. Communication is thus easy with all the [illegible] lines of the east, and, being within 15 miles of New York City, the plant is advantageously placed for both domestic and foreign shipments.

[illegible] the plant by its terminal a short distance from the gate of the plant, and a track connects this terminal with the track system of the yard.

The plant was built in 1898 [illegible] buildings with concrete floors. Part of the machine shop has an earth floor, and is thus suited to foundry purposes. The total floor space is approximately 175,000 square feet. Extensive additions can be made to any of the buildings without disturbing the general plan.

The cables and wires for power, lighting and telephone service [illegible] equipped with hydrants, heating system, sprinklers, electric lights and watchmen's signal system, and the construction [illegible]

The plant [illegible] equipment of wood and iron working machine [illegible] power equipment is sufficient to [illegible] electrical [illegible] the overhead trolley system throughout the [illegible] and the transfer tables, and also to furnish current for lighting.

On request we will be pleased to send blue prints, photographs, [illegible]

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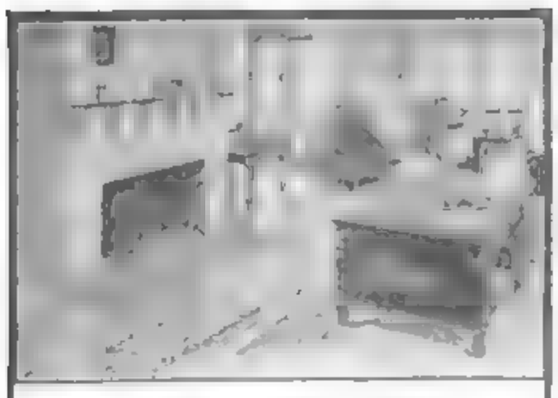

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When laid on the floor and partly covered with a rug, the effect is that of a fine hardwood floor.

Congoleum is sold in rolls one yard wide. Buy any length you need. It has a *waterproof* base; no burlap is used. It lies flat on the floor without fastening.

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None genuine without name on back.

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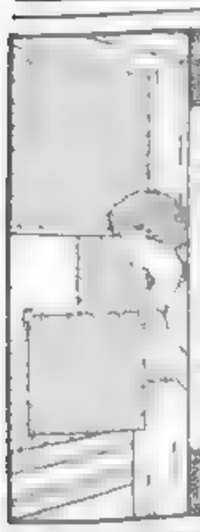

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FREE SAMPLES SEND TODAY

SELL SHIRTS Made To Measure 3 For $5.00 And Up

We have hundreds of sue-

STEADFAST MILLS

THE PEBBLE IN THE PATH

(Continued from Page 29)

"'We had a talk together yesterday, an' I axed him for your hand,' Dermot ixplained.

"'Did he give ut to ye?' she asked.

"'Wid his blessin',' says Dermot.

"'It must be a comfort to ye that ye've got the blessin'!' she mocked.

"'Nora,' says Dermot, 'have I offended ye anny way that ye luk cowld upon me an' say hard things? Sure, I thought ye loved me!'

"'I don't hate ye,' she told him kindly, 'an' yit,' says she, 'I might love ye more if there's truth in ould sayin's. There's wan about absince.'

"'There's no truth in that,' says Dermot.

"'Ye've niver thried ut, ye gomeril!' she laughed. 'To the back av that, I've heard something about the coorse av thrue love.'

"'I'll believe that wan, for it's runnin' none too smooth wid me,' says Dermot.

"'How will ye say that?' Nora asked him wid a sparklin' eye. 'You that's here day by day, in sayson an' out av sayson, wid smiles an' welkim, an' the blessin' av me father—an' not a pebble in your path! Ah, thin—sure it's too smooth, Dermot. An' yit if ye wint away an' stayed away I might be glad to see ye whin ye came back. There's no tellin'.'

"'Ye're tired av me?' says Dermot.

"'Twould not be polite to conthradick ye,' she answered. 'Ye might be tired av me too.'

"'Do I tire av the sun risin' up behind the hills in the mornin'?' says Dermot. 'Am I wearied av the whistle av the thrush that's the same since the first speckled egg was hatched? Is the good bread bitther in my mouth bekase I had ut yisterday an' the day before? Sure I'd turn from sunlight an' sweet sounds an' meat an' dhrink before my face wud turn from you widout sorrow in the heart av me!'

"'Turn your face from me for a year an' a day, an' I'll not say what may happen whin ye return,' says she. 'Do ut to please me. Or plase yersilf an' be sorry to the last day that ye live!'

"'I'll go to plase mesilf,' says Dermot. An' wid that he turned on his heel an' walked out, an' cahled for his horse an' climbed on him; but as he was startin' off Rory av the Three Hills kem out an' caught his bridle-rein.

"'What's your hurry, avick?' says he wid an ugly grin. 'Ye'll not be lavin' us this soon.'

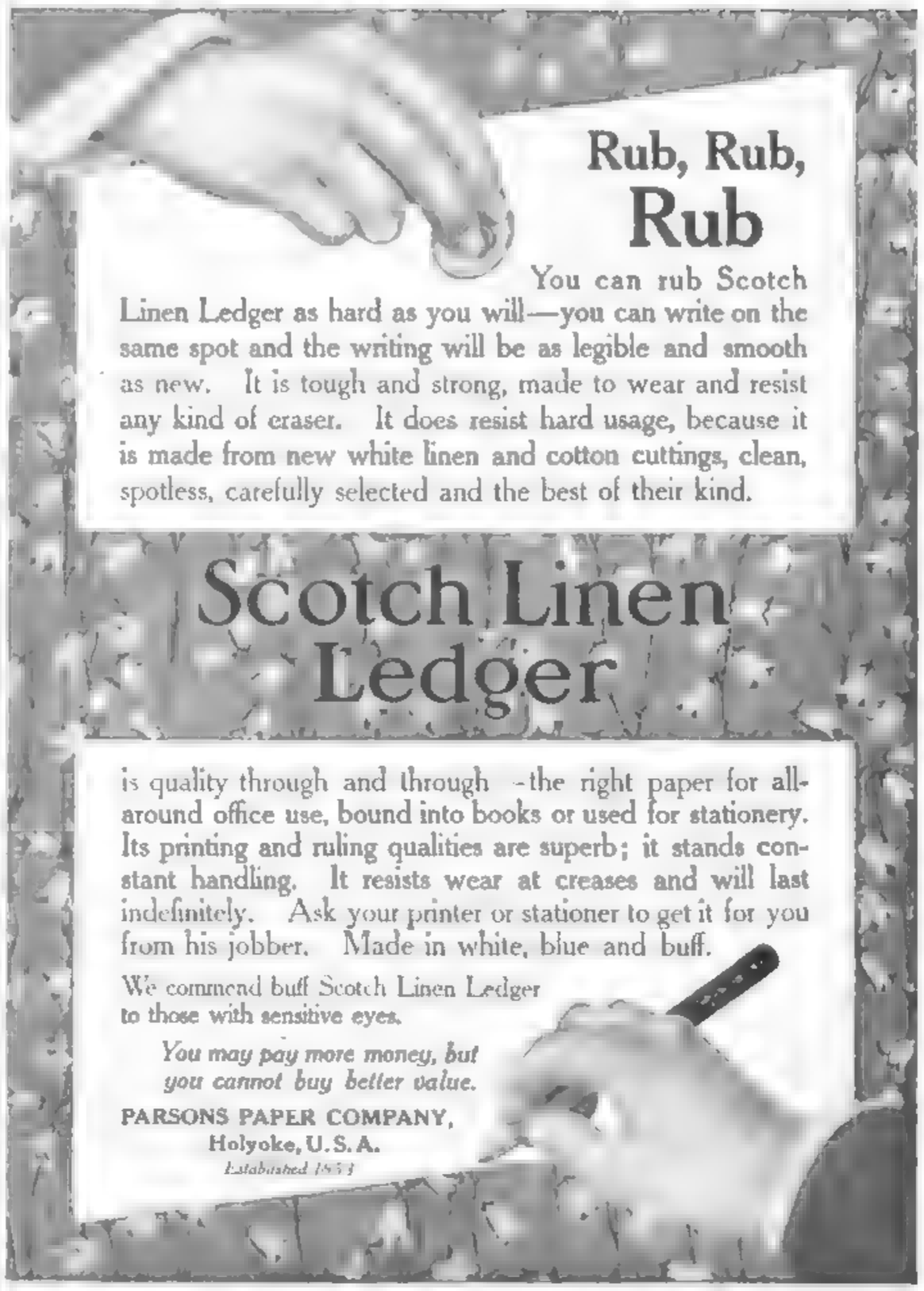
"'I'll throuble ye to take your hand off me rein,' says Dermot, 'an' thankin' ye kindly. My hurry is my business an' I've no business here.'

"'There's two words to that,' says ould Rory. 'Will I pull ye off the horse or will ye descind softly an' feet foremost?'

"'Tut! Tut!' says Dermot. 'Sure, ye're the quare ould gintleman entirely, an' I see I'll have to tache ye manners.' An' wid that he unhooked an iron blackjack that was at the bow av his saddle an' hit the ould boy a crack over the head that tumbled him over. The nixt minute the lad was ridin' a thrille to wan side or the other av a number av arrows an' javelins an' suchlike, an' in advance av a dozen bloodthirsty understrappers av Rory's that happined to be near their horses. Nivertheless he got to Ballynacuish first.

"Ye'll not be surprised that there was a soort av a coolness bechune Ballynacuish an' the Three Hills by raysun av this conthrary temps. 'Twas not a week before ten av the O'Briens caught four av Rory's men out of bounds an' threw them into a bog to save funeral ixpenses; an' Rory got back at the O'Briens by capturin' a couple av the Ballynacuish swineherds an' hangin' them in his coortyard on a charge av grand larceny—afther which he confiscated the swine for the costs av the action. There was no opin breach, ye'll mind, but the intint corjayle was cracked from top to bottom.

"As for the Lady Nora, she had her throubles. She was rid av Dermot, but she didn't like the manner av his going, an', afther all was said an' done, he had bruk the monot'ny av homelife. Another thing—Rory putt the blame av ut all on her, which, as she tould him, was foolish. 'He'd not have hurted ye if ye had behaved dacently!' she says. 'He's a civil lad at the worst, an' harmless enough if he's not putt upon. "A fine, well-behaved an' timperate young lady!" was your own words.'



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SALESMEN WANTED A house of 25 years' standing exclusively high grade specialties, metal and paper, to [illegible] who thoroughly entending its business and invites correspondence with [illegible]

AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

"Rory av the Three Hills was a freespoken man at all times. A good section boss he'd have made, havin' the natural gift an' years av daily practice; but what he said thin about Dermot was his record performance.

"'An' if I iver catch the cowardly, dish-faced, sneakin', buttermilk-swillin' bodach, he'll not die aisy wid a hivinly smile at the weepin' bystanders!' he concluded.

"'An' ye'd have had me marry a man like that!' she said. 'Shame on ye!'

"'Ye'll marry Seamus Dhuibh McCarthy whin he comes back from Galway,' says her father; 'an' there's no two words to that!' says he. 'An' we'll be strong enough thin to smoke the O'Briens out av Ballynacush an' laugh at the palace.'

"'Ye'll laugh the wrong side av your mouth, I'm thinkin',' says the Lady Nora; 'an' if ye warst smoke the O'Briens out ye'll be wishin' ye cud smoke thim in again. An' now, if ye'll excuse me, I'll go to me chamber, for I've a headache from the noise there's been round here an' the sulphur smell.'

"Wid that she makes him a respectful courtesy an' sweeps out; an' whin she had double-locked hersilf in her room she putt her head on her pillow an' had a good cryin' spell.

"That was the beginnin' av a bad habit for the colleen; for she tuk to cryin' in her pillow ivery night whiniver she woke an' considered how croolly she was used, an' the poor prospect that there was av things mendin'. She was engaged in this occupation on the night av a day that she had sint a message an' a token, whin she heard a sound outside that tuk her in one leap from the bed to the windy. 'Twas the air av Shool Aroon played soft an' low on the harp, an' a voice that she knew singin' the song.

"'Dermot O'Brien!' she whispers into the darkness. 'Are ye mad inturely or have ye no care for your life?'

"'Tis not a capital offinse,' says Dermot. 'There's wan that likes to hear ut.'

"'Go away quick—for my sake if not your own!' she says. 'I'd not see ye murdered!'

"'Ye'll not,' says Dermot. 'Ahl the murderin' there is I'm doin'. But sure I've a grudge against the song an' I'll not spare ut. Listhen! I've news from Limerick.'

"'I'll not hear ut,' says she. 'Will ye go?'

"'For a year an' a day?' he axes her.

"'Ah, thin! Will ye not forgive a hasty word?' the colleen says, half laughin' an' half cryin'. 'But there's danger here for you, an' sure ye've no charmed life.'

"'Not aven a charm for the mole behind my ear,' says the lad.

"'I think ye hate me!' she sighed.

"An' says Dermot:

"'I'll not conthradick ye; but it's a quare hate that brings me to your windy—wid a ladder—an' wid an ixtry horse, saddled an' waitin'! Hear the news from Limerick! There's a praist there wid a book, an' a frind wid a goold ring.'

"'I cannot feel the ladder,' she whispered. An' thin: 'Turn your face away now!'

"The nixt mornin' they showed Rory av the Three Hills that same ladder, an' at the foot av ut an illegant little harp an' a tortoise-shell hair comb, an' siveral pins. There was foottracks that led to horse-tracks—that led to the bunk av the Shannon an' stopped there. An' about that same time, across the river, in the town av Limerick, a recintly married young woman set her red lips against a mole at the back av a young man's ear, and says:

"'Tis what I always wanted to do.'

"An' says he:

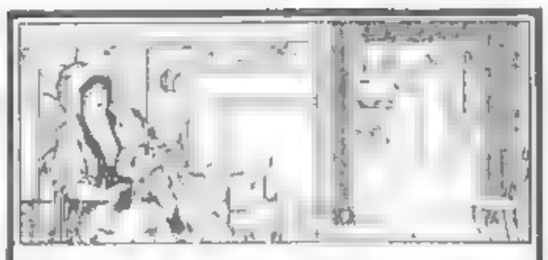
"'Ye'll have to see me ivery day now, pulse av me life!'

"An' says she:

"'Hivin sind me no worse! I'll niver see too much av ye, darlin'!—not now that we're married—by ahl accounts!'

"An' 'tis said they lived happy iver afther, Jamesey!" concluded Mr. Mulready.

"It's a pipe they would!" said the young man in the black calico shirt. "Whistle the tune of that Shool Aroon thing for me, Mr. Mulready."



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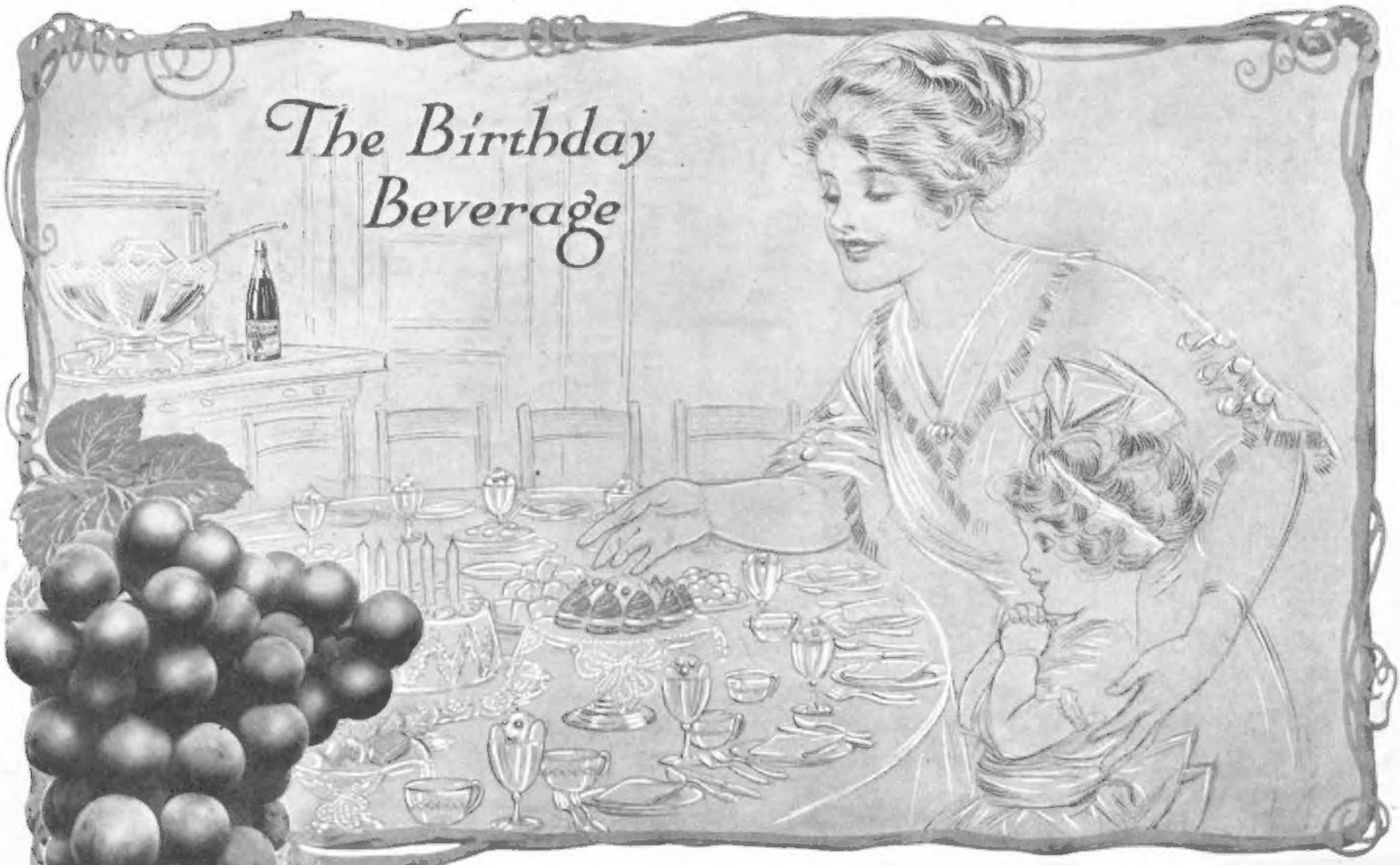


"And we're going to have Welch's!"

WELCH'S helps to make the birthday dinner, or the family reunion, or the anniversary feast, or any formal or informal social function delightful.

The rich purple, the fine, tempting aroma of the splendid Concord grape, the fruity flavor—all this, fresh and fine, just as Nature makes it, is a part of the life and cheer and festivity.

Welch's with Grape Fruit

The Grape Fruit must first be prepared in the usual way.
Powdered or confectioner's sugar is heaped lightly on the fruit, and its amount should be gauged by the flavor.
Pour over the sugar two or three teaspoonfuls of Welch's Grape Juice. The fruit should be thoroughly chilled before serving, and the Welch's Grape Juice given time to permeate both sugar and pulp before bringing to the table.

Ruby Apples

½ cup Welch's Grape Juice
½ cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
8 tart apples 15 almonds

Cook sugar and water three minutes; add grape juice and cook two minutes. Use a saucepan not very large around, that syrup may come up well around the apples. Divide syrup, using two dishes. Put in apples (pared and cored), four in each dish. Simmer gently, turning frequently that they may be evenly colored. When just tender, remove from fire (if over-cooked they lose their shape). Arrange apples in rather deep serving dish, and pour syrup around.
Blanch the almonds and cut into small strips, lengthwise. Thrust them into sides of apples, allowing them to protrude about one-quarter inch. When cool, syrup will form a jelly. The gleaming white almond tips against the ruby red apples lend a pleasing touch to this rich, delicious and wholesome dessert. A "cup" of whipped cream may be added if desired.

Welch Grape Sherbet

Welch's Grape Juice, one and one-half pints; water, two pints; sugar, one and one-half pounds; the whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat thoroughly, then stir the froth into sherbet. Freeze as hard as possible; remove the dasher and stand aside for an hour or so. Be careful to pack well. The best mixture for all freezing is four parts ice to one part coarse salt.

The Welch Ball

This is a man's drink. It is an all-the-year-round drink, good any time. It is simple to make. Take a tall glass, place a piece of ice in it, fill half way with Welch's, and rest of the way with charged water. It has a nip and tingle to it, and is a quencher of thirst and an appetizer.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

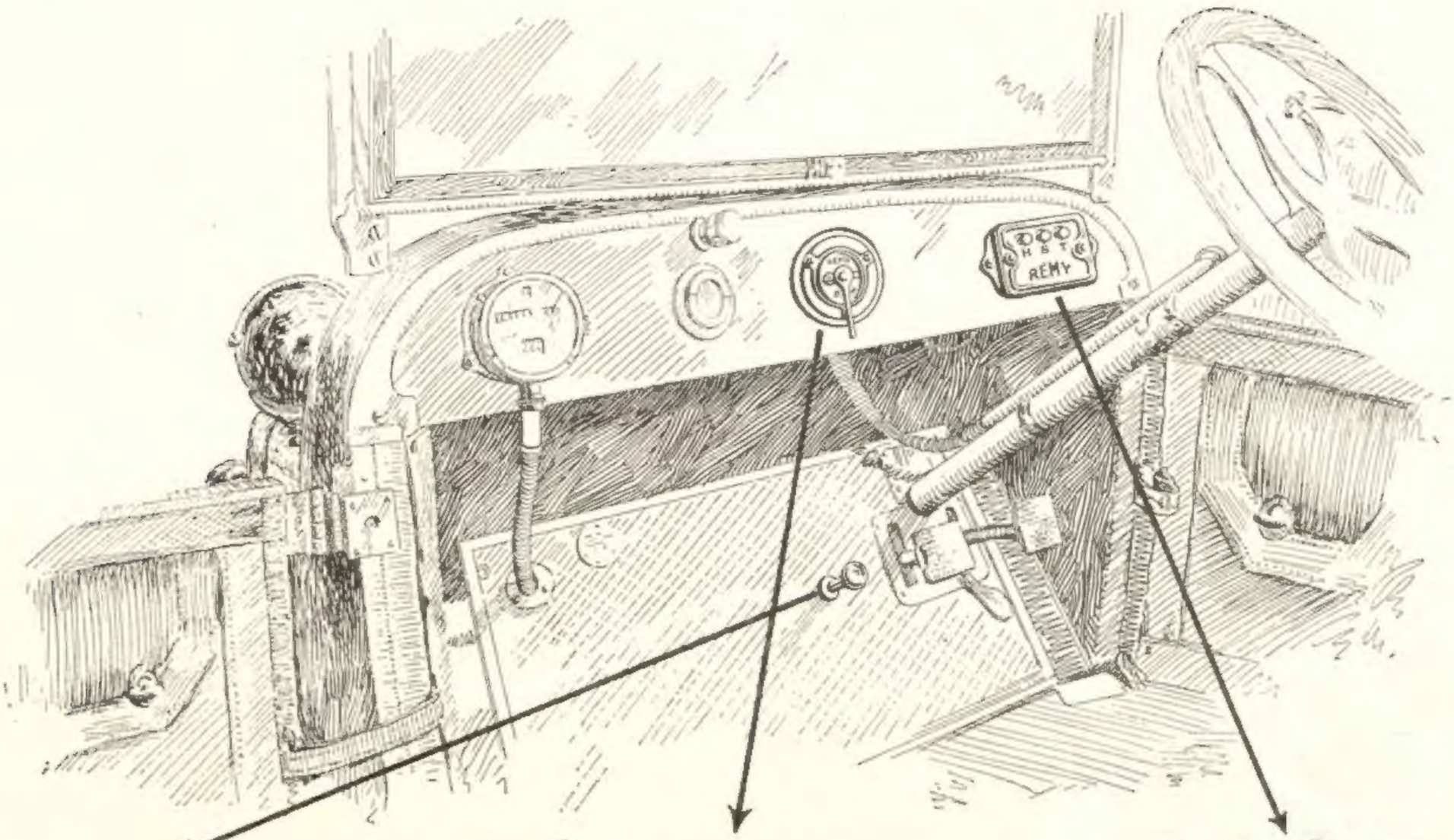
Nature makes WELCH'S. Our part of the work begins with inspection and selection of the vineyards which supply us the finest of Concords. For our pick of the crop, we pay more than table quality grapes bring. We secure the best. In our entire process of washing, rinsing, pressing, sterilizing, and bottling Welch's Grape Juice, neither grapes nor juice are touched by human hands. But a few hours elapse from the vineyard to the bottle.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"
—say Welch's—and GET IT!

Buy WELCH'S by the case of your dealer. You will always have a supply of it when you want it. It is always ready to serve, either plain or in many splendid beverages. Write today for our free booklet of recipes, "The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice."

If for any reason you cannot obtain WELCH'S of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle, 10 cents by mail.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.



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Thus, it is only natural that the Remy Electric Company should be looked to for the best electric starter.

The Remy starter could not be built in any other factory in this country. It is a splendid combination of Remy factory facilities, Remy electrical experience, and Remy engineering skill—no part of which combination can be found elsewhere.

We have made certain there will be no disappointment. Our big Board of Engineers was given carte blanche; we simply demanded the best starter possible. And to add to their vast experience we procured the man who "fathered" three of the best known starters now in use.

We have tested this starter under every conceivable condition; we have proven it in temperatures far below zero; we have subjected it to the most exacting tests.

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To complete the Remy line our engineers designed the new Remy lighting generator—two years in the making—a simplified, fool-proof generator, devoid of all mechanical regulating devices.

Remy starting and lighting equipment is sold to car makers only, because such equipment is designed for the needs of each particular car.

See that your car is Remy started, Remy ignited and Remy lighted. You will be glad.

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Remy Electric Company, Anderson, Indiana

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"The Car with a Conscience"

Model 42, five-passenger touring car, $1750.
Top and windshield extra.

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In 1913 Oaklands beauty is given a new charm, luxury a new significance and individuality a new meaning.

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Fours and Sixes, in a wide range of body designs, $1000 to $3000.

The Greyhound 6-60—wheel base 130 inches, double drop frame, unit power plant, cone clutch, sliding gear transmission, full floating rear axle, demountable rims, "V" shaped German silver radiator, 10-inch upholstering, full nickel trimmings and equipped with the improved Delco electric lighting, starting and ignition system, $2550. (Top and windshield extra.) There is mounted on this chassis four, five and seven passenger bodies and a race-about for two. Price of all models the same.

Model 42 Chassis—116 inch wheel base, double drop frame, unit power plant, cone clutch, sliding gear transmission, full floating rear axle, demountable rims, "V" shaped German silver radiator, 10-inch upholstering, full nickel trimmings and equipped with the improved Delco Electric starting, lighting and ignition systems, $1750. (Top and windshield extra.) There is mounted on this chassis a five passenger body, a close coupled four passenger body and the famous Sociable Roadster (three passenger—single seat). Price of all models the same. There is also built a smart four passenger coupé on this chassis selling for $2500.

Model 35 Chassis—five passenger touring car, wheel base 112 inches, unit power plant, demountable rims, storage battery for electric lighting, nickel trimmings, $1075. We are also building on this chassis a three passenger Sociable Roadster, at $1000. Model 35 will be equipped with electric lighting and ignition system and air starter at a nominal charge.

Write Department 150 for Catalogue and booklets "What the Car With a Conscience Stands For" and "The Oakland Your Car For 1913."

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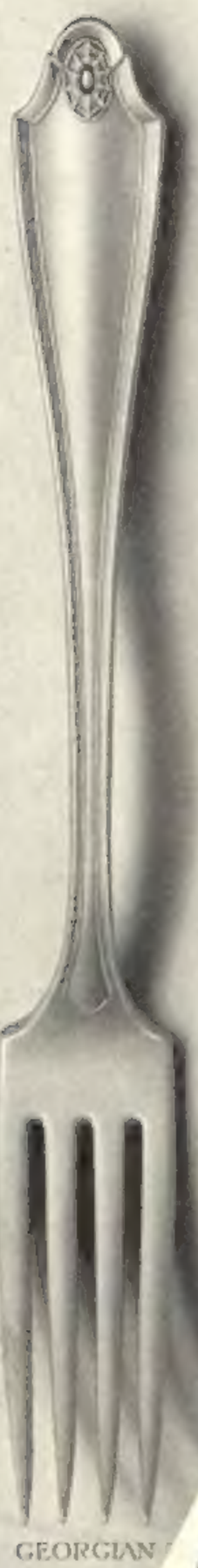

GEORGIAN

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD